

THE Atlantic

JAMES FALLOWS ON GEORGE WILL'S NEW BOOK / WILLIAM KENNEDY ON THE ALBANY MALL

BENIGN VIOLENCE

THE MIND
OF A
SURGEON

BY
MARK
KRAMER

590976 LAB A0000098 644B JUL83
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
1000-001 QS#EI
PO BOX 111 3DG
BIG SANDY TX 75755

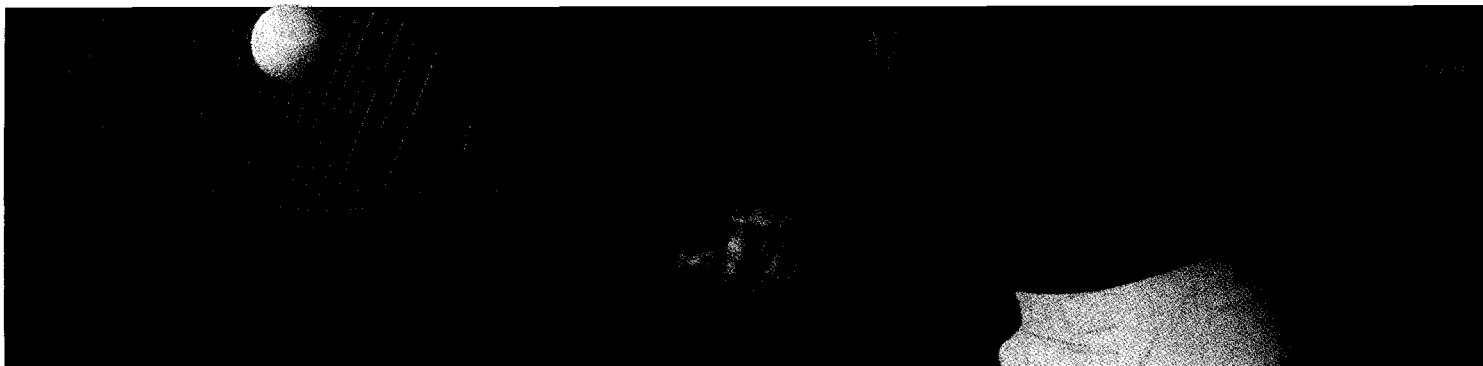
3



MCDONN DOUGL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

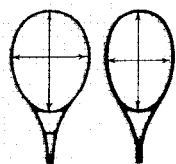




Head presents the shape of over-sized performance.

In the beginning, the over-sized racquet was round. But Head's engineers knew that round was not the best shape for an over-sized racquet.

So while others were flocking to over-sized because it was bigger, we found the secret to making bigger better.



*ROUNDER
RACQUETS
CAN'T GIVE YOU
THE PRECISION
OF THE
OVAL-SHAPED
DIRECTOR.*

It's the Precision Oval. And for the aggressive serve and volley player, the oval-shaped Director delivers a level of performance unheard of in other racquets.

formance unheard of in other racquets.

THE OVAL IS THE KEY TO OVER-SIZED PRECISION.

By changing the shape to oval, we increased racquet head control on serves and volleys. The oval gives greater consistency on ground strokes.

You'll find your shot placements gain a precision that's almost uncanny.

The oval even dramatically reduces the trampoline effect so common with round-shaped jumbo racquets.

SERIOUS PLAYERS PREFER THE OVAL DIRECTOR TO ROUND, OVER-SIZED RACQUETS.

In head-to-head independent play tests, hundreds of men and women overwhelmingly pre-

ferred the Director over Prince.

They said the Director gave more control on serves. Provided greater accuracy. Generated more power.

And most importantly, they said the Director would help win more matches.

With the Director, the serve and volley player finally has an over-sized racquet that can channel all that power into winning shots.

See how the state-of-the-art can change the shape of your game. Visit your Authorized Head Dealer for a demonstrator racquet, or write for more information to "Head Director," Dept. G, P.O. Box CN-5227, Princeton, New Jersey, 08540.



We want you to win.



1. The Graphite Director. The ultimate serve and volley racquet.

2. The Director. Big power with a more forgiving flex.

3. The Tournament Director. Extra-stiff, strong for the advanced player.

© 1983 AMF Incorporated

THE Atlantic

Reports & Comment

- 8 THE LAW: GUNS IN THE COURTS ELAINE F. WEISS
16 KUWAIT: EMBASSY CABLES EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN
20 YOSEMITE VALLEY: FIXED-OBJECT JUMPING DAVID SCHONAUER

- 31 VOTING FOR UNEMPLOYMENT GREGG EASTERBROOK

Many union workers have little incentive to make concessions of

- 43 IN THE MONTH OF MAY ROBERT BLY
A poem

PROPERTY OF
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

- 46 BENIGN VIOLENCE MARK KRAMER
A surgeon's luck is a matter of skill and character

- 60 RELIABLE HEAT DAVID SMITH
A poem

- 66 A THANK-YOU LETTER MAY SWENSON
A poem

- 72 THE EVENTUAL NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION
OF CHEYENNE, WYOMING ROBLEY WILSON, JR.
A short story

- 77 EVERYTHING EVERYBODY EVER WANTED WILLIAM KENNEDY
Nelson Rockefeller's expensive Albany Mall has had surprising effects

- 82 APPLGLOW ROBERT MORGAN
A poem

- 89 FIRST ENCOUNTERS EDWARD SOREL AND NANCY CALDWELL SOREL
Constantine Stanislavsky and Isadora Duncan

- 91 SHE NEVER LIKED JANE EYRE LYNN CARAGANIS
Grace Poole finally offers a piece of her mind

- 93 BOOKS/THE RUSSIAN ARMY: INEPT AND INVINCIBLE THOMAS POWERS
The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine by Andrew Cockburn

- 98 BOOKS/THE FOUNDATION OF LIBERALISM JAMES FALLOWS
Statecraft as Soulcraft by George F. Will

- 101 BOOKS/SANDPIPER POETRY PETER DAVISON
The Complete Poems: 1927-1979 by Elizabeth Bishop

- 103 SHORT REVIEWS PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 110 THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

VOLUME 251 No. 5
MAY 1983



Subscriptions: 1 Year \$21.00,
2 Years \$39.00, 3 Years \$54.00
in the United States, its
possessions, and Canada;
\$5.00 additional, per year,
elsewhere. Address all
subscription correspondence to
Atlantic Subscription
Processing Center,
Box 2547,
Boulder, Colorado 80322
Tel: (800) 525-6261
In Colorado 1-447-9330
Advertising sales:
The Atlantic,
420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, New York 10017.
Tel: (212) 687-2424
Washington, D.C. (212) 687-2424
Karl Spangenberg
Chicago (312) 461-0674
James Sheridan
Detroit (313) 540-2060
Bruce Te Paske & Associates
San Francisco (415) 989-2025
Courtney Compton
Richardson, Texas (214) 680-0684
Marcus A. Loy & Associates
Wellesley, Mass. (617) 235-1401
John Nimmo

The Atlantic May 1983
Vol. 251 No. 5
Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
02116
Second class postage paid at
Boston, Mass., Concord, N.H.,
and Boulder, Colo.
Postage paid at Montreal,
port payé à Montréal.
Printed in the U.S.A.
Copyright © 1983, by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077)
All rights reserved.
Unsolicited manuscripts
will be returned *only*
if accompanied by a return
envelope and adequate postage.

Postmaster:
Please send Form 3579
to The Atlantic, Box 2546,
Boulder, Colorado 80322.

Cover illustration by Marvin Mattelson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BENSON



© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

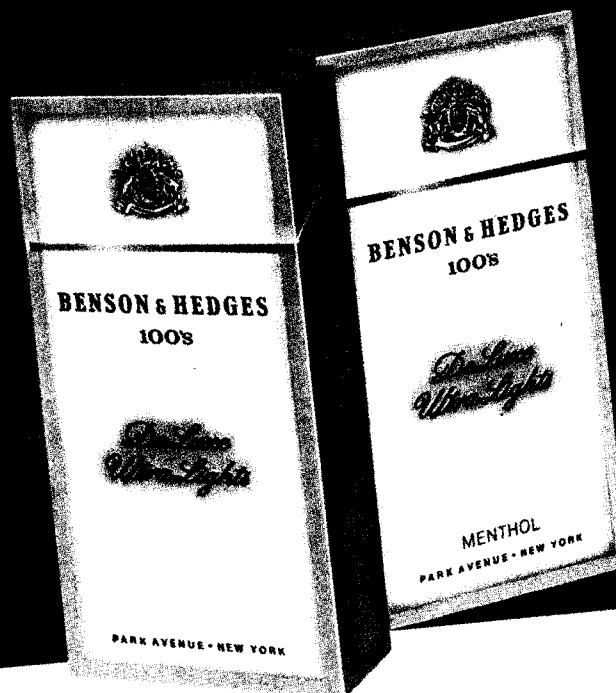
6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BENSON & HEDGES

The Deluxe 100.



Deluxe Ultra Lights

Only 6 mg. yet rich enough to be called deluxe.
Regular and Menthol.

THE Atlantic

Editor

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Washington Editor

JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors

C. MICHAEL CURTIS

RICHARD TODD

Managing Editor

LOUISE DESAULNIERS

Art Director

JUDY GARLAN

National Correspondent

SEYMOUR M. HERSH

Associate Editors

JAMES ATLAS

PETER DAVISON (poetry)

CORBY KUMMER

DEBORAH MCGILL

MARTHA SPAULDING

Staff Writers

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

HOLLY BRUBACH

GREGG EASTERBROOK

Staff Editors

MAUREEN BROWN

ELIZABETH DUVALL

RHODA GUBERNICK

ALISON HUMES

HEIDI LANDECKER

SUE PARILLA

Assistants to the Editors

AVRIL CORNEL

MAUREEN FOLEY

LISA MCKENZIE

Contributing Editors

ROY BLOUNT, JR., BENJAMIN DEMOTT

WARD JUST, TRACY KIDDER

JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON

THOMAS POWERS, ROSS TERRILL

SANFORD J. UNGAR, DAN WAKEFIELD

ANDREW WARD, DANIEL YERGIN

Editor Emeritus

EDWARD WEEKS



President and Publisher

DAVID AUCHINCLOSS

Vice President, Advertising

and Associate Publisher

CAROL DECKER

Vice President, Finance and Administration

LAWRENCE MURPHY

Vice President, Marketing and Circulation

JOHN BOYD

Circulation Manager

SYDNEY LEONARD

Circulation Marketing Manager

LINDA MCALEER

Production Manager

JOSEPH O'CONNELL

Production Assistant

JAN MORRIS

Editorial and Business Office

The Atlantic Monthly Company

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Chairman

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BEARS OF YELLOWSTONE

Alston Chase's enthusiasm for the case he makes vis-à-vis the issue of grizzly-bear management in Yellowstone ("The Last Bears of Yellowstone," February *Atlantic*) has led him to commit many errors of omission in order to cast the National Park Service management program into as bad a light as possible.

He grossly oversimplifies the findings of the Craighead research team, who did not admit that their dump censuses of the grizzlies amounted to only 75 percent of the population until Park Service biologist Cole, using the Barnes and Bray study and other staff sightings, challenged their 1967 assumption that they had counted almost all of the bears.

The Park's records on grizzly management before 1967 are quite spotty and uneven; during my years as Park archivist (1974-1977), I examined them. In fact I organized them, and found that, due to inconsistent policies and storage procedures, they are far less complete before 1967 than after. Chase's insinuation, in his remark that the present Park archivist has not been allowed to have the records, is that they are hidden from the public. This is not true; they are in use in the biologist's office and are available to researchers under the terms of the Freedom of Information Act. There are huge amounts of material in these files, hardly indicative of a "lack of data."

Allegations of unreported bear kills, as reported by Chase, have been common. As he knows, however, the Park administration has responded to every such claim. Not a single carcass, or portion of a carcass, has yet been submitted by those claiming such kills. Moreover, some of the claimants had, for professional or personal reasons, grudges against the Park Service. While I do not deny the possibility of unreported kills (in fact, it would not surprise me), we still presume innocence in this country until guilt is proven. Rumor-mongering has characterized every article written on this subject, with no reservations made for witness error, much less witness reliability.

The Report of the Committee on Yel-

lowstone Grizzlies from the National Academy of Sciences "was a nearly complete confirmation of the Craigheads' conclusions" if one ignores that the committee rejected the Craighead computer model as too rigid (not permitting possible compensatory mechanisms to restore the population to natural size), and furthermore, though they suspected that the Park Service control program had "substantially reduced" the population, they believed that the population was not in immediate danger and was in fact recovering. That amounts to "nearly complete" *rejection*, rather than confirmation, of the Craigheads' most important point.

Chase's favored solution, supplemental feeding, is unpopular for more than philosophical reasons; the Craigheads' monumental study of Yellowstone's grizzlies showed that cub mortality is several times as high (30 percent or more of all cubs in any year) in a population whose bears are concentrated in a central feeding site, be it dump or other. The population is bad enough off, and is being killed needlessly by so many human forces, that we hardly need encourage the bears to kill each other.

PAUL SCHULLERY
Livingston, Mont.

Alston Chase replies:

I am not surprised that Mr. Schullery found my article disquieting. He is, after all, the author of *The Bears of Yellowstone* (published by the Yellowstone Library and Museum Association in 1980), a book commissioned by the Park Service partly to answer the Craigheads' charges.

I certainly did not omit evidence for the purpose of misleading the reader. I did not have to. The evidence against the Park Service is so overwhelming that I intentionally understated the case—particularly on the subjects of bear killing and cover-up—so that the reader would not think I might be grinding axes.

Now to Mr. Schullery's specific criticisms:

1. *Population size.* The Craigheads' claim that dump bears represented 77 percent of the population was based on their computer analysis of data gathered

over twelve years. In none of their analyses of their data did they claim that the dump population represented "almost all" the bears.

2. *Secrecy.* As a former Park Service employee writing an officially sponsored book, Mr. Schullery was no doubt privy to documents not made available to other journalists. No doubt also that withholding information is contrary to the law. But illegal acts on the part of the Park Service are not without precedent. (Just a few weeks ago, for instance, the Park Service illegally closed a bear management meeting to the public, to prevent this journalist and others from attending.)

3. *Bear killing.* If the Park Service was deliberately not telling the public how many bears it was killing, why should anyone believe an "investigation" into this matter by the Park Service? There is, moreover, overwhelming evidence that the Park Service records are incomplete and that there was, in some cases at least, deliberate under-reporting of bear removals. I have a file folder of such evidence, including eyewitness accounts of bear killings by Park personnel that were never made part of the official record.

4. *The Report of the National Academy of Sciences.* The NAS did suggest that the Craigheads were mistaken in failing to take account of possible "compensatory mechanisms" that would permit a revival of the grizzly population. But events during the past nine years have proved the NAS wrong on this point and the Craigheads right: there is no evidence that any compensatory mechanisms exist.

Nowhere does the NAS report say or suggest that the grizzly population was recovering. While it does say that "the data on hand are not sufficient to make accurate predictions about population," and concludes that the grizzly was not in "immediate danger of extinction," it also emphasizes that mortality was three times a sustainable level.

5. *Supplemental feeding.* Nowhere did the Craigheads "show" that grizzly mortality was higher as a result of supplemental feeding. In fact, they argued strenuously, for fifteen years, to the contrary. It was Glen Cole, the Park biologist, using Craighead data and imposing his own a priori assumptions, who suggested that their studies implied this. Subsequent studies of grizzlies in Alaska and elsewhere, moreover, have

shown, convincingly, that Cole was in error. These later studies suggest that bear mortality is lower at such eco-centers, where bears are concentrated, than it is in free-ranging conditions.

GLENN GOULD RECONSIDERED

Regarding the article by William Youngren in the February *Atlantic*: I see no tragedy in the career of Glenn Gould. To play Bach on the piano is to transcribe music that was intended for earlier keyboard instruments. Gould's "mannerisms" may be eccentric, but they are more effective in articulating Baroque pieces on the piano than late Romantic performance practices. It did not occur to me when I listened to his latest *Goldberg Variations* whether any particular variation was satisfactory or not; the point was that each variation had a beat that was a fraction of the beat of the previous variation—some audible relationship such as three fourths or four thirds. Gould applied a kind of metrical thinking (the outcome of which was the extremely slow opening *Aria*) to highlight the differences in duration and internal accent among the variations. His art was one of kinesthetics applied to music. That is probably why he liked to practice with a vacuum cleaner on: the "skeleton of the music" was that he could feel the pulse in his bones.

JAMES JOZWIAK
Burbank, Calif.

I hope Mr. Youngren plays the piano very well, for if he does not, his article is unconscionably Olympian.

C.A. LANGENBERG
Evanston, Ill.

William Youngren replies:

I envy Mr. Jozwiak his ability to hear metrical relationships that are inaudible to me. But I question his apparent assumption that the presence of such relationships in Gould's recent *Goldberg Variations* is relevant to one's estimation of its value as an embodiment of Bach's music. For while Gould may well have thought in terms of such metrical relationships, I know of no evidence that Bach did. And I fail to see how the sort of "metrical thinking" that Mr. Jozwiak attributes to Gould could possibly "highlight the differences in duration and internal accent among the variations."

I am puzzled by Mr. Langenberg's im-

After the day's hassle and hustle, try a soothing change of pace.



John Jameson
Imported Irish Whiskey

plication that if I played the piano very well, then my putatively Olympian tone would be justified. I think that a piece of criticism stands on its own, and that one's judgment of it is independent of what one may or may not know about its writer. Would Mr. Langenberg really want to deny all of us who are not ourselves proficient performing musicians the right to judge the performance of others?

PAPER ENTREPRENEURIALISM

Robert B. Reich's "The Next American Frontier" (March *Atlantic*) is perhaps the single most trenchant analysis of the U.S. economy I have ever read. That is no mean accomplishment, since I have read every edition of every U.S. and many foreign publications on business and the economy for the past three years. I agree with Reich that paper entrepreneurialism is fast becoming the single most insidious force behind America's inability to compete in a global economy. And while I am somewhat less forgiving of monopoly labor unions and wage rigidity, I also concur with his assessment of American management, not to mention the prestigious business schools that turn out the wrong kind of executives in record numbers.

One implication of Reich's thesis that was left unstated is that the U.S. may in fact be becoming the Switzerland of the entire world, developed and developing. As world competition forces us to de-industrialize, we may become a nation of holding companies, banks, insurers, and brokers, and a haven for foreign investments nonpareil.

GREGORY N. JONSSON
*United States Industrial Council
Washington, D.C.*

Regarding Robert Reich's observations on "paper entrepreneurship" and conglomeration: these things are the direct result of long-term macro-economic policies at the federal level. "Malinvestment" is the inevitable outcome of profligate monetary policies. That "malinvestment" takes the form of "paper entrepreneurship" is coincidental. "Malinvestment" could take any number of other forms as well. The real question is, can a society that pursues an inflationary economic policy, reduces workers' real wages, and allows such well-placed corporations as IT&T access to large sums

of "paper entrepreneurship" dollars simultaneously encourage intelligent management and honest productivity? I think not.

MITCHELL LANGBERT
Plainsboro, N.J.

HAVING A BALL

I greatly enjoyed the article on Worth gowns, "The Height of Fashion" (February *Atlantic*), but feel compelled to point out what all of my studies indicate to be an error: Alva (Mrs. William K.) Vanderbilt was gownned as a Venetian princess, not as The Spirit of Electricity. The Spirit of Electricity gown was worn by Alice (Mrs. Cornelius) Vanderbilt (Wm. K. Vanderbilt's sister-in-law), and it is her picture in the gown that appears on page 92 in your article.

DR. RANN L. VAULX
Blountville, Tenn.

Regarding the photograph of a woman you identify as Mrs. Calvin Brice in your February, 1983, issue, I would like to advise you of an error.

Mrs. Brice was my great-aunt, and while I am too young to have ever met the lady, I can say with some assurance that this is not she but rather one of her daughters. At the time of the Bradley-Martin ball, Mrs. Brice would have been fifty-seven years old, and a much more heavily set woman than appears in the print.

I personally own photographs of Mrs. Brice and her daughter Helen in costume, probably for the same ball. On the basis of this as well as other family photographs, I feel quite certain of my accuracy in saying that this photograph is of Margaret Kate Brice (known as Kate), not her mother, Catherine Olivia Brice (known as Liv).

ANNA B. SELFRIDGE
Lima, Ohio

Ms. Selfridge and Dr. Vaulx are correct. For the Brice identification, The Atlantic relied on information from the Museum of the City of New York, which relied in turn on a reference in The New York Times of February 21, 1897, where the photograph first appeared. The Vanderbilt mis-identification occurred during the editing process, and not through any error on the part of the author, Holly Brubach.

THE EDITORS

ADVICE & CONSENT

In the text accompanying your handsome portfolio of photographs in the January *Atlantic*, Nicholas Lemann suggests that Roy Stryker would be "horri-fied" at the turn of events that sees the fruits of his famous earlier project—the remarkable body of photographic work assembled under the auspices of the Farm Security Administration—being "sold to the affluent and stylish by art galleries."

Whatever the fate of original prints by such FSA photographers as Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and Russell Lee, fine prints from their original negatives are readily obtainable for a very few dollars from the Library of Congress. Most published collections of FSA photographs include a list of negative numbers; these, and the appropriate order form, put these remarkable artifacts from the national treasury within reach of even the least affluent and stylish citizen—a situation that the late Mr. Stryker surely would have found most pleasing and appropriate.

TOM NOLAN
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Is Murray Feshbach seven years older than he thinks? In "Watching the Russians" (February *Atlantic*), we are told that Churchill's remarks about the Soviet Union being "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma" sparked Feshbach's interest in the Russians.

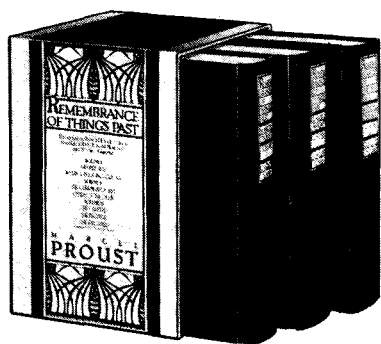
But Churchill told about the difficulty of understanding the intentions of the Soviet Union in a radio broadcast on October 1, 1939. His Fulton, Missouri, speech, in 1946, is remembered for the description of the Iron Curtain falling over Eastern Europe.

NORMAN POLMAR
Alexandria, Va.

I liked Nicholson Baker's piece "Metaphysics: The Size of Thoughts" (March *Atlantic*). It was tight, it was funny, and for an unassuming "small" thought it carried a lot of cargo. Baker speaks of the "busy, cheerful angels of detail" that sustain heavier truths and keep them from becoming dead weight, unbearable, ungrippable in their uniform shiny smoothness: Baker's piece was of the order of the seraphim, with the happy countenance of a cherub.

ROBERT WRIGHT
Brooklyn, Nova Scotia

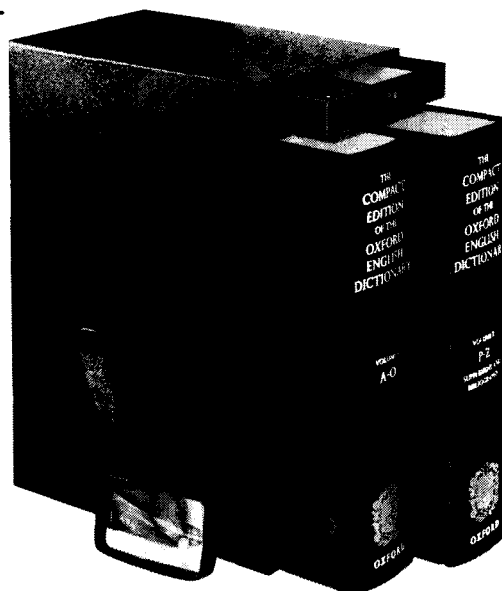
Important choices. Impressive savings.



Remembrance of Things Past

for **\$12** (Pub price \$75)

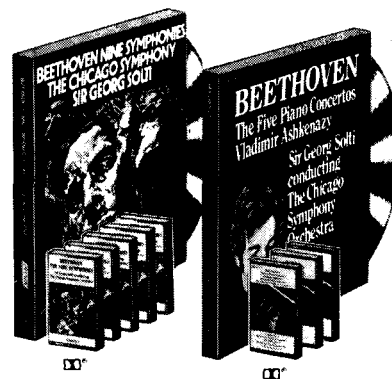
The major new translation of Proust's masterpiece that combines its seven parts into three elegant volumes. "An extraordinary venture...brilliantly effected at last" — *The New York Times Book Review*.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **\$24.95** (Pub price \$150)

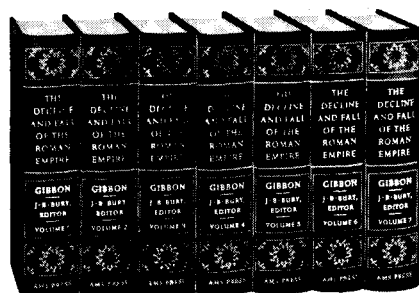
The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language" — *The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. Magnifying glass included.



The Nine Beethoven Symphonies & The Five Piano Concertos/Ashkenazy

for **\$19.95** (List prices total \$115.74)

Two of the most acclaimed recordings of Beethoven's works. Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony in the nine-record set of Beethoven's complete symphonies. "A glorious musical combustion" — *Time*. In collaboration with soloist Vladimir Ashkenazy, Solti and the Chicago Symphony perform Beethoven's five concertos. "A major addition to the Beethoven discography" — *High Fidelity*. Available in 13 records or 8 cassettes.



The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by Edward Gibbon. Edited by J. B. Bury

for **\$24.95** (Pub price \$300)

The definitive Bury edition of the most acclaimed history of all. Gibbon evokes a world of grandeur and decadence, masterfully tracing its collapse under emperors noble and ignoble. Seven-volume set, newly available with maps and illustrations on long-lasting, acid-free paper, quarter-bound in leather.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **\$29.95** (Pub prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides,

the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

Choose one of these five sets and save up to \$305⁵⁰

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.

Facts about Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and 150 other books that we call Alternates, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternates—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return Privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought four additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, no wonder Book-of-the-Month Club is America's Bookstore.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

America's Bookstore® since 1926.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

A8-5

Check one box only.

- ☐ 912. Compact OED **\$24.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **\$29.95**
- ☐ 932. Beethoven (13 Records) **\$19.95**
- ☐ 933. Beethoven (8 Cassettes) **\$19.95**
- ☐ 935. Remembrance of Things Past **\$12**
- ☐ 951. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire **\$24.95**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the set I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
(Please print plainly)
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

3-64

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher.



REPORTS & COMMENT

THE LAW GUNS IN THE COURTS

Lawsuits now pending seek to hold handgun manufacturers liable for the damage caused by their product



THE BITTER DEBATE over gun control, which for two decades has taken place in Congress, state houses, and city halls, is being carried into the courtroom. With this change in venue comes a change in the shape of the issue. A new strategy is emerging, one that purposefully circumvents the legislative process, tries to avoid the usual constitutional argument about the right to bear arms, and instead calls forth the citizen's right of legal redress.

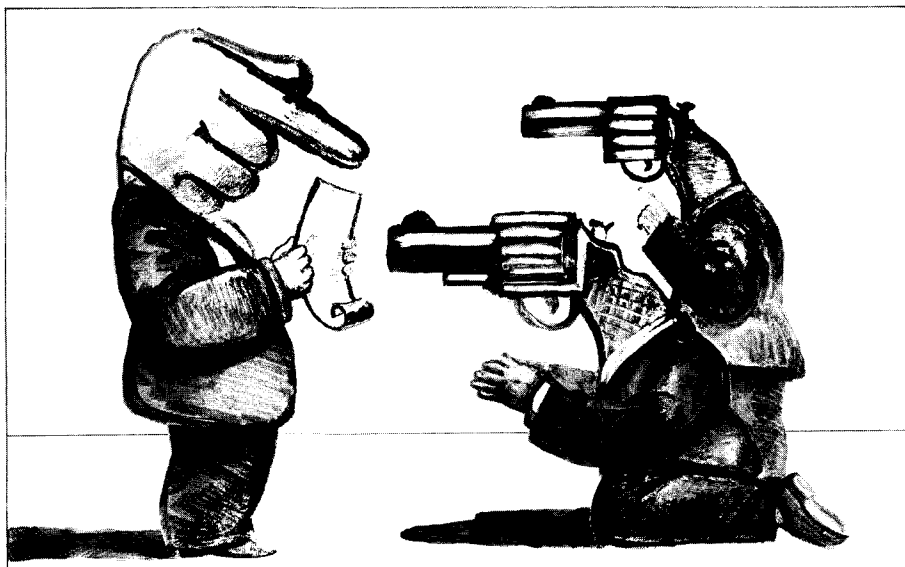
Almost sixty lawsuits are now pending in which victims of handgun shootings are suing the manufacturers and distributors of the cheap, concealable guns with short barrels called "snubbies" or Saturday Night Specials. Phillip Corboy is the lawyer representing the widow and family of James Riordan, the highest-ranking police officer ever killed in the line of duty in Chicago, in their suit against Walther, the West German manufacturer, and International Armament Corporation, the American distributor of the gun used to kill Riordan. In Washington, D.C., Jacob Stein, a lawyer acting on behalf of presidential press secretary James Brady and his wife, Sarah, drew up a suit against another German gun manufacturer, Roehm GmbH., and its American importing facility, RG Industries, Inc., demanding

\$100 million for damages inflicted by their product—John Hinckley's gun. Windle Turley, a Dallas lawyer, has filed nineteen similar lawsuits in nine states.

All these cases are based upon an unconventional and as yet unproven application of product-liability law, the law made famous by the suits against the Corvair and Pinto automobiles. The lawyers and their clients do not contend that the making or selling of handguns is illegal, or that the manufacturers are guilty of a crime. Neither do they seek a court-ordered ban on these guns. What they do contend is that these handguns, which took 22,000 lives in America last year, are built and sold with no purpose other than to kill people, and that the harm they inflict upon society is so great that the manufacturers who profit from them should be held financially responsible for the damage they cause. The plaintiffs and their counselors are trying to stimulate an economic incentive for gun control: if manufacturers are held

liable for damages, they will either pay exorbitant rates for their insurance or lose it altogether, leaving them little choice but to keep a tighter rein on gun sales or get out of the business.

The idea of using product liability against handgun manufacturers was first brought before the public by Stuart Speiser, a New York tort attorney, in his book *Lawsuit*, published in 1980. In a chapter entitled "The Ultimate Deterrent: Taking on the Gun Lobby," Speiser called on "inventive" tort lawyers to carry product liability "one step further and bring the great power of our civil courts to bear on a problem that our legislatures and criminal courts have not been able to solve." Presenting an array of product-liability precedents and dramshop common law (holding suppliers of liquor responsible for injuries that result from serving liquor to an intoxicated person), Speiser outlined ways to support lawsuits that could hurt gun suppliers financially.





Known throughout the world for unsurpassed reliability, Northrop's F-5 family of high performance tactical aircraft has helped to bring self-sufficiency in national defense to 30 countries. The 1000th F-5E is shown here being prepared for delivery to Mexico. Like every F-5 before it, this F-5E was completed on time, on cost, with performance as promised. Northrop Corporation, 1800 Century Park East, Los Angeles, California 90067 USA.

NORTHROP
Making advanced technology work.

The concept also occurred to Turley in 1980, and he began investigating its potential. Turley, a litigation lawyer known for his creative use of tort law, assigned the building of a liability case against gunmakers to his firm's research-and-development department, allotting it a budget of several hundred thousand dollars and two full-time attorneys. Long an ardent supporter of gun control, Turley has become something of a crusader, giving public lectures on the new legal strategy of using product-liability law, conducting law-school symposia, writing law-review articles, and even submitting to the questioning of Mike Wallace, on *60 Minutes*. More important, he has encouraged fellow lawyers to try the strategy in court—for example, traveling to Washington to urge Jacob Stein to use it in the Brady case. About sixty cases had been filed by the end of last year; Turley's "conservative estimate" is that more than 200 suits will be on the dockets by the end of this year.

A citizen's-advocacy organization based in Washington, Handgun Control, Inc., plans to become a national information clearinghouse, where victims of handgun violence can learn of the legal actions available to them and obtain a list of lawyers willing to take on their cases; lawyers will be able to find a repository of books and legal briefs for preparing suits.

While Stuart Speiser still waits for a case strong enough to test his original ideas, and Jacob Stein tries to keep a low profile in a case whose participants cannot avoid worldwide attention, Windle Turley is courting the press, and has emerged as the dominant legal practitioner in the new field. Even though his opponents honor him by labeling the legal initiatives against gun suppliers "the Turley angle" or "the Turley routine" or "the Turley fixation," the true paternity of the strategy doesn't matter. As Mark Wooster, an editor of the *Harvard Law Review* who is analyzing these cases, points out, all the lawyers involved will be trying to prove that the legal ideas they are presenting are *not* their own. "Originality is a sin in law," he says. "All you want is precedent."

Critics of these cases—and there are many—consider them to be totally without legal precedent, and without merit. They see them as a sinister manipulation of the court system by zealous reformers bent on achieving their political goals, or

as the actions of a bunch of greedy lawyers looking for new sources of income, or as a plot to shift the culpability of the criminal onto businessmen.

The cases have attracted an unusual amount of attention. *The New York Times* applauded the suit brought by James Brady in an editorial published last summer. The staff of Senator Edward Kennedy, which pours its energies into the Senate's doomed gun-control bills, offered the legal efforts its blessing. The attitude of President Reagan toward the suit his friend Brady is bringing can only be surmised, but a close confidant of the President, Senator Paul Laxalt, wrote a fierce indictment of the strategy in his preface to a monograph called "Turning the Gun on Tort Law: Aiming at Courts to Take Products Liability to the Limit," published by the Washington Legal Foundation, a conservative legal think-tank. One of the attorneys for the defense in Brady's case is Paul D. Kamenar, a staff lawyer for the Washington Legal Foundation.

THE LAWYERS PLEADING for the plaintiffs see their legal strategy as a logical extension and amplification of concepts already firmly established in tort law. A brief explanation of legal definitions will help make clear the foundation of these lawsuits.

Tort law is a system of justice meant to deter unreasonable behavior, and, failing that, to allow compensation for injury caused by dangerous behavior. Torts usually concern the harm inflicted by one person on another, even if no criminal actions take place, and are usually remedied by the paying of damages, as in auto-accident cases. Product liability is a subdivision of tort law that holds the makers and sellers of products responsible for any harm the products cause consumers. Manufacturers can be found liable if they fail to meet certain "duties of care" to the public. The three standards of care being applied in these cases are: *Negligence*—the manufacturer could foresee the harm his product might cause but failed to take "reasonable care" to prevent it. *Strict liability*—makers and sellers of products that prove to have a "defect" that makes them "unreasonably dangerous" must bear special responsibilities. *Absolute liability*—those who pursue "abnormally dangerous" or "ultrahazardous" activities are liable for any harm that might be caused by their actions or products.

The dividing lines between these standards for judging liability are blurry, and the categories often overlap. Each of the lawsuits already filed employs a combination of all three, depending on the factual circumstances of the particular case and the statutory and common law of the state where it will be decided. When the cases come to trial, the attorneys will have to prove to the judges that their clients have a legitimate claim under the doctrines of product liability. They will concentrate especially on establishing their claims of strict liability, which, as a species of no-fault liability, impugns not the actions of the manufacturer but only the defective product. Strict liability is easier than absolute liability to prove as a matter of law, and easier than negligence to prove as a matter of fact.

In order for a court to hold a manufacturer strictly liable, the plaintiff must show that the product contained a defect; that this defect caused the product to be unreasonably dangerous; and that it inflicted harm. A precise definition of "defect" has not yet been articulated by the courts, and is the subject of continuing legal dispute. Nonetheless, three general categories of defect have been established—those arising in a product's design, in its manufacture, or in its marketing.

The emphasis in the cases coming to trial will be on the alleged "design defect" of handguns, though some suits also claim a "marketing defect."

The gist of the plaintiffs' arguments for holding gun manufacturers and sellers strictly liable is the following sequence of assertions: Small-caliber (less than .38), short-barreled (3-inch or less), lightweight, inexpensive (\$50 or less), easily concealable handguns are designed, manufactured, and distributed principally for shooting people; this kind of gun is not sufficiently accurate or reliable for sporting use, military or police functions, or even for self-defense; these properties make the gun "defective" by design; these handguns, having no purpose other than to injure and kill, are of no benefit to society; they are indiscriminately marketed to the general public without proper precautions or screening of buyers; this type of marketing is "defective"; the design defect of handguns, when coupled with the marketing defect, creates an unreasonably dangerous situation and risk of harm to society.

The plaintiffs are using the term "defect" in its broadest possible meaning, al-

FOR THE WET
FOR THE WHITE
FOR THE WINDING
FOR THE WILD
FOR THE WARM
FOR THE WEEKEND
FOR THE WALLET



W is for Eagle Wagon. And for the wherever. Because Eagle is the only automobile in the world that lets you go from 2-wheel drive to full-time 4-wheel drive at the flick of a switch. 2-wheel drive for high mileage on the highway. 4-wheel drive for worry-free traction and security

When the roads weave, the weather worsens, or when you just want to wander where there is no road.

And Eagle's well-appointed interior makes the going all the more wonderful. Why not see the 1983 Eagle Wagon today. Wherever you're going, whatever the weather, it'll fit you to a W.



The 2-wheel/4-wheel drive EAGLE

FROM AMERICAN MOTORS

*Optional 5-speed stick. Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Highway and California figures lower.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most in the sense of a social defect, and the defendants insist that this definition is so broad as to be meaningless. They insist that the plaintiffs must show that the particular gun used in each instance was mechanically defective—that something was specifically wrong, such as a faulty trigger, that made it unsafe. A handgun is not defective simply because it can shoot bullets, the defendants say; that is its natural function and the reason it is purchased.

There are two tests that can be used by the court to determine if a design is defective. The traditional one, the “consumer-expectation test,” recognizes a defective product as one that fails to meet the reasonable expectations of the ordinary consumer that it will be safe in normal and intended use. The second one, which has emerged only in the past few years but is quickly gaining acceptance, is the “risk/utility balancing test,” in which the risk of injury posed by the design of the product is weighed against the benefit of the product to society. The defendants lean heavily on the consumer-expectation test, because it is true that guns are bought with the thought of eventually shooting someone, and they meet that expectation. The plaintiffs will try to persuade the courts to employ the risk/utility test.

“Injury or death is not a socially acceptable benefit of a product,” Windle Turley writes in the complaint of *Diane Moore v. Roehm GmbH*. Balancing the risk that handguns are known to pose to American society (an average of fifty deaths a day, hundreds of thousands of injuries a year, and millions of dollars in medical expenses) against their utility as a destructive tool must tip the scales in favor of the public safety, he contends.

But handguns do have social utility, the defendants reply: they are used by hunters of small game and undercover law-enforcement officers, and, especially, by law-abiding citizens, for self-protection. The plaintiffs refute these claims with statistics on the number of states that ban hunting with small-caliber weapons and the overwhelming preference of hunters for long guns. They cite the distinct differences between the large, finely crafted handguns used in police work and the cheap street guns under discussion, and offer some startling numbers on the ineffectiveness of handguns as an implement for self-defense: studies have found that the assault victim who offers armed resistance

is anywhere from two to eight times more likely to be hurt or killed in the attempt than one who offers no resistance.

It was not a handgun that shot the plaintiffs or their kin, the defendants say, or even a jealous lover or a nervous homeowner. It was a *criminal* who shot them—a variation on the standard “Guns don’t kill people, people kill people” refrain. Even if the gun could be proven “defective,” the defect did not cause the harm, an intervening, unforeseen criminal did—and this breaks the legal chain of causation and sets the manufacturer free from liability. To this the plaintiffs respond that in strict liability, as opposed to negligence, the actions of neither the producer nor the user are in question, only the product itself, and the intervention of a criminal does not preclude a claim. They also say that the usual focus on criminal use of handguns is misplaced and misleading, because handguns are equally lethal in the hands of the general public. According to FBI crime analyses, fewer than 15 percent of handgun homicides were actually premeditated murders—most were impulsive shootings of family, friends, or neighbors during quarrels, or accidental shootings, or suicides (a full 50 percent of all handgun deaths are suicides).

The plaintiffs argue that it is the compounding of the handguns’ defective design with a defective distribution chain that creates the unreasonably dangerous situation deserving of strict liability. Distribution also enters into the plaintiffs’ claims of negligence, which are, in essence: that manufacturers made a conscious business decision to design this kind of handgun so as to make it concealable, sell it cheaply, and market it indiscriminately; that because of these properties, handguns are the “weapon of choice” among criminals (50 percent of murders, 40 percent of robberies, and 23 percent of aggravated assaults are committed with them); that the defendants knew or could foresee that their handguns would be used in crime; that they did not take proper precautions to keep their guns out of the possession of people “psychologically unfit” to have them; that the manufacturers and distributors were thus negligent in their responsibility to the public.

The plaintiffs’ briefs suggest that a stringent police check of all prospective gun buyers be routine, and that a mandatory waiting period be imposed in order to curtail impulse purchases (the

Kennedy/Rodino bill, pending in Congress, would have all states implement these). The defendants point out existing state and local ordinances requiring gun buyers to fill out forms revealing any police record and attesting to their mental stability, and statutes requiring police checks and possession permits. The manufacturers and distributors insist that they are in compliance with all current rules and cannot be made liable when they have obeyed the law. But many gun dealers do not enforce the rules that do exist, the plaintiffs say, and the manufacturers and distributors have an obligation to oversee the dealers and, if necessary, withdraw their guns from shops known to give guns to anyone who will plunk down his money. Should all these measures prove unworkable, the plaintiffs’ briefs continue, the manufacturers should restrict the sale of their handguns to the military, the police, and authorized sporting clubs.

Foreseeability is a key element in proving negligence. The defense asserts that manufacturers do not intend and cannot foresee that their guns might fall into the hands of people who will use them in criminal acts. They are meant for good citizens who will use them only for sport or self-protection, and suppliers cannot be held accountable for their products’ being intentionally misused. In rebuttal, the plaintiffs quote more statistics. Manufacturers may intend their handguns for the solid citizen, they say, but in truth handguns are the number-one weapon of crime: while they represent fewer than 20 percent of the privately owned firearms in the nation, they account for 90 percent of gun-related deaths and injuries. An estimated 100,000 handguns are stolen out of the homes of those solid citizens every year and used in crime. New handguns are far more likely to be used in crime than old ones, and 2.4 million new ones are introduced into this country every year.

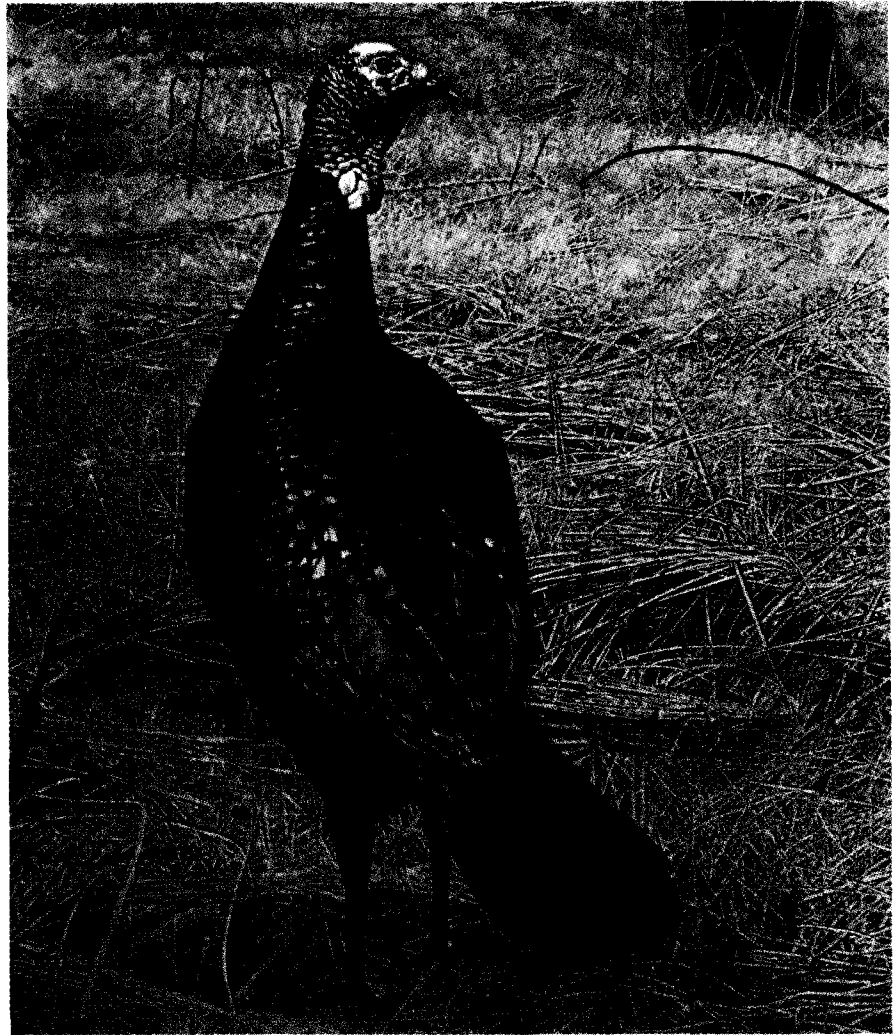
Absolute liability is a rare and difficult standard to impose, and is usually applied only to those engaged in the “ultra-hazardous” production of certain drugs, explosives, toxic chemicals, and nuclear devices. But in their lawsuits, Stein and Corboy ask the court to find the gun-makers absolutely liable for introducing “abnormally dangerous instrumentalities of no social value and contrary to public policy . . . into the channels of commerce.” The defendants refute this claim by placing handguns under a dif-

ferent legal heading—"unavoidably unsafe" products, which, by the current limits of technology, cannot be made completely safe for their intended use but are beneficial and so exempt from absolute liability.

From the premise of these arguments certain troubling questions naturally arise. For example, if strict product liability can be extended to lawful, properly functioning, but dangerous objects such as handguns, won't the makers of long guns, knives, axes, liquors, sleeping pills, cigarettes, and automobiles soon be made liable too, based on their products' potential to cause injury? After all, an automobile can be as deadly as a gun; as the cause of 55,000 deaths each year, cars easily best handguns as the leading cause of unnatural death. Should the courts decide whether a compact car is riskier than a large car, and place liability on its makers? Using the risk/utility test, Turley, Stein, and Corboy say that other products are potentially dangerous but causing injury is not their prime function, as it is the function of handguns; they all have other, beneficial uses that outweigh their occasional risks.

THE USE OF product-liability law to instigate a sort of gun control is not a popular idea within the legal community. "I find myself in a very difficult position in this controversy," says Sheila Birnbaum, a product-liability specialist and professor of law at New York University Law School. "Though I believe in gun control, I think it should be accomplished by other means. My feeling is that tort law is being misused here. I am concerned that the tort system not be expanded to purposes for which it was not intended, to the point where the system might collapse." Even the professional organization of the plaintiff's bar, the American Trial Lawyers Association (ATLA), is shying away from any association with this kind of suit, to the disappointment of Windle Turley, who hoped it would take a strong stand of support.

Product-liability law has come under attack in the past few years as an unfair burden on the business community, a hindrance to industrial expansion and innovation, and an economic menace perpetrated by radical judges and ambulance-chasing lawyers. Although the basis for product liability is derived from ancient common law, it has undergone tremendous development and change in

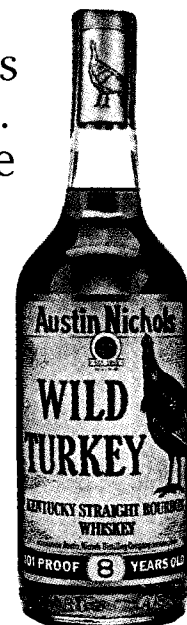


For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10. payable to "ANCO", Box 2817-AL, NYC, 10163

Why It's Such A Rare Bird

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion. A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the greatest native whiskey in America—Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY® / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981

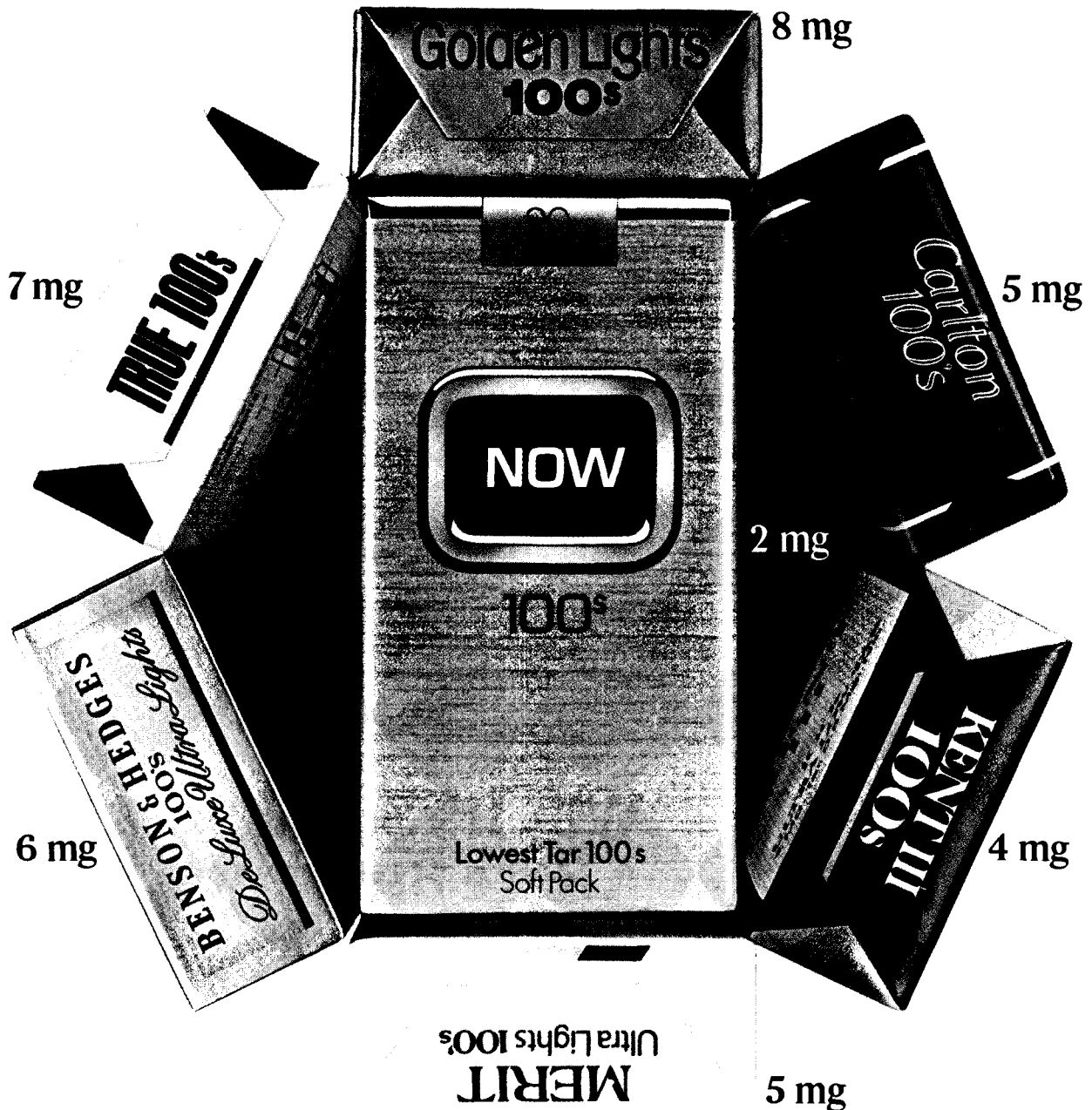
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Competitive tar levels reflect either the Dec. '81 FTC Report or FTC method.

NOW. THE LOWEST OF ALL BRANDS.

©1983 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



The proof is all around us.



CONFIRMED BY THE LATEST U.S. GOV'T. REPORT ON TAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the past thirty years, with courts both widening the scope of corporate liability and easing the consumer's burden of proof. The increased popularity of such suits, and celebrated monetary awards made by juries (often later reduced by the judge), are precipitating a strong backlash. The legislatures of more than twenty states are considering or have passed product-liability "reform" bills, setting statutes of limitation, monetary-award ceilings, and other restrictions. Congress is considering a similar reform bill. Faced with this kind of public sentiment, the ATLA appears unwilling to lend support to a legal tactic that might further damage the reputation of product-liability law.

Another, larger, topic of concern is whether the courts should be handling gun-control decisions at all. Are courts the proper forum for arbitrating the merits of gun control, or should this public-policy decision be made only by the nation's elected representatives? To some, this is just another instance of the courts' meddling in policy and political issues, as they did in busing and abortion—trampling on the balance of power, ruling by judicial fiat.

It is the duty of the courts to make the law responsive to change and to rescue the public from the legislature's failure of nerve, say the litigation's supporters. But the legislatures have not failed, they have acted, the defendants reply: there are hundreds of federal, state, and local ordinances governing the possession of handguns. Congress and the states have never passed a strong, comprehensive gun-control measure because they have good reason not to: the American people don't want it. Look at the defeat of the California ballot initiative last November, they say. The inaction of the legislatures is a choice that the courts must not impinge upon. "If there is a proper sociological basis for gun control, lawmakers should pass a law," says David Maclay, legal counsel for Sturm Ruger & Co., Inc., a large handgun-manufacturing company. "They have not. That is proof to me that there isn't the proper sociological basis." Gun-control advocates view the legislatures as bodies that have sold their souls to the gun lobbyists, and look to the courtroom as a sanctuary of reason, where judges and juries cannot be so easily influenced.

The National Rifle Association is uncharacteristically keeping to the sidelines in this stage of the legal proceed-

ings, although it naturally has strong opinions on the matter, and is watching developments closely. Michael McCabe, the association's general counsel, says, "It is inconceivable to me that a case could be won and upheld on appeal—the courts wouldn't sanction the legal theory or have the temerity to interfere with the prerogative of the legislature." But NRA lawyers are in consultation with the defense attorneys, and should any of the cases reach the appeal stage, the NRA will probably file an *amicus curiae* brief.

It would certainly be in the interests of the manufacturers for the NRA to dismiss the cases as a preposterous scare, because keeping calm will help keep the gunmakers' insurance rates from soaring. Spiraling insurance costs are a key element of the gun-control-by-litigation strategy. They are the mightiest club that can be held over the heads of the handgun industry—not a banning, not a restraining order, just enormous and continuous financial risk. If the courts place responsibility on the manufacturers to pay for damages, insurance companies will have to re-evaluate policies completely and raise premiums, according to James Coonan, of Joseph Chiarello & Co., Inc., a brokerage house in New York that handles the insurance needs of more than twenty medium-sized gun manufacturers, including several being taken to court in the new lawsuits. "The exposure to risk is so farfetched," says Coonan, "that a rating approach is almost impossible." The insurers will no doubt think of something—probably putting the manufacturers into a special ultra-high-risk liability pool. It is the hope of Speiser and Turley that the insurance companies will put pressure on the gunmakers either to curtail their marketing of handguns severely, and so shield themselves from potential liability exposure, or to stop making the Saturday Night Special variety of handgun completely, for their own financial good.

THE ECONOMIC REALM of this strategy is almost as complicated as the legal one. First, in the case of lawsuits against European manufacturers, there are the myriad difficulties of pursuing litigation against a foreign corporation, and then, if the plaintiffs win, the rigmarole of collecting damages through foreign insurers. As for lawsuits against domestic manufacturers, although there

are a dozen or so large gunmakers (including Smith & Wesson, Colt, Sturm Ruger, and Charter Arms), much of the rest of the industry is composed of small shops in plants not much bigger than overgrown garages. Faced with the kinds of risks promised by these lawsuits, they will either go without insurance or go bankrupt. While gun-control activists might applaud their demise, others fear the loss of jobs and tax revenues.

There is always the possibility that gunmakers will weigh their potential liability losses against the size and elasticity of their market, and decide that it is still worth selling Saturday Night Specials to a clientele willing to pay an increased price. As it is, handgun prices are sure to rise, to absorb the legal fees the current lawsuits are costing the manufacturers. One gun-company president, David Ecker, of Charter Arms, in Stratford, Connecticut (defendant in one of Turley's suits), believes that the whole idea of making handguns so expensive that they can no longer be purchased freely by everyone is downright discrimination against the poor.

But the current lawsuits have a long road ahead before they seriously threaten the future of handgun manufacturers. The defendants in each case are asking the court to dismiss the suits against them, and though no judge has yet thrown out one of the important test cases, even Turley expects that some will be dismissed on points of law. Matters of fact might not be accepted by a jury, which could return a verdict of "no cause for action" against the manufacturers. Turley intends to have to endure several losses, but he is confident that his use of product-liability law will eventually prevail.

Should the plaintiffs win in a jury trial, the defendants will certainly appeal to a higher state court. The Brady case is to be tried in the federal district court for Washington, D.C., and the appeal would go to a panel of judges on the U.S. Court of Appeals. Their decision would become a federal precedent, which, while not binding on the state courts, would provide a strong influence. Though the cases will certainly be carried to the state supreme courts, none is likely to be heard before the U.S. Supreme Court, according to legal experts. As complicated as the cases are, they do not hinge on esoteric points of law that need definitive interpretation. In years

past, the Supreme Court has refused to consider almost every product-liability case brought to it, and will probably do so again.

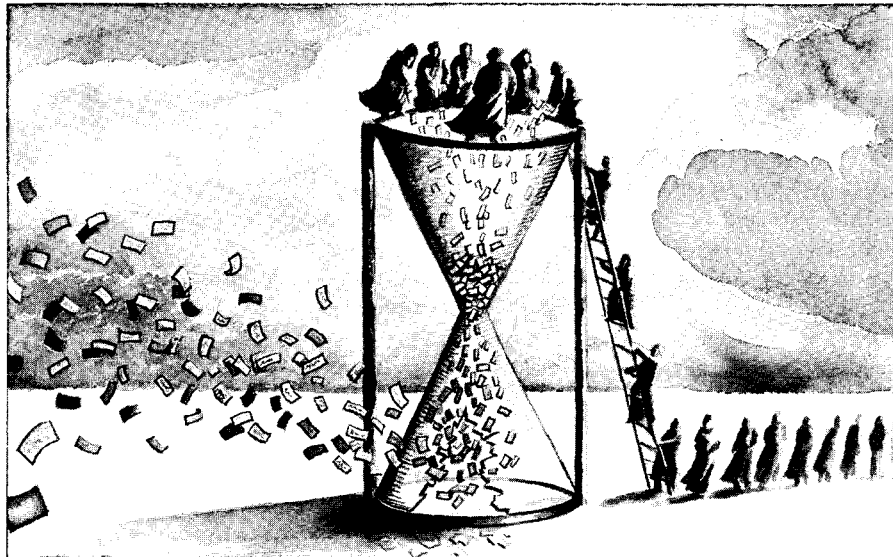
If the prevailing decisions of the courts turn out to be favorable to the plaintiffs, the gun suppliers might try to obtain a legislative remedy for their problems, asking for a special bill that would remove liability from their shoulders. Lobbyists for the gun industry might well ask their representatives to introduce such legislation. New bills might be modeled on the product-liability reform bills circulating now at the state and federal levels, or even be attached to them, but legal observers agree that they would be more effective on the state than on the national level. Even then, they would be difficult bills

to draft if the courts of that state or any other had already placed liability on gunmakers; and any bill, even if it were successfully drafted and passed, could be challenged and brought back into court.

Stein's and Corboy's cases are still in their preliminary stages and at least a year away from trial. The first of Turley's cases should come to trial by the end of this year. It will be some time before the greatest hopes of the plaintiffs or the worst fears of the defendants can be realized; in the meantime, the deadly use of handguns will continue.

—Elaine F. Weiss

Elaine F. Weiss, a writer living in Cambridge, recently completed a book about rural New England.



KUWAIT EMBASSY CABLES

*How the U.S. Embassy
reported an economic crisis in Kuwait
to the State Department*



THE ECONOMY OF Kuwait, which annually derives some \$9 billion from oil sales and another \$6 billion from interest and dividends on foreign investments, has until recently been considered the strongest and best managed in the Persian Gulf. The high-rise buildings in the small sheikhdom are almost all air-conditioned; the salt water is desalin-

ized; education and health care are free. There are more than 100,000 gallons of oil in reserves for each of Kuwait's approximately 600,000 citizens. Even the war between Iraq and Iran, which is being fought only a three-hour drive from Kuwait City, has proved a financial boon: most of the ammunition and food supplies for Iraq are funneled through the city's port.

Amid this cornucopia of good fortune, Kuwaitis found a singular interest: the stock market. Last year, the market mania reached such proportions that students skipped classes, army officers failed to report to their regiments, and housewives telephoned in stock orders with such regularity that their brokers were reportedly able to gauge when there were commercial breaks or boring segments on television. The U.S. Em-

bassy in Kuwait began sending urgent telegrams to the State Department, in Washington, warning of impending trouble. A secret cable sent on October 10 said, "The stock market . . . so enveloped Kuwaiti society that one could not sit down with a Kuwaiti for more than 30 seconds without the subject being raised. Cabinet meetings were disrupted as ministers excused themselves to call their brokers . . . young aggressive Kuwaitis . . . became billionaires in a matter of months; Kuwaiti women found an activity they could profit at and enjoy. . . . Kuwaiti society—with the perceived blessing of the government—indulged in an orgy of greed that knew no bounds."

The stock market in which most of the buying and selling took place was not the official bourse, which had a set of restrictions, but a bazaar-like unofficial exchange that had begun among the tables of an outdoor café near the souks in 1979, and eventually moved to a building called Souk al-Manakh. After the fall of the Shah of Iran, in 1978, there was a flight of capital from Kuwait; many new investment companies were started as conduits for it. In 1979, the government stopped licensing any new companies. Kuwaitis registered them instead in neighboring countries. The "Manakh" was the headquarters for trading shares in them, and it rapidly became one of Kuwait's most popular institutions, because of the lack of restraint it placed on investors. Speculators without immediate cash resources or other liquid assets were permitted to pay for the stock they bought with postdated checks. For this privilege, they added to the check the interest that would accrue on their debt until the check came due—which in some cases would be as late as 1991.

Since money in the bank the check was written on was not required, everyone in Kuwait could participate. For example, even a poor Bedouin shepherd who wandered into the Manakh could buy a million shares in one of the fifty-four listed companies by signing his name—or otherwise making a mark—on a check. If the stock went up—as most did under such buying pressure—the shepherd could sell his shares for a vast profit, although he would be paid by someone else's postdated personal check. The shepherd could re-invest the check in another stock, or wait for the check to come due, or borrow money on it from a

*The beauty ... the fascination ... the romance
of all the world's gemstones ...*

Gemstones of the World

*The Franklin Mint presents a complete and comprehensive collection
of the world's gemstones, each beautifully set into a solid sterling silver mounting.*

Available only by direct subscription.
The accompanying application
should be mailed by June 30, 1983.

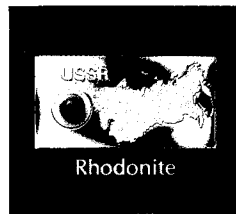
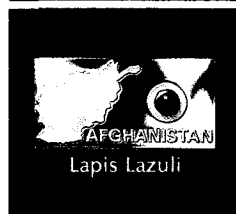
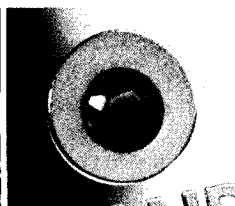
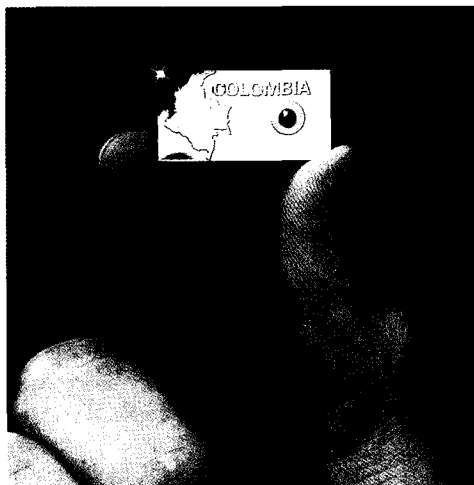
Since the dawn of history, men have been intrigued ... fascinated ... even obsessed by precious stones. And no wonder! For each of the world's gemstones has been endowed by Nature with its own irresistible allure, its own inimitable magic. The bewitching radiance of the Diamond, ablaze with inextinguishable fires. The rich red flame of the Ruby ... the compelling blue of the Sapphire ... the extraordinary brilliance of the Emerald ...

Now, you have the unique opportunity to experience—and explore for yourself—the full richness and diversity of the kingdom of the gemstone. For The Franklin Mint has brought together in a single collection exquisite specimens of *all* the world's most treasured gemstones. The collection will bring you 63 different gemstones—every one of those traditionally used in creating fine jewelry, from Diamond to Moonstone, Jet to Lapis Lazuli.

Each gemstone will be set into a solid sterling silver mounting. And displayed upon the silver, in rich frosted relief, will be an outline map identifying the country from which the principal deposits of that gemstone derive. Thus, the sumptuous red Ruby will be set against a map of Thailand, Amethyst will be identified with India, and Moss Agate with the United States. In addition, the reverse of each silver mounting will bear both the name of the gemstone it holds and data on its geological properties.

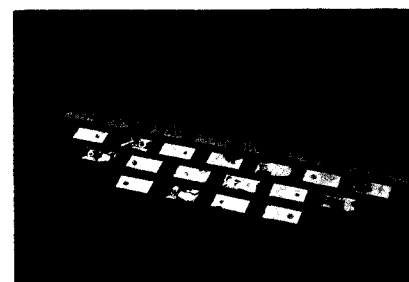
To enhance your pleasure still more, each issue will be accompanied by an authoritative commentary written by Dr. Peter Bancroft, one of the world's foremost gemologists.

Further, because this is the *definitive* collection of the world's most coveted gemstones, it will include not only the classics known to all of us, but others most familiar to jewelers and experts—Citrine, Chalcedony and Rhodonite among them. The result: a collection that will be a source of endless delight and satisfaction to the entire family.



As a subscriber, you will be able to build your collection at the convenient rate of one gemstone each month. The price for each gemstone in its silver mounting is just \$19, and this will be guaranteed for every issue, regardless of any rise in the cost of gemstones or of silver.

Gemstones of the World is a comprehensive, educational and beautiful collection comprising all 63 of the treasured gemstones traditionally used in creating fine jewelry. And to subscribe, you need send no payment now. Simply sign and return the accompanying application by June 30, 1983.



A custom-designed display case will be provided to the subscriber as part of the collection.

© 1983 FM

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

GEMSTONES OF THE WORLD

Please mail by June 30, 1983.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19091

Please enter my subscription for Gemstones of the World, consisting of sixty-three different gemstones, each set into its own sterling silver mounting, to be issued to me at the rate of one per month. A custom-designed collector's case, and reference material for each gemstone, will be provided to me as part of my collection.

I need send no payment now. I will be billed at the guaranteed issue price of \$19.* for each gemstone in advance of its shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax.

Signature _____

Mr. ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mrs.

Miss

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

20

bank in the neighboring sheikhdom of Bahrain.

With a supply of paper money bounded perhaps only by the number of digits that could be written on a postdated check, stock prices on the Manakh were bid up to unprecedented levels. It was not uncommon for a stock to double overnight. The new wealth created by the high-flying check kites began to displace old wealth. An Embassy cable said that "those who stayed out of the market were ridiculed for their conservatism and backwardness, and young Kuwaitis found new heroes in the high-rolling nouveau riche traders from lesser known families." It further said that 400 millionaires were created in a single week. Both Kuwaitis and non-Kuwaitis played the market, and transferred money borrowed against their checks to other businesses, making the extent of trading activity impossible to gauge.

Princes and sheikhs of the ruling Sabah family, known for their financial acumen, took full advantage of the Manakh. Not only was it profitable but it proved a useful diversion for the country from the Iranian bombs that occasionally fell on Kuwaiti soil. The U.S. Embassy, basing its reports on sources within the government, reported: "Keeping the populace at ease and preserving local liquidity were two priorities satisfied beyond the government's expectations by the stock market rise. Government leaders and the Sabahs, of course, also found enjoyment in making huge gains from their own activities in the market. . . ."

THE DAY OF reckoning was, however, not far off. When billions of dollars' worth of checks began to come due last fall, instant paper millionaires began finding that funds in the accounts on which the checks were written were insufficient to back the checks. Stock holdings then had to be liquidated. Rumors circulated that the biggest investors were financially overextended. As prices on the Manakh fell, those who had bought stocks at inflated prices with kited checks had no means of repaying their paper debts. Banks in Bahrain, the Embassy said, including several with American ownership, such as Chase Manhattan and American Express, found that they had lent money on worthless bits of paper. An impending real-estate bubble, furthermore, threatened the banks' solvency: as in the stock market, real-estate developers had ac-

cepted postdated checks as payment for air-conditioned condominiums; the developers gave the checks to the Kuwait Finance House, Kuwait's Islamic bank, as collateral for construction loans. When real-estate prices began to "crash" in October, it appeared that another multibillion-dollar check-kiting bubble loomed immediately over the horizon.

The Kuwaiti government and ruling sheikhs tried to end the financial crisis by declaring it illegal. Since the Manakh was an unlicensed exchange, the government argued, all debts incurred on it should be voided—including the postdated checks. The Kuwaiti Bedouins proved, however, to have a more old-fashioned view of debts. A secret section of an Embassy report noted: "Passions are running high as charges and countercharges are bandied about. Some winners are warning that if they do not get their due they will exact Bedouin justice (i.e. physical retribution) on their creditors. This spirit of revenge is not merely financially motivated, but represents a manifestation of the honor code supposedly so ingrained into the Kuwaiti (particularly Bedouin-rooted) psyche. Some losers as well as bystanders are calling for no less than the resignation of the full cabinet. . . ."

The National Bank of Kuwait began tallying up the damage. It discovered at least 28,000 checks dated between September 20, 1982, and 1991. Their total value was \$93.5 billion—and many more checks were expected to surface as the crisis continued. This sum—\$155,000 for every Kuwaiti—was more than six times the entire money supply of Kuwait.

The record for check-kiting (which must be a world record) went to two brothers, Jassim and Najeeb al-Mutawa. Jassim, a former passport clerk, wrote \$12.25 billion worth of checks, a sum greater than the entire Kuwaiti income last year from oil. His net indebtedness—after deducting postdated checks and other assets he held—was a mere \$6.3 billion, more than the non-oil gross national product of Kuwait. Najeeb owed even more: \$12.6 billion. Together, the al-Mutawas owed \$24.85 billion, more than the national budgets of most countries in the world.

In October, the government appointed an arbitration committee to untangle the web of paper obligations. Jassim al-Marzouk, the minister of commerce, the official appointed to oversee the process,

raised suspicions at the American Embassy. A cable reported that "Jassim al-Marzouk is one of the more active market players, and is regarded as one of the more corrupt and influence-peddling prone high officials." There seemed a distinct danger of discrimination and favoritism.

The Embassy cabled: "Political tensions are high as one group or another presses its claims. Established merchant families are eager for the stock market nouveau riche to be nailed to the wall: Shia Kuwaitis are concerned that the government of Kuwait may be 'out to get them' . . . non-Kuwaiti residents fear they will bear the brunt of the market losses." The web could not be so easily undone by arbitration.

IN WASHINGTON, THE State Department began to focus on the distant crisis. The Near East division sent back to the Embassy in Kuwait a series of questions that, if nothing else, illuminated the concerns of the Reagan Administration. After praising the Embassy staff for "hard work" and its "coverage of the stock market collapse," the line of inquiry went as follows:

"Are Kuwaitis and expatriates losing confidence in the system?"

"Is the government being forced to draw on foreign-exchange reserves? . . ."

"How solvent are the banks?"

"What groups of people are suffering most? Shias more than Sunnis? Palestinians more than other foreigners? Is an anti-government group coalescing?"

"How extensively were members of the royal family involved? . . . How exploitable are the collapse and corruption by political dissidents?"

"How will the market collapse affect Kuwait's foreign aid and its ability to buy protection from the Palestinians, Iraq, and other Arab radicals?"

"What is the extent of the real-estate bubble?"

The cable was signed, as are all outgoing State Department cables, by the secretary of state, George P. Shultz.

The Embassy response did little to lessen Washington's apprehension. The financial system was paralyzed, the Embassy said; Kuwaitis had no confidence in the impartiality of the government, which, in order to window-dress the banking situation, had reportedly deposited \$30 million in each Kuwaiti bank. Kuwaiti businessmen found European

hotels unwilling to accept their credit cards and banks unwilling to extend their companies "lines of credit."

The Kuwaiti government, unable to sort out the tangle of postdated checks, attempted a more symbolic form of satisfying the growing public outrage. Last February, it brought criminal charges against sixty speculators, including the al-Mutawa brothers. Jassim al-Mutawa, known throughout Kuwait simply as Jassim, denounced this move in an interview with the *Financial Times* as a search for scapegoats. He specifically attributed his downfall to "geera kitila"—"killing jealousy." "I am one of those young people who became something in a very short time," he said with some understatement. "I have done nothing wrong," he said; "there are 6,000 other Jassim al-Mutawas in Kuwait—if they want to put everybody in jail, let them."

Kuwaiti justice notwithstanding, the criminal indictments promise little, if any, relief for the Kuwaiti economy. Since Kuwaiti citizens had borrowed against paper wealth to buy houses, cars, and other appliances, realtors, distributors, and retailers were themselves forced to issue their own postdated checks to contractors, wholesalers, and manufacturers.

The fear that these checks will never be redeemable has undermined the confidence of businessmen and paralyzed private development. "Kuwait's cultivated image as the sophisticated, advanced, well-managed, financially astute brother of the other Gulf states," the Embassy reported, "has been shattered." Meanwhile, the principal form of real wealth in Kuwait—oil revenues—is still shrinking because of declining production and prices.

While the government tried to find a way to clear the morass of postdated checks, by an outright bailout or by replacing the checks with an alternative form of credit, the Embassy in Kuwait saw no easy end to the problem. "The challenge to Kuwaiti leadership of dealing with these problems in the already troubled Middle East and Gulf environment calls for a special blend of decisiveness, imagination, tact and sensitivity," it said—"traits often considered in short supply in this city state."

—Edward Jay Epstein

Edward Jay Epstein, a frequent contributor to *The Atlantic*, is at work on a book about international deception.

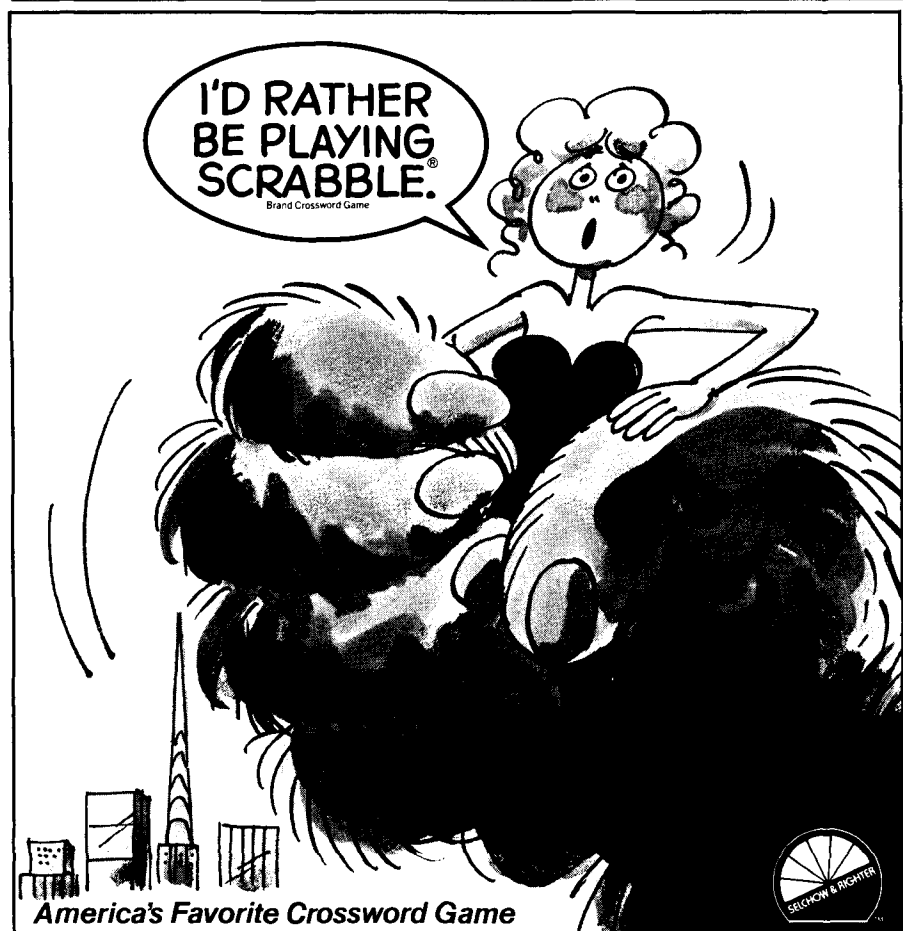
El vino de la casa
Le vin de maison
Il vino da tavola
The house wine
Der Hauswein
Husets vin
יין הבית
家用酒



The crisp, dry white wine from France.

MAKE IT YOUR HOUSE WINE.

Imported by Frederick Wildman & Sons, New York, New York



SCRABBLE® is the registered trademark of Selchow & Righter Co. for its line of word games and entertainment services.



YOSEMITE VALLEY FIXED-OBJECT JUMPING

A dangerous, sometimes deadly, new pastime exists in a vague region between sport and stunt



YOSEMITE VALLEY, IN California's Yosemite National Park, is surrounded by huge gray granite cliffs, some smooth and sheer, some topped with domes or spires. El Capitan, which rises about 3,000 feet above the valley floor, is the most famous of the cliffs. Half Dome, about 1,800 feet high, dominates the upper end of the valley. The cliffs have a particular kind of allure. The first white men to ascend the mountains around Yosemite often compared them to the Swiss Alps; one mountaineer remarked in 1863 that Yosemite lacked the "picturesque beauty" of the Alps but possessed a desolation and starkness that imparted a "sublime grandeur." John Muir, the nineteenth-century naturalist and conservationist, did some climbing among the rugged walls, and after one adventure he wrote, "We little know until tried how much of the uncontrollable there is in us, urging us across glaciers and torrents, and up dangerous heights, let judgment forbid as it may."

Last August, a thirty-five-year-old man named Jim Tyler was killed on Half Dome, having given in to one of his own uncontrollable urges. Tyler was not climbing the cliff, however; he was par-

achuting from its summit. In fact, he was trying to become the first person to jump consecutively from three cliffs in the park. For Tyler the goal wasn't unusual. Tyler was "a real pioneer," according to one of his friends. "He had to be first, but at times he could be hasty and impatient." He was an experienced parachutist who had done some stunt work—his greatest feat being a chuteless dive from an airplane, in which he had to link up with another sky-diver's canopy in midair. In Yosemite last summer, he successfully jumped from El Capitan and another cliff named Glacier Point. He had two companions with him for the Half Dome jump, which he made in the late evening of August 4. As usual, Tyler went first. During his free fall—he waited for three seconds before deploying his parachute—he reached a speed of about 100 miles an hour. Using his body as an airfoil, he was supposed to glide away from the cliff. He didn't glide far enough. When his chute opened, its lines were twisted, and Tyler was spun around into Half Dome's granite face. His canopy snagged on the cliff and collapsed.

What Tyler was doing, strictly speaking, is called fixed-object jumping. It's one of those activities that exist somewhere in a vague region between stunt and sport, less conspicuous than jumping over parked cars with a motorcycle but not considered legitimate in the way that mountain climbing is. It is certainly dangerous; in fact, the premise of fixed-object jumping is risk. Its participants parachute from bridges, cliffs, skyscrapers, and other platforms too low to allow adjustments for equipment failure or errors of judgment. They must also some-

how avoid the objects they've jumped from. Obviously, the people who do this are looking for experience of an unusual sort; they say the effect is like no other, a thrill so intense that even ordinary sky-diving becomes mundane in comparison. "It's just the best feeling I've ever had," one fixed-object jumper told me recently. "It's frightening, yes, but the moment you jump there is a quietness and peace and control. You end up with a feeling of clarity and power. After I did it, it's the only thing I ever really wanted to do again."

Unlike sky-diving or mountain climbing, however, what fixed-object jumpers do is almost always illegal. When they do it, they risk being arrested. And the consequences of that fear of arrest can mean trouble. It meant trouble in Yosemite last August, when Jim Tyler died, and afterward, when authorities found out what happened.

As near as anyone can determine, what happened is this: After Tyler jumped from the cliff, his two companions, Howard Dunklin and Pat Tierney, did the same, both landing safely. Meanwhile, a team of mountain climbers nearby notified some rangers that they thought they had witnessed a parachuting accident. The rangers went to the base of Half Dome and found Dunklin and Tierney hiking away. According to Dick Martin, a Yosemite Valley district ranger, the two men denied having jumped and refused to say whether an accident had occurred. "After some time," says Martin, "the rangers asked them whether they thought it would be a good idea to launch a rescue effort. They said yes, they thought it would be a good idea." In other words, Dunklin and Tierney had apparently tried to sneak away from Half Dome to avoid arrest, even though they knew their friend had been hurt.

In the dark, the rangers needed several hours to find Tyler. He was given cardiopulmonary resuscitation, although Dick Martin says that he may already have been dead. But for the rangers, the question of when Tyler died was irrelevant. The accident came only weeks after another jumper, Larry Wolfe, was seriously injured diving from Half Dome. According to an unofficial count, those two were the only casualties after twenty parachute jumps from the cliff. But many other jumps have been made in Yosemite, including at least 550 from El Capitan. In all, nine jumping-related

MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE PRESENTS

D.H. LAWRENCE'S

SONS & LOVERS

BOUND BY DEVOTION—TORTURED BY PASSION



STARRING EILEEN ATKINS AND TOM BELL · BEGINNING MAY 15 · SUNDAYS ON PBS CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS
HOST: ALISTAIR COOKE

Design: Gips+Balkind+Associates, Inc.

Mobil

Illustration: Bernie Fuchs © 1983 Mobil Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INDIANS THOUGHT THIS PLACE THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE; WE STILL DO.

Join us on a pack trip into the mountains of the Washakie Wilderness in Northwest Wyoming.

Experienced horses, a local guide, wrangler & cook will take you to a place few have ever been. Fish the mountain streams, photograph small & big game or simply walk in meadows of wildflowers.

We want to keep this small, and are looking for only a limited number of reservations.

For details and referrals, contact:

Jerry Hodson
Mike Patrick
The Patrick Ranch
Southfork
Cody, Wyoming, 82414

(307) 587-2839

(307) 587-3956



**Better Than
Jogging,
Swimming
or Cycling**

NordicTrack Jarless Total Body Cardiovascular Exerciser Duplicates X-C Skiing For The Best Way To Fitness

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth rhythmic total body motion of XC Skiing. Recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness building exercise available. Uniformly exercises more muscles than jogging, swimming, cycling and rowing.

Does Not cause joint or back problems as in jogging. Highly effective for weight control and muscle toning.

Easily Adjustable for arm resistance, leg resistance and body height. Smooth, quiet action. Folds compactly to require only 15 by 17 inches of storage area. Lifetime quality.

Used In thousands of homes and many major health clubs, universities, and corporate fitness centers.

Call or Write for **FREE BROCHURE**
Toll Free 1-800-328-5888 MN 612-448-6987
PSI 124 R Columbia Crt., Chaska, Minn. 55318

injuries have occurred in the Park; Tyler's was the first that resulted in death. Rangers describe the covert jumping as a dangerous cat-and-mouse game, and after last August they were clearly tired of playing along. "There were so many injuries that it seemed like an open invitation for unqualified people to jump," says Dick Martin. "This time the results were tragic."

"From now on we're throwing the book at them," Bill Wendt, the chief ranger of Yosemite, said after the accident. "This is going to stop." Howard Dunklin and Pat Tierney eventually pleaded guilty to misdemeanor charges of unlawful flight (a violation of federal park regulations), were fined \$500, and were placed on six months' probation.

Many at Yosemite doubt, however, that severe punishment will be enough to stop fixed-object jumping. The jumpers have their own ideas about the Jim Tyler incident and why it happened. Carl Boenish, a well-known sky-diver who has made several jumps in Yosemite, told me recently that the law was partly to blame for what happened to Tyler. "He shouldn't have been jumping in the evening," Boenish said. "The air is more turbulent then, and more dangerous. But he didn't want to be seen. We're always taking chances that we shouldn't, because of the law. How can the rangers expect us to cooperate when they want to put us in jail?" Another climber I spoke with put it more bluntly: "I have a right to be in the Park," he said. "And I have a right to die there."

AFTER JIM TYLER died, several newspaper reporters began to question whether fixed-object jumpers had gone too far in pursuit of their right to die. But going far is part of the point of fixed-object jumping, and drawing a line between far and too far is hard to do. What is considered difficult or dangerous one day becomes routine later on. Sky-diving, for instance, evolved from a military skill to an accepted sport in the early 1960s. It has since been pushed in new directions. At first, accuracy was the goal of sky-divers; they wanted to land on targets. In the 1970s, more sophisticated equipment led to tougher challenges, such as "building" formations of sky-divers in midair, an activity known technically as "relative work."

Carl Boenish says that jumping from buildings and cliffs is just another level of sophistication—part of the natural

evolution of sky-diving. Boenish is a tall man with thick brown hair, and looks younger than his age, which is forty-one. He lives in Hawthorne, California, with his wife, Jean, also a sky-diver, and works out of a studio in his home as a sky-diving photographer. He is a soft-spoken, pleasant man, and is considered the unofficial historian of fixed-object jumping. When I met him, I asked why he thought the sport got started. "After you make about 500 jumps," he said, "you start to get jaded. You start looking for new challenges." Fixed-object jumping began getting popular in the late 1970s. By 1978, sky-divers had leaped from El Capitan, the Dolomite Alps in Italy, the World Trade Center, in New York City, and Seattle's Space Needle. In 1979, Boenish and three other sky-divers took a new tack by jumping from Colorado's 1,053-foot Royal Gorge Bridge. But the jumpers seemed to keep coming back to Yosemite.

Boenish was the one who thought he could organize the activity into a real sport. He came up with the acronym BASE—for Building, Antenna Tower, Span (meaning bridges), and Earth (meaning cliffs). Under his system, anyone who jumps from each kind of platform qualifies for a BASE award, which is issued by the U.S. BASE Association, another invention of his. Boenish says that forty people have qualified for patches so far, and another 2,000 have made at least one qualifying jump.

To date, the lowest BASE jump probably belongs to Phil Smith—a 190-foot drop from the ceiling of Houston's Astrodome (a publicity stunt). "That's about as low as possible," says Phil Mayfield, another BASE jumper. "You might be able to jump from 150 feet. Certainly 100 is too low. Our knowledge is gained through trial and error. Unfortunately, someday someone is going to find out how low is too low." In the meantime, new forms of risk-taking evolve. A separate BASE patch is now given for making jumps at night. And, in 1980, a young man from Los Angeles named Randy Leavitt combined his skills as a rock-climber and a parachutist, scaling the face of El Capitan, and then turning around at the top and jumping back off. Two other people have done it since, and Leavitt has named his new sport "cliffing." "Compared to just parachuting from the top," he says, cliffing, which combines risk and aesthetics, "is a much purer experience."

We cut high student loan payments

(from an average of \$151/month)

down to size.

(to an average of \$98/month)

You can now reduce your student loan payments dramatically – by up to 50% – in the OPTIONS program at Sallie Mae.

Sallie Mae is a private corporation chartered by act of Congress in 1972 to make it easier for lenders to provide student loans. Now, we've been authorized to make student loans easier to pay off and we're doing just that with OPTIONS.

We simply pay off your existing NDSL, GSL, and FISL loans and create one new, 7%-interest, guaranteed student loan with no prepayment penalty. By choosing a longer payback period, payments that start low and rise gradually, or a combination of both, you end up with a single, lower monthly payment. The average reduction is from \$151 to just \$98 a month.

Loan Category	Typical Old Payment	Typical OPTIONS Payment
\$5,001-\$7,500	\$ 96.00	\$ 58.00
\$7,501-\$11,000	122.00	72.00
\$11,001-\$15,999	166.00	96.00
\$16,000-or more	214.00	123.00

What OPTIONS can do for you. To get an idea of how much we can reduce your monthly payments today, estimate the amount you still owe on any NDSL, GSL, or FISL loans in good standing. Find the total on this chart and you'll see what we've done for borrowers like you.



OPTIONS

With OPTIONS, you get to choose the payment plan that fits into your plans. When you get a student loan, most lenders tell you how much you'll pay, and for how long. With OPTIONS, you tell us. With OPTION 1, you can select a longer payback period, for a lower, unchanging monthly payment. With OPTION 2, payments start very low and increase gradually – like your income. OPTION 3 gives you graduated payments, too, but lets you pay off the loan faster.

If you have student loans to pay off, exercise your OPTIONS. OPTIONS is your opportunity to create the student loan payment plan that's right for you...to cut your student loan payments down to a size you can live with right now, when your income is probably lower than it will ever be again.

So if you owe more than \$5,000 in NDSL, GSL, or FISL loans, don't miss this unique opportunity.

Let us give you more details, at no obligation. Thousands of student loan borrowers have already taken advantage of the OPTIONS program. To find out why, fill in and return the coupon. We'll send you a brochure that fully explains the OPTIONS open to you. Or, if you have any questions, call our toll-free 800 number.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to:
Student Loan Marketing Association, B109
OPTIONS, 1050 Thomas Jefferson St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20007. OR CALL:
800-821-7700 toll-free. Ask for OPTIONS.



SOME COFFEES YOU SAMPLE. OURS, YOU LOVE. That sample costs only \$10.50, a remarkable price for a selection of three one-pound packages of one of the world's finest gourmet blends and roasts, Cap Saurage's Community Coffee—a taste that has led three generations of customers to savor and enjoy particularly flavorful lives. It is now available at selected gourmet food stores.

If you wish, we will send you this selection along with our gourmet coffee book and the name of your nearest retailer, so you may experience the finest blends of Brazilian Santos, Colombian Medellin-Armenia and Mexican Altura coffees: an introduction to the pleasures of different roasts from a subtle light medium to the peak flavor in our dark roasted coffees.

Call Toll Free 800-535-9901 (with your credit card ready) or send \$10.50 with your name and address to Community Coffee Company, P.O. Box. 3778, Dept. AT2, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70821-3778. Specify choice of whole bean, regular or filter grind.

Community Coffee
BRAND®

A Public Service of this
magazine & The Advertising Council

**We just
can't
do the
job
without
you.**



Red Cross. The Good Neighbor.



**There's a lot worth
saving in this country.**

Today more Americans who value the best of yesterday are saving and using old buildings, waterfront areas and even neighborhoods.

Preservation saves energy, materials and the artistry of these quality structures.

Help preserve what's worth saving in your community. Contact the National Trust, P.O. Box 2800, Washington, D.C. 20013.



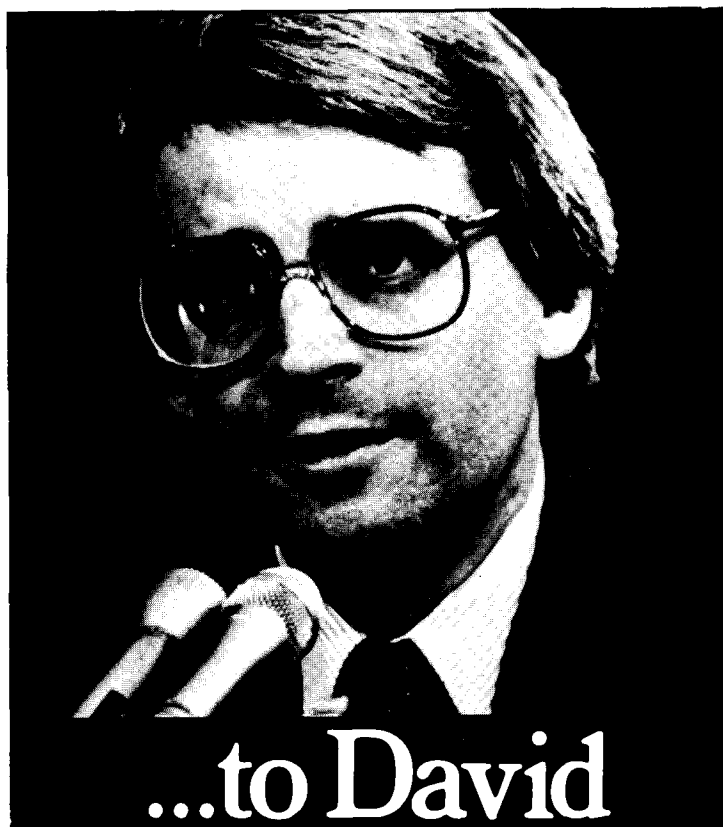
Pure or not, it can still get you arrested. For BASE jumpers, staying out of jail is something of a preoccupation. Except for a few publicity stunts, arranged by radio stations and television shows such as *That's Incredible*, BASE jumpers have seldom been able legally to do what they want to do most. Jumps are almost always made in the early morning or in the late evening, when no one is around. "We're outlaws," Carl Boenish told me, "but that doesn't mean we're wrong. The law is wrong." Phil Mayfield passed along this advice to other BASE jumpers when I spoke with him: "Don't check in with local police to see if it's okay to jump. Just go ahead and do it."

THE CLIFFS OF Yosemite are where the problem has been most clearly defined. The National Park Service says that cliff-divers simply will not cooperate with authorities. "At issue is our ability to manage the safety of our parks," says Bill Wendt. Providing a measure of safety in places as wild as Yosemite is a growing problem for rangers. In 1980, more than 300 million visits were made to the national parks, nearly double the number made ten years ago. Not surprisingly, the number of accidents and deaths has gone up. In 1980, 209 deaths were recorded in national parks, up from 165 in 1970. Relatively few of these deaths resulted from high-risk sports such as rock climbing or parachuting (the leading cause of death in national parks is drowning), but rock-climbers and parachutists tend to get noticed. In the past few years, rangers have resorted to a tactical warfare of sorts to stop cliff-jumpers. They have dressed as backpackers to keep an eye on the trails leading to the tops of the cliffs, and they have staged surprise raids. Those arrested have had to submit to strip searches and have had to spend up to a week in the Park's jail awaiting arraignment. One jumper was charged with a felony offense—stealing state's evidence—when he tried to walk away with his own parachute after it had been seized by rangers.

The rangers did try to work out a compromise with jumpers, in the summer of 1981, by setting up a program for legal cliff-diving in the Park. The program was modeled after one already established for hang-gliders, people who jump from the cliffs wearing large, kite-like airfoils. The hang-gliders in Yosemite are strictly regulated as to when and



From Moses...



...to David

Whether the issue is The Creation as told by Moses in Genesis or supply-side economics as told by David Stockman in Washington, you've got a front-row seat with THE ATLANTIC, the magazine well-read Americans have turned to for the best in politics, literature, and art since 1857.

With articles on government:

- David Stockman's candid second thoughts about the effectiveness of Reaganomics
- How John F. Kennedy's image has adversely affected every President after him
- The Nixon/Kissinger White House years and the closed-door reign of distrust

World affairs:

- Jerusalem's two-edged sword—friction between religious and secular Jews
- Egypt after Sadat—did his critics really get what they wanted after all?

- Did we make Latin America poor?

Education:

- Why our children don't like to read
- What's behind media misrepresentation of IQ testing, and how we all suffer for it.

Plus fiction by Philip Roth, Ann Beattie, Raymond Carver, Saul Bellow, and Bobbie Ann Mason.

Humor by Roy Blount, Jr., Garrison Keillor, Robert Strozier, and Lynn Caraganis.

And reviews of books, movies, dance, and special events of special interest.

Just a sample of the unique mix that ATLANTIC subscribers enjoy every month. Shouldn't you?

Call toll-free, or mail the coupon below.

800-453-3220

(In Utah, call 1-800-662-2500)

THE Atlantic

P.O. Box 2544
Boulder, CO 80321

☐ YES, please enter my subscription to THE ATLANTIC at the special introductory rate of 12 issues for just \$17.95, a savings of over 25% off the newsstand price.

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Charge Card Number _____

Name _____

(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Credit Card Expiration Date _____

I UNDERSTAND I MAY CANCEL AT ANY TIME AND RECEIVE A REFUND ON ALL UNMAILED ISSUES.

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of your first magazine. 4MAY90

THE Atlantic

where they can jump; in five years no one has been killed or seriously injured.

The program for the cliff-jumpers didn't work as well. Nearly 400 jumps were made legally during the period, but almost as many illegal jumps occurred. "Many jumpers didn't cooperate at all," says Dick Martin, the ranger from Yosemite. After only one month, the United States Parachuting Association, which governs the sport of sky-diving, ruled that cliff-jumping was "a stunt activity," which could not be endorsed. (The USPA says that 2,000 feet is the lowest altitude at which a sky-diver should open his parachute; most cliff-divers in Yosemite open at about 1,200 feet.) After that decision, the Park rangers ended the program. Besides being too dangerous, they said, cliff-jumping was drawing crowds that were destroying the meadow below El Capitan. The rangers also complained that money being spent on occasional rescue attempts could better be used elsewhere in the Park budget.

Canceling the legal-jumping program put the rangers in the precarious position of judging the competing merits of various risk-takers. Rock-climbing is allowed in all the national parks. In Yosemite, no permit is required for climbers, and registration is voluntary. Consequently, rangers can't say how many climbers were in Yosemite last year; they do know, however, that eight people suffered climbing-related injuries. Most climbers agree that their sport is as dangerous as cliff-diving, if not more so. It is also destructive to the environment: Bill Wendt says that climbing equipment, such as pitons and bolts, has "literally rubbed the face off of El Capitan."

"The National Park Service position is completely arbitrary," says Robin Heid, a parachutist who was arrested four years ago after jumping off of El Capitan. Heid, who is twenty-nine years old, and a writer in Denver, is intensely committed to his jumping and to the idea of risk. Last summer he broke his back, a leg, and an ankle while parasailing (being pulled along wearing a parachute) behind a car. When I met him, in December, he was having the last pins removed from his ankle, and planning a jump from Denver's 700-foot United Bank Building. (He made the jump on New Year's Day.) Heid told me that the right to make fixed-object jumps is like the right of

self-expression. "Society is so structured and ordered," he told me, "that we need an outlet—to have challenges. But that is a frightening thought for authorities. Ultimately, what the rangers are trying to do is to stop not just BASE jumpers but rock-climbers, and other people who do things that differ from society's norms."

Bill Wendt, the chief ranger at Yosemite, is a skier and a fine mountaineer, a man who can appreciate challenges. A friend of Wendt's told me that he tends to see issues in black and white. He has certainly had a lot to say about fixed-object jumping, and not much of it has been good. But he can see some gray areas. After the legal jumping was canceled, Wendt told a reporter that the matter was part of a larger problem of aesthetics—a question of what should be allowed in the national parks. "Does the automobile belong in the park?" Wendt said. "The answer is obviously no, but we allow them. And what's the difference between watching a mountain climber, a hang-glider, or a sky-diver—especially if the observer is watching over the roof of a Winnebago? Some say it's beautiful to watch, others say no. It's all in the eye of the beholder."

FOR MOST OF US—for this beholder, at least—what fixed-object jumpers do is nearly incomprehensible. Parachutists have a term for those who never take up the sport—they call them "Whuffos," short for the question they are most often asked, which is, "Whuffo you jump out of airplanes?" When you risk your neck on purpose, no one can understand. Usually, you're better off not trying to explain.

Robin Heid touched on this issue in an article he wrote last year for the *Denver Post*, in a section the newspaper calls "Adventure." The story was about an incident that had occurred one morning in the Black Canyon of Gunnison National Monument, in Colorado. Heid was with a group of parachutists who continued to jump from the canyon's edge even though the second man off, Larry Jackson, had crashed and been hung up halfway down the cliff. "No one could tell if he was moving, and there was nothing we could do but fly by and see if a better determination could be made," wrote Heid. The jumpers didn't notify the rangers until they had finished jumping. A rescue team had to wait until the next morning to get to Jackson, who was

dead. I asked Robin Heid about the incident. "It's easy to misunderstand what happened," he said. "The Black Canyon is very remote. Larry couldn't have been rescued that night anyway. We'd done a lot of planning to get there. We weren't going to stop because Larry made a mistake."

No criminal charges were brought against any of the jumpers, but, like Jim Tyler's death, the incident in the Black Canyon caused some people to wonder whether the jumpers, exercising their rights, had lost sight of other responsibilities. One of those people is Will Oxx, Jr., a Naval Academy midshipman who has taken up cliffing; last summer he climbed Half Dome and parachuted off only a few days before Jim Tyler died. "Jim's death and the Black Canyon thing, they're both the same," Oxx told me. "I believe that jumpers have the right to break the law if they have to, because the law is wrong. But if I were with someone who got hurt, I'd feel I had to do whatever I could to help. Both accidents should have been reported sooner than they were. If you're more worried about getting arrested than anything else, you shouldn't be jumping." Randy Leavitt, the man who invented cliffing, told me that fixed-object jumpers need more time to develop a background of informal rules and traditions that might temper the passion behind their sport. "BASE jumpers aren't like rock-climbers," he said. "They aren't humble. It will take time for them, because they've got to create a respect for death." I think he meant respect for the presumed aesthetics of risk-taking. But BASE jumpers aren't always clear.

Carl Boenish predicts that BASE jumping will one day be a socially accepted sport. He points out that last October parachutists were allowed to jump from West Virginia's New River Gorge Bridge, which is 900 feet high, and that onlookers were delighted. Boenish talks about regulating his sport the way the United States Parachuting Association regulates sky-diving, and about safer BASE jumping. But, after talking with Robin Heid, I doubted that such a plan could be put into effect soon. "It's not what the sport is about," Heid told me. "The idea is not to have to obey a lot of rules. The idea is to have fun."

— David Schonauer

David Schonauer is senior editor of *Outside* magazine.

PLAYERS
Special Menthol

PLAYERS
Select Blend



Players
Kings



Players
Kings

MEET PLAYERS

12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



PLAYERS

12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

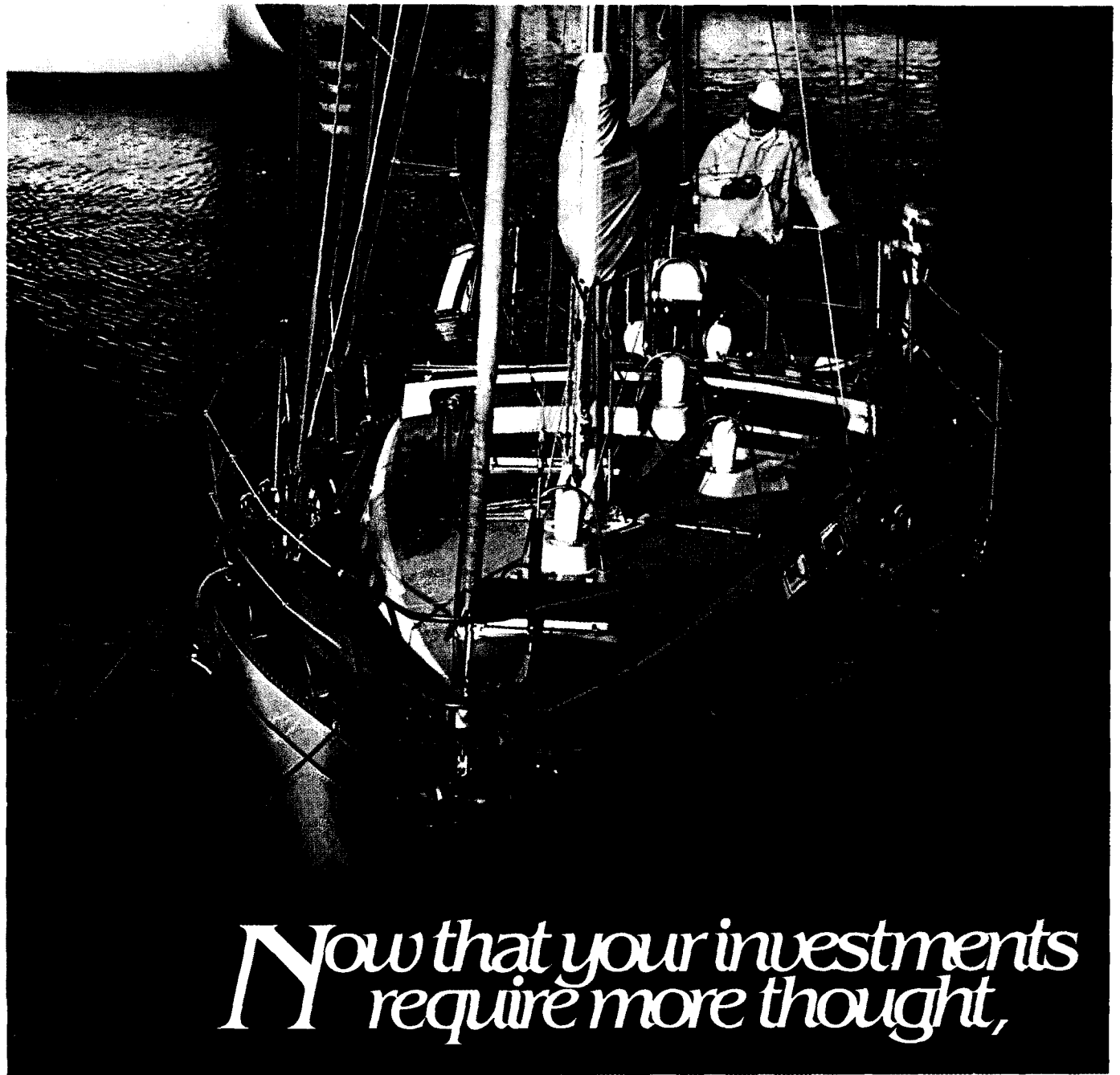


GO PLACES

New
Players Kings.
Regular and Menthol



PRODUCED BY UNILEVER
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Now that your investments
require more thought,*

Copyright 1983 Kidder, Peabody & Co. Incorporated

***Kidder, Peabody
offers tax-advantaged
investments that
provide income
as well as shelter.***

If you're in a position to need shelter for your income, you're fortunate indeed. But even the most fortunate can't afford to take imprudent risks.

Tax-advantaged investments based on sound economics can provide many benefits. They should, of course, offer a significant reduction of current tax liability and relief from short-term capital gains tax. At the

same time, these investments should provide for the conversion of ordinary income into long-term capital gains as well as generate appreciable tax-free income on a regular basis. Most importantly, they should build greater wealth. But there are so many apparent investment opportunities available, how do you find ones that meet your specific needs?

At Kidder, Peabody you benefit from two layers of thinking. From stockbrokers experienced in helping upper income individuals get the most from their investable dollars. And, from specialists in our Tax Incentive Group and our Corporate

Finance Department. Together, these experts identify industries that are growing noticeably faster than the economy. Then they originate tax-advantaged investments that meet both Kidder, Peabody's stringent standards and those of our clientele.

Kidder, Peabody can help tailor tax-advantaged investments to fit your special needs. Simply talk with one of our brokers at the Kidder, Peabody office nearest you.

**Kidder, Peabody
& Co. INCORPORATED**
Founded 1865
Members New York and American Stock Exchanges
— over 60 offices worldwide / Member SIPC —

*Why union workers sometimes choose
to lose their jobs rather than accept cuts in wages*

VOTING FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

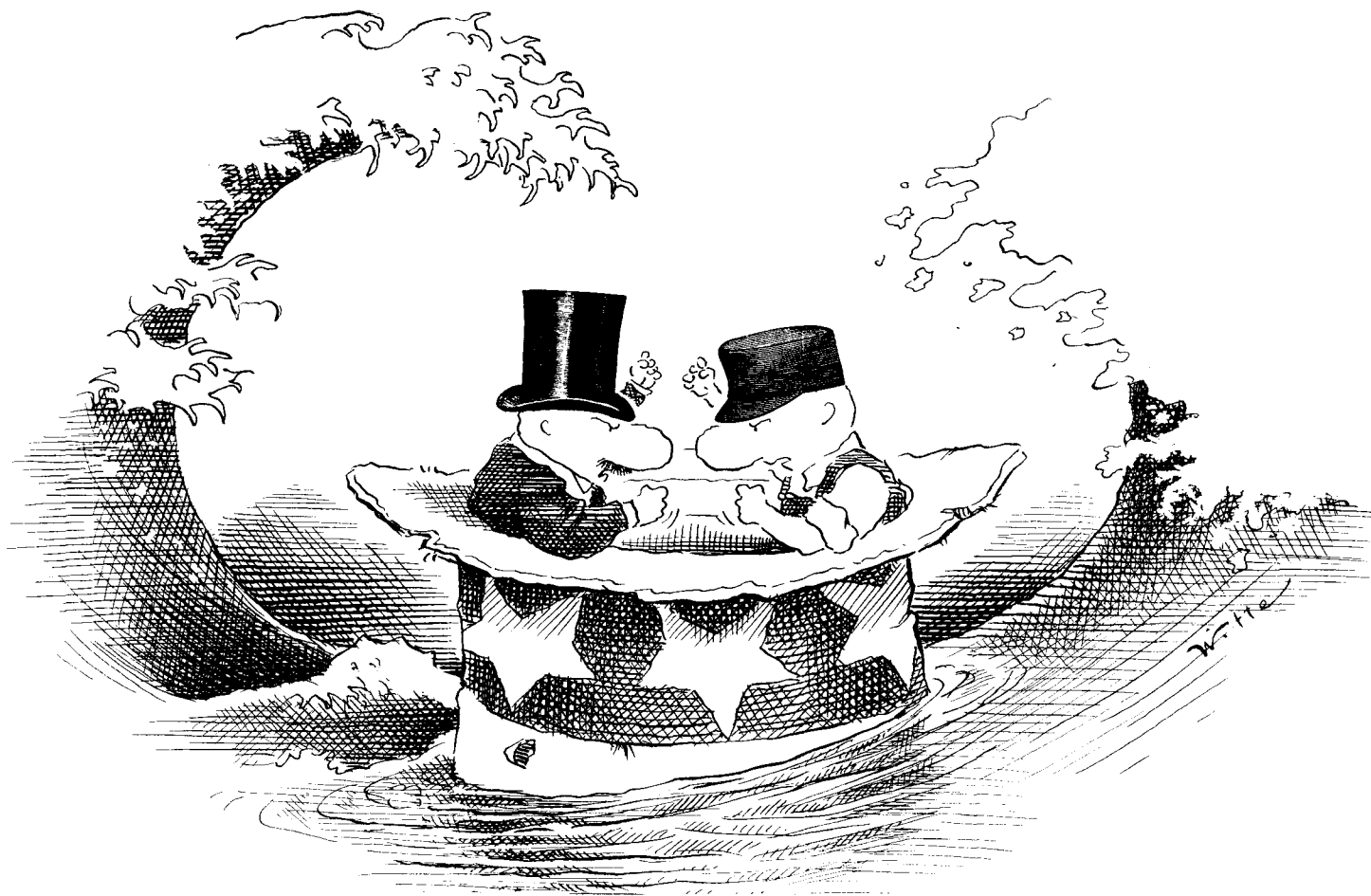
BY GREGG EASTERBROOK

EVEN WITH 11.5 MILLION PEOPLE UNEMPLOYED, IT is sometimes difficult to tell who is unhappier—those who don't have jobs or those who do. While some unions have made concessions in wages because of the weak economy, others have not. Indeed, often in recent years union workers, faced with the choice of accepting cuts in their wages or losing their jobs altogether, have voted emphatically for the latter. Two pipe mills operated by Interlake, Inc., in Newport, Kentucky, closed in 1980 after union workers voted 803 to one against a freeze of their wages and benefits at \$19 an hour, which amounted to twice the local average. Forty A&P grocery stores in Pennsylvania closed last September after a union refused to amend, in mid-term, a contract that paid \$10 an hour, on

average, to store employees. The *Buffalo Courier-Express*, in Buffalo, New York, went out of business last fall after union members, including reporters who were being paid around \$26,000 a year, refused to make concessions. In Milwaukee, union workers at the Schlitz brewery not only refused to accept a wage freeze, even though it was obvious that the brewery might otherwise be shut down; they went on strike demanding raises. After Schlitz closed the plant permanently, in 1981, many workers, unwilling to believe that the decision was final, continued to picket.

What is at the heart of these and other conflicts is not an urge for self-destruction but rather the chronic mistrust between corporate management and American labor unions. Louis Brandeis, hardly a corporate apologist, said in 1905, "Don't assume that the interests of employer and employee are necessarily hostile—that what is good for

Gregg Easterbrook is a staff writer for The Atlantic.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one is necessarily bad for the other. The opposite is more apt to be the case. While they have different interests, they are likely to prosper or suffer together." One might assume that if anything could prove the reasonableness of such advice to both labor and management, it would be the pressures of the recession and the need to work together to keep companies from going out of business. Nevertheless, confrontation, however destructive, continues to be the norm in many industries. William Hobgood, a former assistant secretary of labor, who mediated the coal strike in 1978, says, "Historically, labor has made most of its gains through confrontation, not cooperation, and historically, management has been most satisfied when it has employed pressure techniques. You would think that the recession would cause some positive structural change in that relationship, but so far, if anything, it's made matters worse."

Why this should be so has to do largely with the course of labor relations through the years of prosperity that preceded the American economy's doldrums. Then, mechanisms designed in anticipation of infinite growth, and geared chiefly to provide a constant improvement of wages and benefits, were built into contracts. These mechanisms made little provision for any decline in profits or the retrenchment that would have to follow. Today, they still have a powerful momentum, even though they have become detrimental to the interests of all, ultimately threatening the shutdown of factories and stores that are the source of union jobs and corporate income.

INDUSTRIAL WORK IS LOUD, MONOTONOUS, AND TIRING, and it nurtures in workers a deeply felt resentment of managers, who are imagined to be relaxing in wood-paneled luxury while unionists carry on with the real jobs. Although working conditions, with some exceptions, are far less dangerous now than in the past, and union-level wages have become adequate for a good life, a company's past offenses remain part of an industrial town's lore, and serve to embitter workers in the present. According to Stephen Schlossberg, a labor lawyer and former director of government affairs of the United Auto Workers, "Most labor relations are still about yesterday." Thus, if one is to understand where the unions are today, one must recall where they have been.

The goon squads employed by coal-mine owners, the dirty, unventilated textile mills, the subsistence-level wages, and the broken backs and missing limbs suffered by laborers working, exhausted, too close to open-hearth furnaces or vicious stamping presses are not all that far in the past. What coal miner could be ignorant of the explosion of the mine in Monongah, West Virginia, in 1907, which killed 361 men and was caused by a company's indifference to escaping methane, or of the mine explosion in West Frankfort, Illinois, in 1951, which killed 119 men and was also caused by the owner's negligence?



Before workers formed unions, they were forced to accept the wages they were offered, and either to tolerate conditions on the job or quit. Substantial improvements in wages and conditions were not achieved in most industries until the 1940s and 1950s, when unions mustered enough power to bargain on an industry-wide basis—a system known as "pattern bargaining." The United Mine Workers was among the first unions to achieve pattern bargaining. By the late 1940s, the UMW had narrowed its task to arguing over three master contracts with three regional associations of the nation's large mining companies. Finally, in 1950, the UMW's president, John L. Lewis, signed the first National Bituminous Coal Wage Agreement, a contract that bound all the large mining companies and that was quickly "patterned out" to smaller union-controlled mines. Following the UMW's example, the United Steelworkers of America also began, at about the same time, to negotiate master contracts, usually with U.S. Steel acting on behalf of the largest companies, and again the terms were patterned out to other firms (giving rise to the slogan "Basic Steel or No Deal"). In 1964, the Teamsters began to negotiate with an industry group now known as Trucking Management, Inc., and over the years most other large unions have developed similar arrangements.

Pattern bargaining created strong feelings of loyalty—now fashionably called "solidarity"—among union locals. Together, the locals would bear the burden of strikes and share the gains. Pattern bargaining would fail only if one local lost its nerve and gave in before the others, so a for-

midable resistance to a local's independent action developed—a resistance that has proved critical in recent years, when locals have been asked to make concessions to save specific factories. In recent months, national unions have begun to show some willingness to tolerate such concessions. Many Teamsters locals have made separate concessions to help single companies compete with independent truckers, and locals of Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel Corporation decided not to abide by the USW's national agreement, and signed a separate, concessionary contract instead. Such changes have come hard, however, within an institution fundamentally opposed to them.

Union leaders and even some company managers liked pattern bargaining, because it made their jobs simpler. Instead of negotiating the same details or grinding through the same script of strikes, lockouts, threats, and counter-threats again and again, all parties could be served by a single round of negotiations. Thus, the United Auto Workers traditionally would target a strike against one of the four U.S. auto makers, and after a new contract was settled, the remaining three would adopt its terms without further argument. Another fortunate effect of pattern bargaining was that it took wages out of competition. If every company in an industry endorsed the same labor agreement, containing the same wage-and-benefit stipulations and the same "work rules," specifying which union members could do which tasks, then no company could achieve a cost advantage through labor.

To a point, then, pattern bargaining was admirable and humane, since it eliminated a company's incentive to wring a few extra pennies of profit out of the hides of workers, as the robber barons had clearly done in the century before. But, according to Hobgood, by neutralizing a major variable in competition, pattern bargaining made companies overconfident: what difference could each new labor expense make if all competitors had to meet it? Thus, many large companies found wage demands easier to accept than to resist, and, naturally, the unions were delighted. Aware of their advantage, they grew still bolder and harder to satisfy. But the system could work only as long as all of the important competitors were bound by the same labor contracts. That is, in the steel, auto, rubber, aluminum, and chemical industries, and others governed by pattern bargaining, it could work only as long as all important competitors were domestic. Foreign competitors, free from union wage structures, could bring the system down.

THROUGHOUT THE BOOM YEARS OF THE 1950S AND 1960s, union wage negotiations were helped by dramatic increases in industrial productivity. Manufacturing techniques improved, costs fell, quality rose, and factories generated goods as never before. The world's rising demand for consumer goods could be satisfied only by the output of U.S. factories, since the industries of Western Europe and Japan had not yet recovered from the war.

As long as productivity increased, workers could generate enough new wealth to finance their own raises. Contracts signed by the UAW and General Motors in 1948 and 1950, for example, included wage increases of 3 percent a year, justified by the 3 percent annual increases in productivity that were then the national trend.

Relations between corporate officers and union leaders became more and more amiable. Over the first part of the century, the two groups had generally viewed one another with contempt. Beyond the name-calling—John L. Lewis, for example, once referred to coal-mine operators as "human leeches"—were deep class differences. But as the unions grew wealthier, and began to attract college-educated people to administer them, these differences became less pronounced. And as the companies prospered, everyone had less reason to do battle at the bargaining table. The companies were making enough money for managers to avoid strikes, pay the stockholders, and keep their jobs, and enough for union leaders to win wage increases, improve conditions, and secure votes to maintain their titles. Thomas N. Bethell, a writer and former UMW official, described, in *The Washington Monthly* in 1969, how Lewis, after leading intensely bitter and ideological coal strikes in the late 1940s, executed an about-face once he signed the UMW's lucrative national agreement in 1950. Lewis became friendly, and even relaxed, with management—so much so that he took the union itself into management, using UMW assets to buy stock in the West Kentucky Coal Company. In 1959 and 1961, the union even bailed the company out when it fell behind in pension-fund payments.

Nevertheless, in the rank and file of many unions, suspiciousness prevailed. Workers, even as they rose higher and higher on the nation's economic scale, began to distrust union leaders who, in their view, were too closely allied with management. According to a former official in the Labor Department, who asked not to be identified, this perception was generally accurate. Through the 1960s and early 1970s, he says, management and labor leaders shared the same chief interest: dividing up the country's growing wealth. Union membership, which peaked in 1953, entered a decline thereafter, as union leaders concentrated on improving the lot of workers already in unions rather than on organizing new shops. When the boom economy slowed, the decline became substantial. As time passed, the average age of union members, like the age of the factories the unions depended on for plenty, began to rise.

In the late 1960s, U.S. increases in productivity faltered. Incremental increases in steel productivity, for example, dropped so much that, in 1975, the unthinkable happened: Japan passed us by. That year, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Japanese firms took only 9.2 man-hours to produce a ton of steel (far down from the 25.2 hours it took them in 1964), while U.S. firms required 10.9 hours of work per ton (only a modest improvement over the 13.1 hours required in 1964).

The nation's weak growth in productivity was doubtless

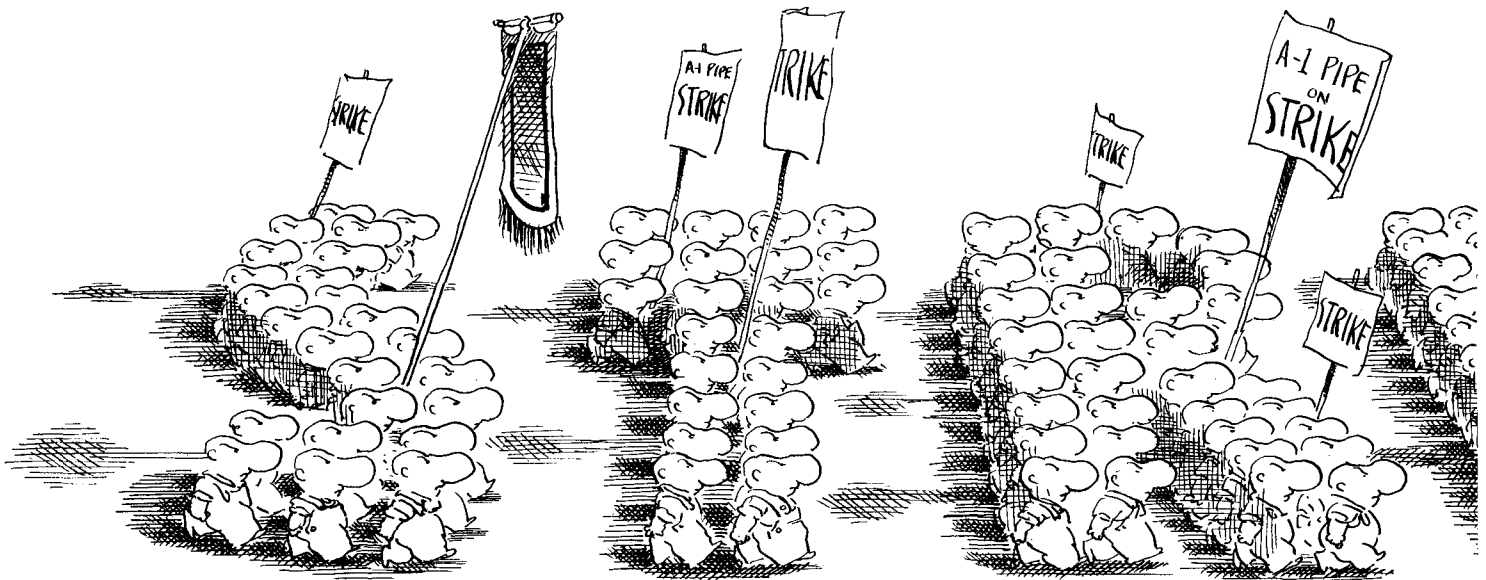
chiefly the fault of management, but the unions were part of the problem. As the seniority of members increased, unions fought harder for featherbedding rules to give older workers more short-term security; unfortunately, these rules made the workplace inefficient, inhibited the exploitation of new technology, and damaged the long-term economic health of employers. Featherbedding has been especially detrimental to the transportation business, in which foreign competition is not a factor. Rail unions, for example, have fought for preservation of the "100-mile rule," which dates to the age of steam locomotives, when moving a train a hundred miles was a day's work; now, though the trip takes only a few hours, the 100-mile rule still gives most crews a full day's pay for the job. In Conrail yards around Philadelphia, four union workers might be assigned to fix an air-conditioner that any non-union company would assign a single mechanic to, according to a report last fall in *The Wall Street Journal*. Union workers on Conrail's Philadelphia commuter lines average \$40,300 a year in wages and benefits, at a time when the system is crumbling, and dilapidated bridges and spur lines are being closed down, for lack of capital to repair them. Since 1979, the system's fares have doubled and ridership has fallen by 31 percent.

While featherbedding in other unions is not so extreme, it does exist. In auto-assembly plants, for example, job descriptions (i.e. duties) of union members may not be changed without the UAW's approval; in construction, there must be a large number of high-paid journeymen (senior workers) for every low-paid apprentice on a job, whether or not the job demands any special skills.

Although productivity growth slowed in the late 1960s, union wages continued to rise. The USW led the way. In 1973, two years before Japan's productivity in steelmaking surpassed that of the U.S., the steelworkers and the larg-

est American steel companies signed the Experimental Negotiating Agreement (ENA). In exchange for the USW's pledge never to strike nationwide, the steel companies committed themselves to a sequence of 3 percent wage increases payable regardless of the companies' financial health. Reached at a time when American companies were selling as much steel as they could produce, the ENA, with its promise of no supply-disrupting strikes, seemed to be a good deal for everyone. Although both labor and management were aware by 1973 that foreign competition could become a threat, the industry was protected from competition within the U.S. by its "list-price" system. The large companies, generally led by U.S. Steel, published price lists to which most other companies conformed, and set the prices high enough to allow for high wages as well as large profits. The list-price system enabled the steel industry to function profitably with thirty-year-old furnaces. Yet the high prices begged foreign competitors to enter the field. The steel companies and the USW thought that rather than meet the new competition head on, they could neutralize it, by lobbying for import restrictions. As a result of the ENA, underwritten by the list-price system, the wages of steelworkers increased, in real terms, some 29 percent between 1970 and 1980, even though the steel industry's productivity scarcely changed.

For other unions, automatic raises such as those provided by the ENA became the goal, and most big-labor contracts began to include inflation indexing and cost-of-living escalators that triggered automatic raises regardless of a company's financial outlook. Thus, by 1980, although U.S. manufacturers sold fewer cars than in 1970, the wages of auto workers, in real terms, had increased 15 percent. The wages of union workers in the tire industry increased by 7 percent between 1970 and 1980, while total production fell 16 percent.



By providing raises for many years and boasting about more to come, labor leaders have given members the impression that raises are mandatory. According to Schlossberg, "At some point, items like indexing and COLAs [cost-of-living allowances] became rituals. We didn't even think of them as contract gains anymore—they were just rights."

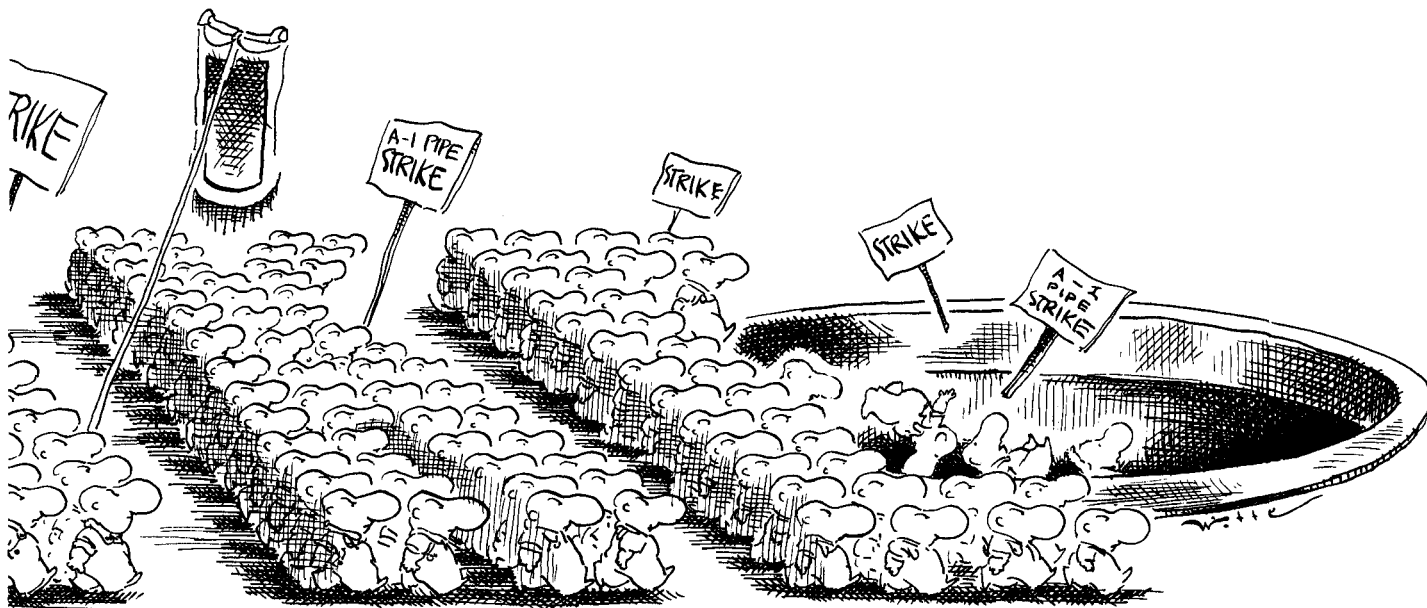
Workers aren't the only ones who have been led to expect more money regardless of the economy. Business managers, who also have enjoyed steady raises, bonuses, and benefits over the years, have come to think the same way. From 1970 to 1980, executives of major manufacturing firms gained an average of 16 percent in real income. David Roderick, the chairman of U.S. Steel, received \$821,322 in 1981, which, adjusted for inflation, was 29 percent more than his predecessor earned a decade earlier—the same percentage of increase enjoyed by steelworkers. Frederick Jaicks, the chairman and chief executive of Inland Steel, received \$330,000 in 1982, despite his company's shaky financial outlook and the fact that it lost \$119 million that year. Edward Jefferson, the chief executive officer of Du Pont, who presided over the company's merger with Conoco in 1981—a decision viewed by many as a disaster for Du Pont's fortunes—received \$887,299 that year.

High corporate profits have allowed both management and labor to view raises as unrelated to performance—as a right rather than a reward. When foreign competition did not threaten profits, it was possible for both management and labor to satisfy their expectations. Now that foreign competition has eroded profits, it has become clear that something has to give. But can it be the unions? The wage-escalating mechanisms are so deeply entrenched as to seem inalterable, and chief among them are those associated with seniority.

IN NEARLY EVERY UNION, WHEN LAYOFFS OCCUR, THE young go and the old stay. Seniority rights are perhaps the most passionately guarded of all union benefits, and in many respects they constitute a social victory. It is only fair, after all, that one's job should not be threatened merely because one is no longer young. But union seniority regulations were designed in an age of prosperity, when most layoffs were temporary. These days, unfortunately, layoffs are routine, and often permanent.

At some point, workers who have been laid off either lose interest in maintaining their union membership or become ineligible to do so. USW members, for example, retain their voting rights for only two years—recently increased from one year—after a layoff. Thus, many of the 160,000 steelworkers now out of work did not have a voice when their new contract came before the union early this year, and they did not have a voice when two more stringent contract proposals were defeated in 1982. In the UAW, workers who have been laid off keep their voting rights for six months after their unemployment benefits expire. Thereafter, they must renew their voting rights on a monthly basis, a process that in some locals entails filing forms at the union hall. "As a practical matter, very few bother," a UAW spokesman says.

When a new contract or a proposed concession comes up for a vote, especially in industries already hard hit by layoffs, such as auto and steel manufacturing, the majority of those doing the voting are the least likely to be laid off. Senior workers can afford to remain militant in their wage demands; they know they will lose their jobs only if the factory closes or the company itself goes out of business. Younger workers, anxious for employment, might be more willing to forgo raises or to make concessions, but as their ranks are depleted by successive layoffs, they become outnumbered in any vote.



Last fall, Chrysler's American workers rejected a proposed no-raise, no-layoff contract that union leaders had approved. The UAW then called an unusual "strike-sentiment" vote. Fifty thousand Chrysler workers—the 45,000 still on the job and the 5,000 most recently laid off—were entitled to vote. Chrysler's remaining 42,000 workers, who had been laid off so long that they had lost their voting rights, did not participate. The workers voted 65 percent to 35 percent against a strike, but in favor of a demand for raises; eventually, a strike began anyway, when the UAW's Canadian affiliate walked out. The contract that settled the strike gives Chrysler workers in the U.S. immediate raises to about \$20 an hour in wages and benefits—a total of about \$2,200 each for the year. The contract satisfies those who want raises and helps those drawing retirement benefits, but it also hinders Chrysler from calling back many of the 47,000 workers hoping to be rehired.

Supplemental unemployment benefits (or SUBs)—a fairly recent development in labor contracts—have become a powerful incentive for senior workers to resist compromises. Various SUB plans provide for workers who are laid off or whose factories close, and all the plans become significantly more lucrative as a worker's years of service increase. In steel, senior workers can get up to \$180 a week from their SUB plans, in addition to the money they receive from the state and from the federal trade-adjustment insurance program, which covers workers in industries that have been hurt by foreign competition. All told, these benefits can provide a senior steelworker with about 80 percent of what he would have made on the job, for as long as two years.

Steelworkers are eligible to retire after thirty years of service, and a new benefit, called the "rule of sixty-five," allows retirement also to steelworkers whose mills shut down and whose age added to years of service equals sixty-five. Based on the American Iron and Steel Institute's figures for 1980—the most recent ones available—steelworkers would now be, on average, forty-three years old with eighteen years of service, which works out to sixty-one under the rule of sixty-five. Thus, a large number of steelworkers in any threatened mill are quite close to eligibility for retirement, and their special SUB benefits would see them halfway there.

Steel's SUB benefits are not unique in industry, although they are the most generous. Many UAW members have the benefit of SUBs and trade-adjustment insurance coverage, and at Ford and General Motors they are also protected by a new benefit called "guaranteed income stream," or GIS, which pays senior union members at factories that are shut down about \$13,000 a year, on average, until they retire (most auto workers, like steelworkers, can retire after thirty years' service) or turn sixty-two. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, half of the country's manufacturing workers—the most heavily unionized sector of American business—have some kind of SUB protection. Some 95 percent of rubber and plastics workers,

82 percent of auto and aircraft workers, 70 percent of workers in "primary metals" industries (steel, aluminum, and so on), and 61 percent of apparel workers are covered by SUBs.

Audrey Freedman, the labor economist for the Conference Board, a non-profit organization for research in business economics and management, points out that SUBs and other special benefits were not intended as severance payments for the shutting down of the industrial state; instead, they were devised to give workers subject to cyclical layoffs the means to live relatively undisrupted lives. (Likewise, the early-retirement plans that are being exploited by many companies to cut back work forces were conceived originally to be a gentle way of laying off employees to make room for new talent.) As the economy has spiraled downward, the character of SUBs has been transformed. Now, in many cases, the benefits encourage union workers to root for failure.

Consider the fate of the Ford Motor Company plant in Sheffield, Alabama, which had been losing money since 1974. Last year, Ford offered to keep the plant open if the local would break with the national union and accept a cut in wages and benefits to \$10.50 an hour—about half of union scale, but by no means low pay for a small town in Alabama. Ford also offered to sell the plant to its employees. The union local turned down both proposals, and let the plant close. The workers at the Sheffield plant were, on average, forty-eight years old, with fifteen years of service. By combining SUBs, the "income stream" (for which Sheffield workers were eligible), and early retirement, many could live reasonably well without working at all, and some with high seniority could actually make *more* with the plant closed than they could working at the concessionary rate.

A similar chain of events led to the closing of the pipe mills operated by Interlake, Inc., in Newport, Kentucky. Interlake offered in 1980 to keep the plants open, and make investments to improve them, if the USW local would agree to postpone for a year the raises then due. No reduction in pay was asked. Negotiations went on for two months: the union insisted that the company was bluffing; the company insisted that it was not. The local voted against a postponement, and, according to an Interlake spokesman, "the plants were chained and padlocked by that evening."

Freedman, of the Conference Board, had been contacted during the negotiations by one of Interlake's directors, who was puzzled by the company's inability to preserve the plants. "I told him to check the average age," she said. "He did, and it was high. That was all you needed to know." Walter Soward, fifty-five, a USW member who worked for Interlake for sixteen years, says, "The men who had their thirty years were the ones shouting loudest against making concessions. They just knew they had nothing to lose." Phillip Brown, fifty-six, who worked for Interlake for thirty years, and was on the union's negotiat-



ing committee, says, "It did give me satisfaction [during the negotiations] knowing that pension was going to be there."

None of this is meant to suggest that older union workers are scheming on an organized scale to be paid for not working. While there are a few shirkers in any group, the work ethic runs deep in American society, and very few people, given the choice, would rather be idle than work. Instead, these episodes show why—especially in the heat of the moment—workers would take the seemingly illogical step of abolishing their own jobs. The senior workers who vote against concessions are not voting to turn themselves out into the cold, because they have special benefits to fall back on. The payments may not be as generous in some industries as in others, but they at least give workers some courage when the time comes for a show of hands. Then, too, imagine the perspective of a senior worker looking back on two decades of monotonous labor in a pipe mill. The prospect of a long paid vacation—available only if the plant shuts down—could, understandably, be tempting. And while most workers might tire of their vacations after a year or two, relent, and wish to resume working and earning their place in society, by then the plant would be closed, and the chance to work gone.

Of course, the SUB and other benefit plans must be financed by someone, and they are only as good as the com-

panies that back them. Caterpillar's SUB fund is out of money, as is International Harvester's. International Harvester, in fact, is contemplating a default on its entire pension system, and may try to saddle the federal government's Pension Benefit Guaranty Corporation with its obligation. The guaranteed income stream is guaranteed only for the length of a three-year contract. But in the anger and confusion of a union-hall concessions vote, considerations of a company's long-term economic health are readily forgotten. The closing of a single factory does not erase the benefits a company has agreed to pay; as long as a company exists, even if it diversifies out of manufacturing into some other field, its contract pledges remain. Thus, union workers need to fear the disappearance of their benefits only if the company as a whole is threatened with bankruptcy, and so far bankruptcy is a bullet that major manufacturing companies have been able to dodge.

KEITH JOHNSON, THE PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL Woodworkers of America, told his union at its 1982 annual convention that wages are not a factor in the 30 percent unemployment rate current in the forest-products industry. Johnson blamed instead the nation's high interest rates and monetary policy, and management's failures. William Winpisinger, the president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, told the Conference Board in 1982, "The steel industry's inability to compete with more modern, government-subsidized, foreign manufacturers is largely due to its own shortsightedness. These companies now blame their plight on wages. . . . It is not labor's fault."

Clearly, wages are not the only source of America's industrial ailments. It is wrong to say, however, that wages are irrelevant. Unfortunately, this is what union members—especially those with seniority—want to hear. In the words of the former official in the Department of Labor who was cited earlier, "No labor leader can run on any platform except higher wages, and once they're elected, they can take a concession at most once if they want to stay in office." Recent history bears out his observation. In 1977, for example, as I. W. Abel was retiring as the president of the USW, he and Lloyd McBride, his chosen successor, were also negotiating a new contract. Abel and McBride both believed that the steel industry was in grave danger; they offered to waive many union work rules to allow for greater productivity, in return for management's pledge of greater job security. The idea seemed to be a breakthrough in cooperation between labor and management, for the good of both. But a young leader of a USW local, Edward Sadlowski, who was challenging McBride for Abel's job, got wind of the proposed deal and made it a campaign issue, charging that it proved that the USW leadership was too cozy with management. McBride retreated and was forced to run on a platform similar to Sadlowski's: no cooperation, no trade-offs, and raises for all. The revision in

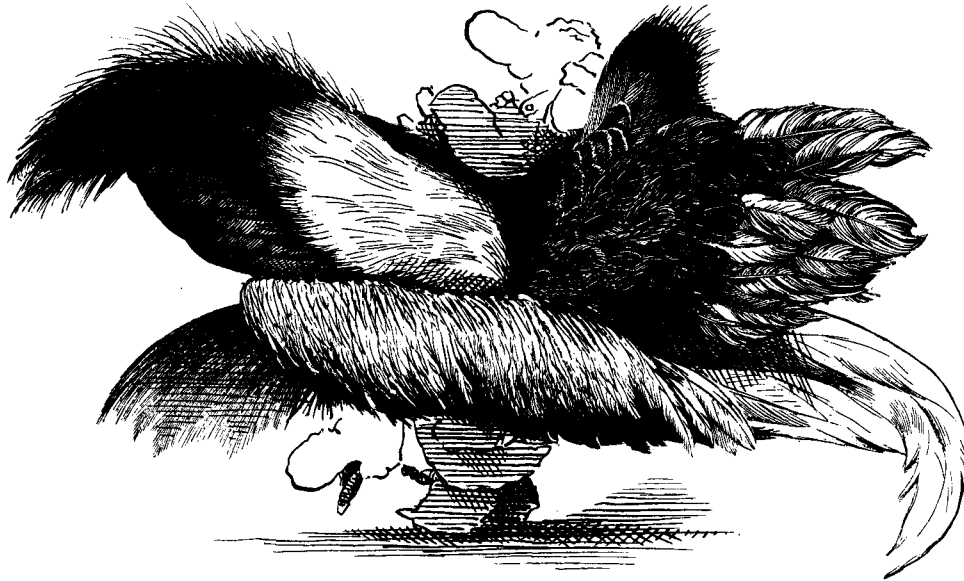
work rules was abandoned. McBride won, but only by running up majorities in the USW among members other than the 40 percent in steel. (The USW also represents workers in the aluminum, copper, zinc, lead, container-manufacturing, chemicals and plastics, and metal-fabricating industries.) Sadlowski carried the steelworkers themselves handily.

Most labor leaders who wish to retain their high status and income have few alternatives other than winning reelection. Unlike business executives or politicians, union officials cannot smoothly transfer to corporate or legal jobs; according to an officer of the AFL-CIO, the "possibilities available to a defeated labor leader are extremely limited."

Despite the influx of college-educated administrators over the years, union headquarters are still dominated by men and women who worked their way up from the labor

brotherhood. Typically, they do not *want* to leave the union hierarchy, because it accords them the respect that, in their view, society as a whole denies them. As a result, union leaders, like union members, are advancing in seniority (the average age of members of the AFL-CIO's executive council is fifty-seven), and faced with the temptation of defending their perquisites at the expense of future generations.

THE INCREASING SIZE OF U.S. CONGLOMERATES means sales figures well into the billions, and where billions are involved, many union workers cannot believe that there isn't enough left over for them. When U.S. Steel spends \$7 billion on Marathon Oil, and then goes, hat-in-hand, to its workers, asking for a cutback of \$1.50 an hour in wages, its chances of being taken serious-



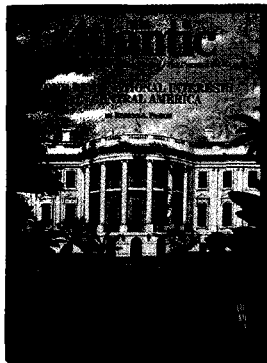
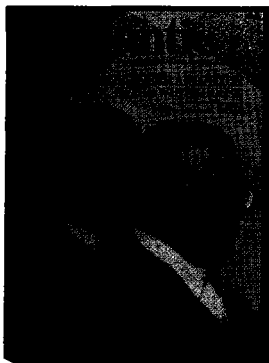
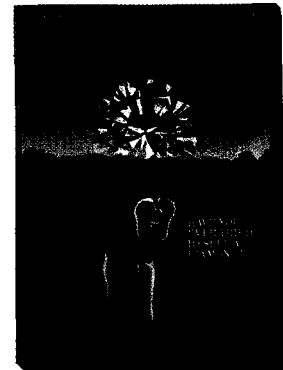
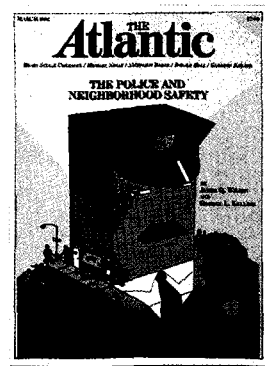
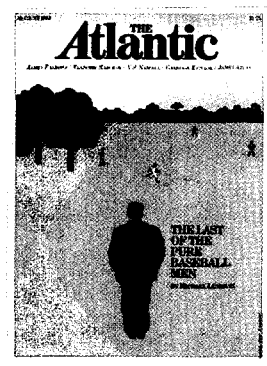
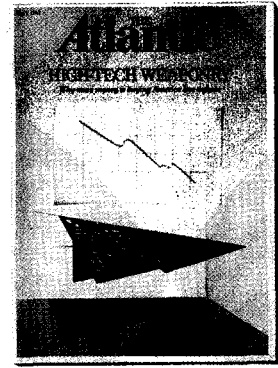
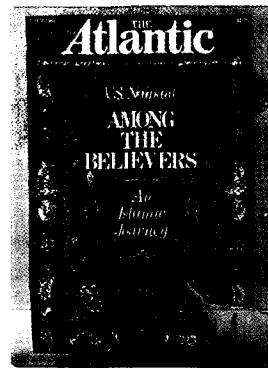
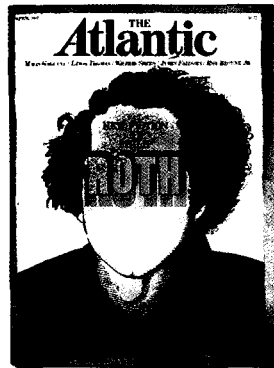
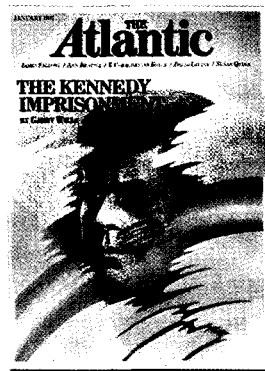
force. John DeConcini, the president of the Bakery, Confectionery and Tobacco Workers International, grew up in the coal town of Kulpmont, Pennsylvania, never went to college, and began his career at the Bond Bread Company. Robert F. Goss, the president of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International, went to work as a laborer at a Union Oil Company refinery after graduating from high school. S. Frank Raftery, the president of the International Brotherhood of Painters and Allied Trades, joined a sign-painters' local when he was sixteen. Frank Drozak, the president of the Seafarers International, started work at a Mobile, Alabama, shipyard at the age of sixteen, and a year later he was at sea.

Unions are perhaps the only institution left in the U.S. in which people without academic credentials routinely rise to high office. When the business establishment ignores or patronizes labor, union leaders become all the more determined to protect their organization—their

ly are slight, even though its need for a wage concession may be real. Last year, International Harvester asked its unions for \$100 million in concessions, citing the company's undeniably bleak financial condition, but not long after, the workers learned that it had paid a total of \$6 million in year-end bonuses to top management. In April of 1982, on the very day that General Motors signed a delicate and hard-won concessionary contract with the UAW, it sent a proxy solicitation to shareholders, asking them to make it easier for management to award itself bonuses. Needless to say, the union was furious, and the workers who had voted for concessions felt betrayed.

One impediment in wage negotiations, in any case, traditionally has been the rank and file's belief that every company has a set of "secret books," which, unlike the doctored public books shown to the union, are swollen with profit. Efforts to keep the Interlake, Inc., pipe mills in Newport open were probably doomed when the USW local

ATLANTIC SUBSCRIBERS NEVER MISS



They never miss the excitement of discovery that each issue of *The Atlantic* brings. From the inside story of Kissinger, Haig, and others in the Nixon White House to insider David Stockman's second thoughts and misgivings about Reaganomics.

From humanity revealed in a portrait of LBJ to humanity portrayed in Philip Roth's and Raymond Carver's acclaimed fiction.

From introductions to great new writers to great coverage and criticism of all the arts.

The excitement of discovery in *The Atlantic*.

Atlantic subscribers never miss it. Neither should you.

Fill out the card in this issue. And become a subscriber to America's magazine of public affairs and the arts.

**THE
Atlantic**

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VANTAGE. THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.

*Fresh Menthol Taste
with Low Tar.
That's Success!*



discovered, at a late stage, that one of the plants had shown a \$1.9 million pre-tax profit in the first six months of the year. Although the raises the company wanted to defer would have quickly wiped that profit out, such a sum uncovered after Interlake's pronouncements of certain doom enabled the union local's leaders to convince its members that they were up against a secret-books ploy. Walter Reuther, who was the head of the UAW from 1946 until he died, in 1970, pursued the secret-books theory with gusto. Last year, when General Motors for the first time opened all its records to an independent audit, during negotiations for a concessionary contract, it was found, to no one's surprise, that the company actually was in trouble. Given the creative possibilities of modern bookkeeping, however, it is only natural that unions should be uncertain about whether the numbers are accurate or not.

"Golden parachutes"—the huge bonuses payable to corporate officers whose companies are acquired—also suggest to workers that a company can always come up with extra money if it is forced to do so. The bonuses have been justified with the argument that they will discourage mergers, by making the companies providing them more expensive to take over, but the message they imply is clear: forget the health of the company and grab everything for yourself that you can. John C. Duncan, the chairman and chief executive officer of the St. Joe Mineral Corporation, acquired by the Fluor Corporation in 1981, was able to take a \$1 million golden-parachute bonus, not because he had been fired but merely because his responsibilities had been "substantially reduced." According to Ward Howell International, an executive search firm, some 15 percent of the nation's 1,000 largest corporations have made provisions for golden parachutes, and it's not hard to predict how unions will react in the next rounds of contract talks with those firms.

Golden-parachute awards are symptomatic of the debilitating emphasis on short-term gains current in American corporations as a whole. And in a maddening way, management's zeal for quick profits can be served by the closing of factories. A company can often take a tax write-off far greater than the value of the facility's physical assets, because it can also write off some of the cost of the long-term benefits it is obliged to pay workers. When Colt Industries closed its Crucible Steel mill in Midland, Pennsylvania, it took a tax write-off of \$134 million in benefit obligations. Although the company will be paying on that debt for many years to come, most of the tax advantages—and short-term earnings improvements—were realized immediately. U.S. Steel was able to spend \$7 billion for Marathon in part because the closing of thirteen steel mills had generated \$850 million in cash flow, as assets and obligations were written off. Just as the promise of SUBs may discourage workers from devoting themselves wholeheartedly to keeping plants open, so the promise of these tax breaks may discourage managers from doing so.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SKYSCRAPER—WHICH moved management off the factory grounds—was probably a bad omen for labor-management cooperation. Workers are not inclined to trust pronouncements coming from some far-off headquarters suite; managers, remote from the daily fears and concerns of workers, find it possible to see labor as just another factor in a business-school equation. Many companies have created special departments to deal with labor relations, distancing top managers still further from workers. "Even in good companies, they pick the meanest son-of-a-bitch they've ever seen to be vice president for labor," the Department of Labor official says. "And that man, if he wants to advance his career, has to do one thing: bust the union. So it's not in his personal interest to have cooperative labor relations."

Small attitudinal and language differences can become major barriers when the gap between management and labor is large. Companies refer to "salaried" management personnel and "hourly" factory employees, as if to emphasize that blue-collar workers may be jettisoned at any moment. They speak of "wages" for workers but "compensation" for executives, as if a manager honored a company merely by consenting to keep office hours. I asked one business executive last fall why his company could not offer employment guarantees in return for wage concessions, and he replied, "Why, that would be converting a variable cost into a fixed cost!" Try to imagine a union's reaction after the word filters down that management considers workers to be "variable costs."

From one industry to another, there can be marked differences in style and spirit, which contribute significantly to the mood of labor relations. The auto industry, though troubled, is still committed to the future; it is still building new plants and designing new products, and many auto executives simply like cars. Management's attitude gives union members hope that there is a reason for them to sacrifice. The steel industry, on the other hand, is a skeleton. It has been spending neither to build new plants nor to improve old ones. (As part of the most recent contract negotiated with the USW, which was signed in March, the steelmakers sent the union a "letter of intent" to reinvest their savings in labor costs in steel plants, but they did not commit themselves to any specific projects.) Most steel companies have been investing their money elsewhere, and managers at those companies deprecate their own business and appear uniformly funereal. Not surprisingly, their attitude tends to convince steelworkers that all hope is lost, and that they ought to take what they can and run.

Even within industries, distinct differences exist between one company and another. General Motors, for example, has a tradition of insensitivity that goes beyond its ill-timed maneuver to win bonuses last spring. (In 1964, the company ordered all doors removed from toilet stalls, to prevent loitering. It would not have required much insight into human nature for anyone to predict that workers would be furiously insulted, and, of course, a strike fol-

lowed.) The vote on General Motors's present concessionary contract was only 52 to 48 percent in favor, despite the company's marginal profitability. "Even we were amazed at the depth of resentment and hostility people feel toward GM," a source close to the UAW says. He believes that this narrow victory was achieved only because General Motors had recently laid off a relatively large number of workers, who hoped the new contract might bring them back to work. (The contract also requires GM to put more money into its SUB fund to cover workers with low seniority.) Ford, by contrast, has a tradition of appreciation and concern for workers. Ford's vice president for labor relations, Peter Pestillo, often makes statements of glowing praise for workers and labor leaders, and although he follows up his praise with requests for concessions, his respectful manner makes him unusual. Ford has begun to emphasize communications within its factories, and to adopt a version of the "quality circles"—the factory equivalent of staff meetings—that Japanese companies have found make workers more productive and convince them that their employers value their opinions. Ford's corporate attitude seems to trace to the Ford family itself. Auto workers frequently tell the story of how, on a frigid day during a strike at Ford's vast River Rouge complex in 1967, Henry Ford II sent out fire drums and coffee urns to keep workers on picket lines warm. The gesture was minor, but the fact that it is long and fondly remembered illustrates the rarity of acts of good will in labor relations.

WITHIN THE UNIONS, THE ALTERNATIVE TO adversarial relations is cooperation. In this, the UAW's auto divisions, considered the best-run and the most progressive and even-tempered in labor, are the leaders. (The UAW also represents workers involved in the manufacture of other heavy equipment.)

Over the past two years, the UAW has bargained cooperatively with all four auto makers, hoping both to help them through the recession and to reach new terms in a calm atmosphere, avoiding the frenzy and posturing that inevitably accompany an approaching strike deadline. The union gave concessions, in the form of postponements of promised increases, to General Motors and Ford that will save the companies between \$5 billion and \$6 billion. The incomes of workers at Ford and GM will continue to rise over the current \$21-an-hour rate, but at a slower pace than previously agreed. The UAW's leaders offered a more lenient contract to Chrysler, too, but were forced to withdraw when the American members demanded raises and the Canadian members struck. American Motors has the most inventive arrangement: its workers "loaned" the company \$150 million by forgoing scheduled raises, and will be paid back (with interest) starting in 1985 if the company is profitable again. This gives the workers a double stake in the company's future prosperity.

In contrast, relations between steelworkers and steel

companies have been stormy. Twice in 1982, concessionary contracts proposed by the USW's executives were defeated by local presidents. The concessions the steelworkers finally agreed to this year were achieved only after great effort, and they were more token than substantive. They do not by any means jeopardize the steelworkers' status as the nation's highest-paid industrial workers. USW members gave up \$1.25 an hour in wages, a cost-of-living increase, and a week of paid vacation, but these reductions are temporary. The week of vacation will be restored next year; the \$1.25 cut from wages will be restored in increments between 1984 and 1986; and over the same period, depending on the rate of inflation, the COLA will also be restored. All told, the new contract is estimated to save the steel industry almost \$3 billion—less than the new UAW contracts will save either GM or Ford alone.

Other unions, both voluntarily and not, have engaged in cooperative bargaining in recent years. The Teamsters' National Master Freight Agreement, written in January of 1982 as the pattern contract for small trucking companies to imitate, contains several reductions in benefits and productivity-enhancing changes in work rules. Executives of the Teamsters have been preoccupied by the trial and conviction of their president, Roy Williams, for attempted bribery and fraud, however, and many companies—conforming to the traditional pattern of power battles between business and labor—have taken advantage of the disarray, refusing to sign and negotiating more stringent deals with their locals instead. The Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers are seeking only to renew most of their existing contracts, and many of the unions representing various sectors of the airline business have made concessions to keep the carriers from folding. Most of the construction unions, which are losing members at a rapid rate, owing to the expansion of non-union companies, are relenting on wage demands. Two longtime union hard-liners, J.C. Turner, the president of the International Union of Operating Engineers, and Robert Georgine, the president of the AFL-CIO's building-trades department, have made unusually conciliatory statements about industry. Last August, Georgine condemned construction "work stoppages" (wildcat strikes) as "the most ridiculous thing on a job site"—a statement that would have caused jaws to drop in that union in the 1960s.

Recently, some companies have experimented with various employee stock-ownership plans—"ESOPs"—in which workers own all or part of a firm's shares, and in some instances also have voting control over management. The National Center for Employee Ownership estimates that 5,000 companies offer some form of equity to workers.

ESOPs appear to be an ideal arrangement. They give workers a reason to care about the quality of their work and the company's financial health, and management the flexibility to share profit with workers, by means of dividends on stock, without committing the company to high wages that might handicap it in bad times. A study recent-

ly conducted at the University of Michigan found that companies with ESOPs were 50 percent more profitable than conventionally organized companies in the same fields.

The 5,000 companies with ESOPs are a tiny fraction of the 14.7 million incorporated businesses in the U.S., however, and resistance to the idea runs deep. Managers fear it, for obvious reasons: they are wary of being controlled by workers, or even of having to explain their decisions to workers. Union leaders fear the idea too. By making workers in effect owners, ESOPs blur the line between labor and management and alter the adversarial relationship that gives union leaders a convenient object for blame. Because of this, most of the companies converting to ESOPs have been non-union. The UAW seemed to take a first step in the direction of a major-union ESOP last fall, when its leadership negotiated a contract with Chrysler that would have tied future raises to Chrysler's quarterly earnings. That was the contract that the UAW rank and file rejected; the contract eventually signed (after the Canadian strike) conferred immediate raises but involved no profit shares.



IN THE MONTH OF MAY

In the month of May when all leaves open,
I see when I walk how well things
lean on each other, how the bees work,
the fish make their living the first day,
Monarchs fly high, then I understand
I love you with what in me is unfinished.

I love you with what in me is still
changing, what has no head or arms
or legs, what has not found its body.
And why shouldn't the miraculous,
caught on this earth, visit
the old man alone in his hut?

And why shouldn't Gabriel, who loves honey,
be fed with our own radishes and walnuts?
And lovers, tough ones, how many there are
whose holy bodies are not yet born.
Along the roads, I see so many places
I would like us to spend the night.

—Robert Bly

It remains to be seen whether the attempts at cooperation indicate the genesis of a true partnership of labor and management, or merely temporary desperation. Thomas Donahue, the secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO, is not at all reluctant to say that he considers cooperation "a fad," and that he expects a return to business as usual whenever the recession ends.

ALL THE DILEMMAS OF LABOR RELATIONS DURING a recession are being played out at the Caterpillar Tractor Company, which a division of the UAW struck in October.

Caterpillar is a sound company. In 1981, it made \$579 million on sales of \$9.2 billion; its market share is huge (perhaps 35 percent of all earthmovers, compactors, and other heavy equipment sold worldwide are made by the company); and its workers are well paid, averaging \$13 an hour in wages and \$6 an hour in benefits. In 1982, however, Caterpillar's sales took a drastic plunge. The recession had cut the world demand for heavy equipment, and it hit Caterpillar particularly hard; exports, primarily to developing countries, account for 57 percent of the company's business. (As badly as the U.S. has been affected by the recession, poor countries have been much more grievously harmed.) By the end of 1982, Caterpillar faced a loss of \$180 million. It was also negotiating a new contract at that time, and asked its union for concessions: no increases in pay for three years, reduction of cost-of-living escalators, and reduction of other benefits. The union countered with a proposal to renew the contract's existing terms. Soon a strike was on.

Last December, seventy-five days into the strike, I visited UAW Local 1989, in Memphis, Tennessee. There, on a Friday, Caterpillar workers were arriving to pick up their strike-fund benefit checks of \$65 a week. The signs of old-time unionism were evident. On one wall of the local hall was a petition demanding that federal law be changed to allow striking workers to collect food stamps. On another was a cartoon depicting a pig dressed in business coattails, labeled CAT, and holding a pistol. On the ground was Santa Claus. The pig had just shot him.

James O'Connor, the president of the biggest UAW local in the Caterpillar dispute, in Peoria, had sworn to ride out the strike, however long it took. "Concession fever is over," he said to a reporter for *The New York Times*. "My members would burn me at the stake if I brought them a contract like that." In Memphis, the mood seemed equally determined. The local president there, Louie Hill, Sr., said his 165 workers—down, because of layoffs, from 236—would not fold. Another local official, Steven Brice, said, "The company is making money. Why should we take cuts? All we want is to keep what we already have." The union's official position is that it wants only to renew the previous contract. That contract calls for automatic raises and cost-of-living allowances, however, and Caterpillar officials es-

timate that wages and benefits would increase 22 percent over its lifetime, to a total of \$23 an hour. In any case, the union passed the point of no return in late January. By then, even if the union won, it would not make up in raises what its members had lost by not working during the strike.

Caterpillar in many ways stands today where the auto, steel, and rubber companies stood in the 1960s. Foreign competition has awakened to its market—especially Komatsu Ltd., a Japanese manufacturer of heavy equipment, which is undercutting Caterpillar's prices by about 10 percent, and producing what industry observers concede are high-quality machines. Komatsu has all but finished off International Harvester. Because it is competing with Caterpillar mainly in developing countries, its encroachment is invisible here. Caterpillar's employees cannot see Komatsu's machines doing the work that Caterpillar's machines used to, any more than steelworkers can tell if the steel in a bridge or a building is Japanese or American. One reason why the auto workers have been willing to moderate their demands is that they can see the physical evidence of the industry's predicament: Hondas, Toyotas, and Isuzus on the highways. In most troubled industries, as at Caterpillar, the competition is not so obvious.

As I talked with the leaders of Local 1989, it became clear that they are nothing like the stereotypical fist-shaking union zealot that American management has traditionally invoked. Thoughtful and sincere, they had some kind words for the company, and regrets that the strike was dragging on. They also, it turned out, had the highest seniority possible in their plant, even though several were young (Caterpillar did not come to Memphis until 1975), so they had a lot to gain by going on strike and, being all but immune to layoffs, little to lose. One thing seemed to draw them together and to override their mixed feelings about the economy and strikes and Caterpillar's balance sheet: they simply could not bear the thought of not getting a raise. "We realize what happened to International Harvester could happen to us, but it's the chance you have to take if you want what's yours," Brice said.

THE INHERENT BIAS OF UNIONS TOWARD RAISES AT all costs helps to justify the general view that American heavy industry cannot recover and should simply be written off. Liberals who are loath to criticize unions for ideological reasons are inclined to accept this view, and to praise the "information industry" as a panacea, as if the entire country could be gainfully employed compiling and analyzing computer print-outs. Some point to the development of worker-robots as a salvation, as if permanently replacing a worker with a robot, which might be good for industrial competitiveness, would also somehow relieve unemployment. An analyst at the consulting firm Arthur D. Little, Inc., has estimated that as many as 4 million factory jobs will be lost to robotics in the coming

decade—in part because of technological progress, but also in part because high-priced labor has made high-priced robots an affordable alternative.

Conservatives seem also to be accepting the position that nothing can be done to solve labor's problems. Soon after the Reagan Administration took office, it enacted a "build abroad" program of maritime subsidies. This program gives shipbuilders \$454 million in subsidies to take work out of the country, on the grounds that the U.S. maritime fleet must be expanded, and only foreign shipyards can do the work at a reasonable cost. The Reagan Administration abandoned the idea of money for shipbuilding in U.S. dry docks, assuming that it would be impossible to get the machinists' and boilermakers' unions to moderate their wage demands.

What kind of a future is there for an America without an industrial engine, and without industrial jobs to give employment, money, and meaningful lives to those who lack the credentials to become computer programmers or information analysts in the high-technology order? In a way, unions have come full circle. Conceived and developed as a voice for the average worker—and winning many important social victories on the average worker's behalf—they now represent an elite of workers who are highly paid and elaborately protected. If factories continue to be closed because of wage demands, young Americans without academic credentials will have little hope for work other than frying hamburgers or washing cars, at a fraction of what they might have earned in industry, even under concessionary contracts.

It does not have to be this way. Some evidence that it doesn't is in Newport, Kentucky. Eight and a half months after Interlake, Inc., closed its pipe mills there, they were bought by a group of former managers. The new owners have been running one of the mills now for more than a year, employing about 500 people, and have shown some modest profits. Despite the depressed state of the steel industry, the new company, Newport Steel, is in no danger of closing the plant again, according to its president, Clifford Borland.

Newport Steel was able to start business because the steelworkers' local, after its members had been out of work for a while, was willing to make wage concessions and to change work rules enough to allow the plant to be productive. To get the mill running again, members of Newport's local gave up a quarter of their wages and benefits. Walter Soward, who is among the union members who have returned to the mill, says, "I think we're happier with the new management in every sense except that we make less money, but it sure beats making nothing." Although earning less than steelworkers elsewhere, the workers still earn about \$18 an hour, placing them near the top of the manufacturing pay scale. They are working a little harder and making a little less, but they still live well, and they are *working*—which is, at the moment, the missing term in the labor equation. □

The Protectionist Illusion

The stagnating economy makes protectionism an ever more seductive temptress.

With millions of Americans out of work, pressures are mounting to restrict imports in hard-hit industries. The longer the economic slump, the stronger the sentiment to protect American products and the jobs of people who make them by erecting barriers to the flow of goods into the U.S. from abroad.

All nations, of course, want good economic times and high employment for their own people. To one degree or another, all countries are protectionist. The United States is less so than most. Since the end of World War II, we've been opening our borders and vast internal markets to other countries' wares. In turn, products made in America have found acceptance around the world, generating jobs here at home.

Protectionist fever was rampant in the 1930s. The results were calamitous: sky-high tariffs on imports, retaliatory measures by other countries, trade warfare, unemployment — depression.

Now the protectionist peril is welling up anew. Forces at work in the U.S. and other countries are undermining the international trading system that has evolved over the post-war decades and stimulated economic growth in most parts of the world.

Governments beset by economic troubles, especially unemployment, find themselves increasingly prodded to embrace such measures as import restrictions, trade quotas, and export subsidies. Politically, such measures may have appeal. Economically, they promise only disaster — a deepening of the world's economic ills, more people out of work, perhaps another outbreak of trade warfare like that of the Great Depression.

From the lessons of the past, it's clear that protectionist remedies are an illusion. They don't work. They are self-defeating, wiping out more jobs than they preserve. While some jobs may be saved in a protected industry, others are lost elsewhere in the economy.

Retreat from free trade lessens competition, deprives consumers of a full choice of products, drives up prices, and stokes inflation. Producers protected from competition lose their incentive to invest, improve, modernize, expand, compete — create more jobs.

Nations and people everywhere are better off with a trade system that's free and fair. As a principal economic power, the U.S. should lead the way to greater cooperation and openness in commerce as the best hope for economic health among all nations.

Let's not choke off imports. Let's expand exports.



"Some surgeons are just lucky," according to one doctor. But a surgeon's luck is a matter of skill and character

BENIGN VIOLENCE

BY MARK KRAMER

DR. RUSSELL STEARNE STRIDES ACROSS HIS crowded waiting room without looking up, heading for the safety of the offices that lie beyond the receptionist's desk, his gray-tweed sports jacket flapping around him. This is the way most people first see their doctors. No one present has any trouble recognizing him. Many of the patients seek eye contact, but the surgeon has gone shy, like a waitress who won't even glance at her charges, for fear of being sent off for a glass of ice water. This smiling, wary, and self-protective man represents desperate hope to some of those assembling. Were he to permit himself to feel their emotions full blast, he might turn and bolt for the exit. He reaches his office. It is bare and large. A print of Rembrandt's painting *The Anatomy Lesson* hangs across from a modern desk. He doesn't even think of fleeing. He does say, "I wish I had a back door."

Stearne (his name, like those of others in this article, has been changed) is a dark man in his late forties, with striking, deep-set brown eyes. He still has a full crown of black hair, and it seems to have been cut by a barber trained in the early fifties, when sideburns were grounds for suspecting the wearer of Communist sympathies. He's beyond suspicion. Within moments of our first meeting he had told me that he's a staunch Reagan man, that nothing's more important to him than his family, that most surgeons are ill educated outside their fields, that he majored in English at Harvard, that he has gained twenty pounds since then, and that he loves his work.

Stearne practices as a general surgeon, in a small New England city. He estimates that he does some 300 surgical procedures each year, most frequently the common ones—hernias, appendixes, gall bladders. His work is eclectic. He sees "some of everything." He does cancer work, performs many types of vascular surgery, and handles non-orthopedic aspects of traumatic emergencies. He had a year's training in London with a famous hepatic surgeon, and occasionally practices this rather uncommon specialty on patients "with operable liver disease."

Stearne has one active partner, Theodore Culver, another general surgeon his own age, and one semi-retired partner. In the 1930s, the older man was one of the first in the city to be certified by the American Board of Surgery, and because of that the office came to be regarded by patients as "the classy practice" in town, as one old-timer puts it.

In addition to private, fee-for-service work, Stearne does some "prepaid" surgery—it's called that within the profession, as if "prepaid" referred to another body part upon which he works, rather than to the payment plan used by some patients. During the office's long history, it has accumulated a variety of contracts for its partners to do emergency work and hold clinics at local factories. And about ten years back, when a health-maintenance organization—an HMO—grew up alongside the local university's health service, the partners signed on to supply their consulting and operating services for a fee per-head-enrolled. Currently the HMO and the student health service together guarantee the surgical practice payments totaling about \$100,000 a year.

Stearne's varied sorts of business keep him traveling around several cities, from clinic to office to hospital. He writes off the cost of a Mercedes every three years as a business expense. Together his surgical enterprises earn him a substantial yearly income—somewhat above the current average for surgeons nationally, which is about \$118,000.

I peer out through the receptionist's window into Stearne's waiting room. The patients keep arriving. They sit in black wooden spindle chairs that bear the Harvard motto: "*Veritas*." Some read year-old *Time* magazines. The afternoon holds much in store, Stearne tells me. A few of the people out there have been referred by general practitioners who suspect that their patients may have malignancies: two will be told they do. One has already learned, on his last visit, that he might. The second is about to receive her first news on the subject. Patients will present the minor problems of used bodies, and several will discuss their post-operative troubles.

The patients may feel ambivalent about the doctor who ambles, eyes still averted, back within view of the waiting room (far behind schedule now, and wearing a white lab coat). Some may anticipate relief from their anxieties

Mark Kramer teaches writing at Smith College. His first report on surgeons appeared in The Atlantic in September, 1979, and his study of this subject has grown into a book, Invasive Procedures, which will be published this summer.



about whatever ails them. But the prospect of relief is built upon the dread—well founded in the case of the round-faced, blank-eyed young woman in a white dress, reading in the far corner—that things may be worse than one dared imagine.

"I suppose I like some of the surgery better than some of the difficult office encounters," Stearne says. Then, chatting about the very good bicycle included in the tag sale he's staging, he pulls out the first patient's folder and sets to his work.

He nods to the attendant receptionist. A thin-lipped, seventy-year-old plumber in green work clothes gets the call. He's got a nice, easy smile. The receptionist herds him into the examining room. Stearne has told me about him. His first wife died a few years back, of cancer. Then he went to plumb a country farm for a retired lawyer and his wife—"from Minnesota, Quaker couple," Stearne said—and ended up married to the lawyer's wife and living on the farm. He developed an ulcer. Another surgeon had sewn up the ulcer, and had also sewn the poor plumber's intestine closed. He'd almost starved before Stearne figured out the trouble and went in after it.

Was this an avoidable error? Was it actionable?

"It just happens. It's not the kind of thing that's actionable. But with every patient who comes in here, there's cause for concern. Every doctor gets suits these days."

We walk in to see the plumber. He's in good shape, blue-eyed and wiry, lean as a jockey, mild as a vicar. Stearne prods his abdomen for a while, then slaps his butt. The plumber leaves, smiling. Inspected and stamped cured.

In the adjacent examining room, a tiny patient glances away as Stearne enters somber-faced. The patient continues feeding from his mother's breast. The patient's aunt watches through rheumy eyes, while the mother flashes an earthy, gap-toothed grin. She's an Ecuadorian Indian. She looks sturdy, with hearty, unselfconscious expressions. By her forthright tending of the child, she's redefining Stearne's quarters as outlandish, high-toned. She presents the baby. He's fat, drooling, football-headed, smiling, olive-skinned, swaddled in baby blue. Stearne peels away the wrappings and feels a tiny incision on his abdomen, reddened but healing. He had a strangulated hernia. There's no mortality threatening here. The baby laughs. Stearne laughs. The baby's aunt laughs. The baby's mother says, "Sí." Another cure.

In the hallway, between patients, Stearne says, "You're going to think this next old man is a religious fanatic." The old man, tight-skinned and sharp-chinned, steps forward and shakes Stearne's hand, as if about to sell him a car. While still offering exuberant greetings, the man bends down and pulls both woolen pants cuffs up above his knees. "You praying too much again?" Stearne shouts into the man's deaf ear. The man lets out a belly laugh. "Tell us again how you got those," shouts Stearne. Discolored ovals of skin, ringed with large stitches, cover both knees, purple patches on pink pants.

"I'm retired," says the man, "and I was doing some masonry work—floating a poured floor for my son-in-law. I guess I don't have much feeling left in my legs anymore. When I got up, my knees were like looking down into hamburger. The doctor here did some skin grafts."

"He didn't get it in church after all," says Stearne, and we laugh.

A fair woman in her late forties, with graying hair, tries to read Stearne's blank face as he enters the other examining room. She's had a mammogram; it has shown a slight shadow on the X-ray. "I don't think it's a meaningful finding, and neither does the radiologist at the hospital. If this were anything to worry about, there ought to be a palpable mass where the X-ray suggests one. And there isn't. If there were, I could feel it. Don't worry. Come back in six months for a re-exam. Come to me." The woman smiles, and sweetly nods assent, speechless.

Out in the corridor, Stearne says, "These office hours aren't always as grim as you might think. It's very rewarding to see some patients." On to the next.

Stearne welcomes Mrs. Smith, who leaves laughing, and, many patients later, the young Mrs. Jones, who leaves crying. Stearne's ability to offer reassurances, patient after patient, one dilemma after another, good verdict and dreadful news alike, demonstrates the miracle of insularity that keeps him going year after year. He awaits a final patient, who has phoned to say she's on her way.

Between patients, in his office, he is like an actor between scenes. The costume remains; the character alters. On stage, he's measured and gentle, a mere representative of a larger body of knowledge and skill, doing what can be done. He never relaxes with patients. Even when friends come in to be treated, he is surgeon first. He quotes numbers whenever that explains things—usually odds. With the help of science and technology (he gives patients to understand), he reacts to disease as best he can. The numbers help demonstrate to patients that he's reasonable and deliberate, and give some slim grounds for cheer about something or other, even in the worst of cases.

Off stage, he frolics. His face grows mobile. He laughs, he changes the subject, he utters personal thoughts and evaluations he may not utter in public. The nurses and the receptionist occasionally receive his confidences. But it is his partner Ted Culver who hears the worst Stearne has to say. The two, who rarely socialize off duty, have shared thousands of operations over the past fifteen years.

"She's here, Doctor," says the receptionist, standing on one foot, tipped and leaning in past the door to the office. The patient, a janitor in a factory, comes rolling up the hallway with the swagger of a street tough. She's sixty, stocky and untidy, her dyed-red hair spilling from a babushka, her blue blouse tail unstuck from dirty red stretch pants that sweep outward upon a jouncing belly. She looks about repeatedly as she follows Stearne next door, into an examining room. She smells of stale powder and cigarette smoke. He points, and she sits up on the table, chubby legs

dangling. He takes a wooden tongue depressor and a flashlight, and looks in her mouth. He reaches a finger in after the tongue depressor and feels what he has seen, touching disease. What he touches could not be uglier.

Two years ago, Stearne and his partner managed to peel a tongue cancer from this same spot, and radiation further stifled the malignancy there. Stearne has suspected she might be cured. But now she's having trouble swallowing. It must have been back for some time. She pulls Stearne's hand away.

"Another look, please, Mrs. O'Leary," he says, and replaces his hand.

She pouts with her eyes, and issues small glottal grunts of frustration. She's peevish—she must be afraid. A marble-sized tumor has grown up under the raspy stubble on the back of her tongue. It swells from the padded floor of the mouth like a small boulder in a field with grass grown right over it. It rises up so high that Stearne's penlight throws its shadow in an arc across the shimmering stalactite of her uvula.

She doesn't want to realize what has happened. As soon as Stearne takes his hand away, she shouts out, "I don't wanna have to not work, like last time. How long will I be out, Doc?"

"We can't tell that yet. Now, you wait here for a moment, will you?"

We go down the corridor, to find Culver in his office. "If you have a minute, Ted, will you see what you think?" Stearne himself thinks the going will be "treacherous, at best." He thinks the woman will not be cured by surgery, although she may once again be saved for a while. But this time, to get at the tumor, he will have to split her jaw and take away the left side of her jawbone, remove the tumor, and reconstruct a new jaw in the aftermath. This palliative treatment will take many months and several operations.

Stearne re-enters the examining room, and introduces Culver: "This is the doctor who helps me operate." Culver looks. Then the two men leave again.

"You going to operate?" Culver asks in the hallway.

"Do what I can."

"What can you do?" Culver turns Stearne's phrase around. "The lady hasn't got much time, and the operation would be so extensive, she'd barely heal before . . ."

"I think there's more hope than that," says Stearne.

"Another opinion? Who'd you use? Mike Bell, down in New Haven?" Culver knows that Bell never wants to operate on cases like this. Stearne goes into the examining room again. And he does send the woman on for a second opinion—to Sam Pincus, in Boston. Pincus is less conservative than Bell. "The other doctor will help me?" she asks as she leaves.

A week later, Sam Pincus's opinion arrives by mail: Operate if you think it will help. I ask Stearne if he's going ahead with the job, and it becomes clear that now that he has been seconded, he has edged closer to his partner's caution.

"We'll see if chemotherapy can knock it back enough so we can have a better shot at it. I'll do whatever I can to save my patients."

I find it difficult to imagine Stearne's experience. His sureness of his skill, and his detachment from the prospects of these patients, are exotic, beyond any experience that can be shared by those of us with more usual burdens. Is he merely an equable witness to life's odds—observing in flesh and blood the statistics of particular diseases as they work out relentlessly, on schedule?

CUTTERS, BEARERS OF HOPE AND DOOM, DISTANT and avuncular, surgeons cannot be all that we long for them to be. They fail time after time, with the lives of our relatives and friends in their hands. Their successes are painful enough to evoke questioning responses even in those they heal. In the office, their work fosters such feelings of dependency that seriously ill patients may imagine they're talking to someone other than the surgeon altogether, someone supernaturally protective. "Doc." Patients call Stearne "Doc" most often when most helpless. Being a surgeon has got to be as wearing as being beautiful, and even more likely to tempt with prospects of power, because there's more power to be had, and for longer.

A classmate Stearne remembers vaguely from Harvard, Arnold Marglin, wrote in their twenty-fifth-reunion yearbook of his fatigue with the role of doctor: "Flattery, arrogance, uncontested authority, then self-deception, ensconcement in our unearned see."

The next day is a usual one for Stearne. Surgery. Hospital lunch. Crossing a waiting room full of patients. He is consumed by what he does. Half the days of the year, he goes home for dinner with his on-call beeper clipped to his waist. He doesn't seem to mind; in fact, he signs up for additional duty at the hospital emergency room. He finds new patients there, and fee-for-service patients at that. But he is not a hungry fledgling, nor so avaricious that he doesn't savor time off. He simply likes the work and how it makes him feel. He tells very ill patients that they may call him at home. He has a fine phone manner, and seems unrushed, informative, and generous with reassurance. When the beeper reaches him while he is at the dinner table, halfway through the roast or awaiting the soufflé, he goes. His children are used to it; they keep talking.

Most of the surgeons I've met live this way. From the article "The Effects of Stress on Physicians and Their Medical Practice," by Jack D. McCue, M.D., in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, February 25, 1982:

Retreat from family life is probably the most common adaptation to the demands of medical practice. . . . Spontaneous home activities are interrupted by the telephone or pocket pager; late office hours, hospital rounds on days off, and subtle or unconscious encouragements for patients to call after hours erode the time and energy needed for personal development.

Why do intelligent and successful physicians tolerate the failure of an unrewarding family life. . . ? The first reason is peer pressure. . . . The second reason is fear of failure and of success. . . . A final factor is self-importance. Insecure physicians can maximize ego gratification at the hospital, where they issue orders, make critical decisions, and receive praise from their patients; at home, the physician is just another suburban husband. . . .

This suburban husband married at twenty-eight. His eldest child, a boy, has headed off to college, and the elder of his two girls is not far behind. His younger boy is in elementary school. The household retains vestiges of formality. To Stearne's children I am introduced and reintroduced, always as "Mister."

"I had more freedom than I allow my kids," Stearne tells me, on a Sunday morning that has progressed free of emergency summons from late breakfast nearly to noon. "From when I was thirteen until sixteen or so, I grew up setting myself up as independent, as outside a group, showing you didn't need people."

Stearne is a lavish provider. When I visit, I see children forever heading off to lessons. They retreat in summer and on snowy weekends—sometimes with their father along and sometimes with mother alone—to a condominium on a North Country ski slope. And the house the family has just moved to is very large, a structure Stearne dreamed about for years, and finally helped architects to design.

"The architects showed me the preliminary plans," he says, pacing and gesturing toward the high, stark ceilings of a huge glass-and-cement-walled living room crossed by an angled catwalk. The room is larger than two squash courts. "They said, 'Here, it's got a twenty-by-twenty-foot living room.' I said, 'I don't want a twenty-by-twenty living room. I want one thirty-six by thirty-six.' I didn't realize just how big such a room would be." He looks around it, still chagrined, and shakes his head.

Stearne's dream house spreads across a half-landscaped hilltop, above a hundred acres of fields and woods. V-shaped, like Noah's ark beached atop a Yankee Ararat, the house looks down from five miles' distance upon the city hospital's red smokestack and the white steeple of the Congregational church. The starboard side of the house contains the big living room, pantries, utility closets, a tiled kitchen leading out to a gravel-floored greenhouse, and above all this, guest rooms and a very ample master bedroom.

The port side of the house Stearne calls "the children's wing." Downstairs, a corridor connects the two sections. Upstairs there's no connection at all. Rooms adjacent but in different wings have solid walls between them. Corridors end. "I designed that into it. From the kids' rooms, they have to go downstairs, then up the other side. I think it will work out this way. I like to spend time with my kids. I like kids in general. In fact, I almost became a pediatrician.

"In medical school, you're impressionable. They have

good lecturers, and whichever impresses you on that rotation, that's what you wanted to be then. I wanted to be a psychiatrist for a while, even. I was good at it—got excellent review reports.

"But I admired the chief of pediatrics a lot. It's interesting medicine, in young bodies. Not a million things wrong at once. I'd even gone to see about a residency. Then came my surgical rotation. It was the middle of the night. They brought in a policeman by ambulance, who had been stabbed with a broken bottle, right in the temporal artery. It was a mess—looked worse than it was. Blood spurted out of his head like the Fountain of Versailles, up to the ceiling. No one put pressure on it—just screamed and rushed him down to the minor-surgery room. I was on the team. It was exciting.

"As we rushed down the hall, there, at two in the morning, was a little rumped pediatrician, talking on the phone. I went by, hand on the stretcher, and I caught a few words he was saying into the phone. A few—but they were enough. They made up my mind.

"Well, Mother," he said, 'maybe if you boiled the milk a little longer, the baby won't vomit so often.' Lights flashed. Boy, did they ever.

"I realized right then I didn't want to be spending the rest of my life up at two A.M. telling mothers how to cook babies' formula. At that instant, I had decided on surgery."

Stearne, on-call beeper still clipped to his belt, takes a green-webbed lawn chair under his arm and sets up among the hanging plants of the gravel-floored greenhouse, past an arch, just beyond the kitchen. The progress of Sunday is measured in spent sections of *The New York Times*. He's done with "Sports." "The Week in Review" lies on top of it, on the gravel floor, and in the next half-hour he tosses the two parts of the first section, beginning with the day's wars and ending with its marriages, on top of that. He reads, snapping the pages, while family life goes on around him. Children play outside. Stearne watches them through the greenhouse windows, as they tumble on the lawn. His wife washes the breakfast dishes. "This is what I dreamed of doing in here," he says. Sun streams in upon the surgeon's smiling face.

STEARNE HAS READ WELL INTO THE BUSINESS section, checking the advances and declines of certain stocks. His black hair gleams. Light reflected from the shiny green plants tints his face. The buzzer on his belt goes off, a thin piping of the local news that downtown a recent disaster is being organized for treatment by him.

Stearne rises slowly out of his chair. He calls the hospital. Then he calls his partner Culver, who is also at home. He does not waste time, but neither does he leave at a sprint. He is not excited by emergencies. They interest him. They are part of his routine, to be handled with decorum, not frenzy. He says good-bye to his wife. Within five

minutes of the beeper's announcement, he is in the Mercedes. Another few minutes of rather fast driving, down the twisting hill to town, and he's in the hospital's reserved parking lot.

Sundays, hospitals shut down as much as they can. The few true surgical emergencies that come in are as likely to require an orthopedist to set broken bones as they are a general surgeon. This emergency involves no broken bones but rather a torn circulatory system that is emptying itself. The patient, her life leaving her, is still conscious as Stearne walks into the emergency room. He greets the head nurse. She takes him back to the patient, a woman of about sixty, who lies on a litter, ready to travel, still half-clothed. She herself is a retired nurse, flaccid-faced, waxy, and glassy-eyed. Her medical knowledge has given her a chance to survive. Ten years earlier, according to her chart, she had a nylon artery installed in place of her own ruined aorta. No one uses nylon anymore. It turned out occasionally to erode, slowly. This morning, the wall of her prosthesis, where it came in contact with the intestines, must have worn through—at least that's what the doctors here were guessing. In her closed body, at the top of the abdomen, just below the fastening of the nylon prosthesis to the stump of the old aorta, seepage must have begun. The symptoms seemed slight to her at first—just a fullness and mild abdominal pain. It could have been indigestion. But the nurse read her own signs and understood something. She drove herself to the hospital. There she grew rapidly worse. She's in shock now.

The rituals of surgery usually begin a day ahead of time, and proceed with the deliberateness of a countdown for a space launching. Elaborate bathing, and bowel-emptying purgatives, occupy the patient. Operating-room preparations also start far in advance of surgery, also with elaborate, almost ceremonial, cleansings, with the packing of carts with kits of instruments, with the gathering up of special supplies, with the assembling of appropriate paperwork. The anesthesiologist stops by the evening before the morning of the event, to take the measure of the patient and then plan dosages.

This time, aides wheel the sick nurse into the operating room within moments after Stearne's arrival. They bump a recently scheduled appendectomy; he will go on waiting, drugged and dozing in the corridor, for a few hours.

Stearne scrubs for two minutes instead of ten. The nurses help insert intravenous catheters into the patient's plump white arms in the same few minutes, accomplishing deftly the fussy chores that sometimes take them half an hour. The anesthesiologist has the patient under in moments, and begins preparing bags of blood for transfusion. Stearne walks in, scrubbed, and the patient is ready. As Stearne makes the first cut through the still-damp skin of the broad, orange-swabbed abdomen—cutting less delicately than he usually does to enter bellies, and in fewer installments—Culver walks in, smiling and pushing his hands into gloves.

Stearne cuts deeper. The clotted seepage from the torn aorta, suddenly freed of the pressure of the gut, tumbles into the abdomen, which Stearne is still opening. In a moment, the clean, deepening incision is a sump of black blood. Ropes of clot swirl in it.

"I hope that blood is available for transfusion already," Stearne says.

The anesthesiologist nods. Stearne sounds nervous. "She's had a lot of previous surgery here. She's been open three, four times before. I hope the last guy left the renal artery out of the way." He works fast. He seems pure and concentrated, exempt from the burdens of his complex nature. Before planning just how to repair the aorta, he must expose the entire eroded area. He has to look at it. And blood is coming into the wound more quickly than he can pump it out with the one aspirator that's been set up. The transfusion isn't going yet. The nurse is in deep shock, and near to dying. Only so much blood can leave the system before pressure drops and the heart, with too little to pump, disorganizes and arrests.

Surgery is seldom like this. Most of the millions of procedures done by surgeons each year are elective, deliberate, and come and go with no moments of crisis at all. With the institutionalization of anesthesia, more than a century ago, surgery became rather unhurried. There's still a tradition that speed counts—it goes back to the days when surgical patients were held down, screaming, as the work progressed. Hours do still count; general anesthesia is hard on the body. And busy surgeons may work quickly so that they can perform more operations in a day. But surgeons nowadays take care, rather than save minutes, whenever there's a choice between the one and the other. There's no choice now.

Things get worse. Stearne is feeling through the anatomy of the upper abdomen with his hands submerged. He lodges retractors behind the intestines and has nurses pull the gut back out of the way. The blown prosthesis fragments further. It excretes a clot the size of a baby's fist, which floats up into view. Blood floods the widened incision. "It's just ruptured," Stearne says. His hands are under blood to the wrists. He can't see. Too much time is passing. At least the transfusion has started flowing. Stearne says something now so tame, so unpreening and frank, that it seems endearing: "My experience with this kind of complication is pretty limited."

It would be a rare surgeon whose experience with this kind of complication was not pretty limited, for patients whose aortic prostheses let go nearly always bleed out in moments, and do so wherever they happen to be, which is seldom on the operating table, where help may save them. It's not a bad way to die.

Stearne has trouble finding surgical landmarks in the murk. He's having trouble even finding the mouth of the flow so that he can clamp it off. He sorts blindly through the chaos of adhesions and clot. Someone dumps saline solution into the wound. The blood marbles, then reddens

again. Culver reaches into this wash, feels, then finally nods and says, "Yup." He has located the aorta's upper stump. He folds his hand down onto it. Stearne picks up a large arterial clamp—called a "Cooley," after Denton Cooley, one of the pioneers of cardiac surgery. It must be a height of manly success to have the only tool that can do the trick in crisis moments named after you. Cooley enters, from 1,500 miles away, when nothing less will do.

Stearne follows the line of Culver's wrist and thumb with his own hand and forces the clamp under the sunken stub of artery. A nurse gets a second aspirator organized and, finally, blood begins draining from the wound. The play of hands and the prodding clamp come into view. The flow is under control.

"If I can just get around completely, I can get the clamp secure on this," says Stearne. Under ordinary conditions, "getting around" the aorta with the clamp would have been accomplished deliberately, set up even before blood flow in the artery was interrupted. Only Culver's folded hand, thrust into the abdomen, keeps the unconscious woman's remaining blood in her now. The patient's blood pressure rises on the red digital meter by her head: 57, 59, 58, 70, 80, it flashes.

"Things are so mixed up here," Stearne says, "I can't tell for sure if I'm feeling plastic or artery." He thrusts with the Cooley clamp in his right hand and cuts, tentatively at first, with scissors in his left.

"I've got this okay," says Culver. "It looks like you're up far enough so it ought to be the real thing, not scraps of the old prosthesis."

"There, I've got it clamped." Everyone sighs, almost in unison.

"Syringe," Stearne says. A heavy-set nurse hands him a giant syringe with a rubber bulb on the end. He draws up a cylinderful of blood and hands it back to the nurse, who squirts it into a bowl and throws in the new graft she is preparing. Things are looking up. They're thinking of finishing this operation.

"This is still spraying—I've got it clamped, but we're still losing blood," Stearne says to Culver. He sounds freshly alarmed. "If this clamp is on the shreds of the old graft after all, and not back on the real aorta, and it blows above it along the old suture line, we're in real trouble, because I can't get more room to reclamp any higher."

Stearne probes more. The aspirator finally drains to the floor of the wound. He can see into its whole depth.

"It's okay. It's high enough," Culver says. Stearne has his sense of location now. He slides another arterial clamp in and fastens it quickly, just below the first. The spraying stops. He and Culver clean up. They lift from the wound strands of blood clot and cracker-sized sheets of the "neo-intima" that must have formed inside the blown-out prosthesis. "Yuck," says Culver. They cut away at the top of the old prosthesis.

"There," says Stearne. "There's the ring of the proximal aorta, clear of junk." It's a red, fleshy cross section of tube,

craggy and rough-edged. "It's like cement inside, and lousy tissue outside."

"Maybe you can clip away at it and clean it out?"

"May I have a right angle?" Stearne asks a nurse. He reaches into the aorta and fishes out more clot. He probes farther. "The back wall of it is pretty much eroded"—more prodding—"but we may have enough to work with."

Inches below the patient's pumping heart, he tidies the ring of the aorta, shearing it back to tissue stable enough to hold the stitches that will tie in the new prosthesis.

Culver opens the incision into the belly still further, neatens it up, and then inspects the lower section of the torn graft. He clamps off its two iliac legs. Stearne decides he will preserve them. He cuts the loosened old graft away just above the iliac clamps. The new graft will join to good aortic tissue at the top, but onto these nylon cuffs at the bottom. They're still sound. This will allow a smaller incision and a briefer operation. The patient has been through a lot.

Slowly, Stearne builds order. He resets the retractors to open the territory. He displays—framed and suspended by clamps—the stubs of aorta and of both graft legs. The impeccable organization he imposes crowds away the bloody mess in this belly and promises more life. Stearne again seems calm. It seems to occur to him that he has appeared—however appropriately—timid for a time, and has accepted encouragement, and even valuable help, from Culver. He works on, lighthearted and bold now, and his talk seems to flow from such a realization.

"Charlene, would you keep your boobs out of the way?" he says to the white-haired nurse next to him. She doesn't answer, she doesn't move, and she doesn't smile. "I don't mind," Stearne says, "they're so soft and nice." Then he asks the anesthesiologist, "How you doing, Sid?"

"Pretty good."

"Why don't you ask me how I'm doing?" Stearne asks everyone present. He seems to reflect as he cuts and sews. "The hero is the assistant, who has to stand around for three hours, watching," he says.

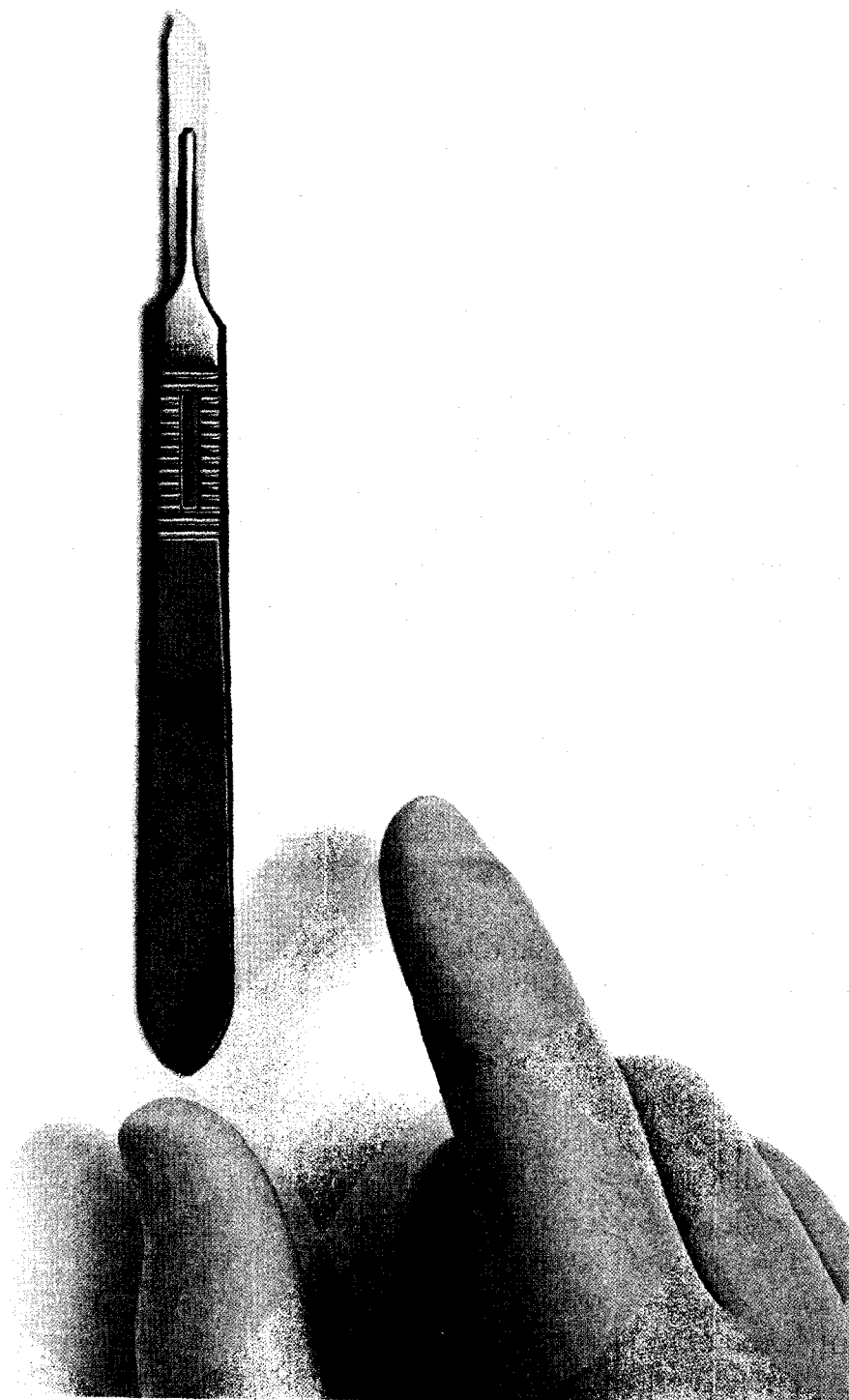
"I urge him on," Culver says. Combat's behind them now.

"The urine output has increased," the anesthesiologist reports, doing his job.

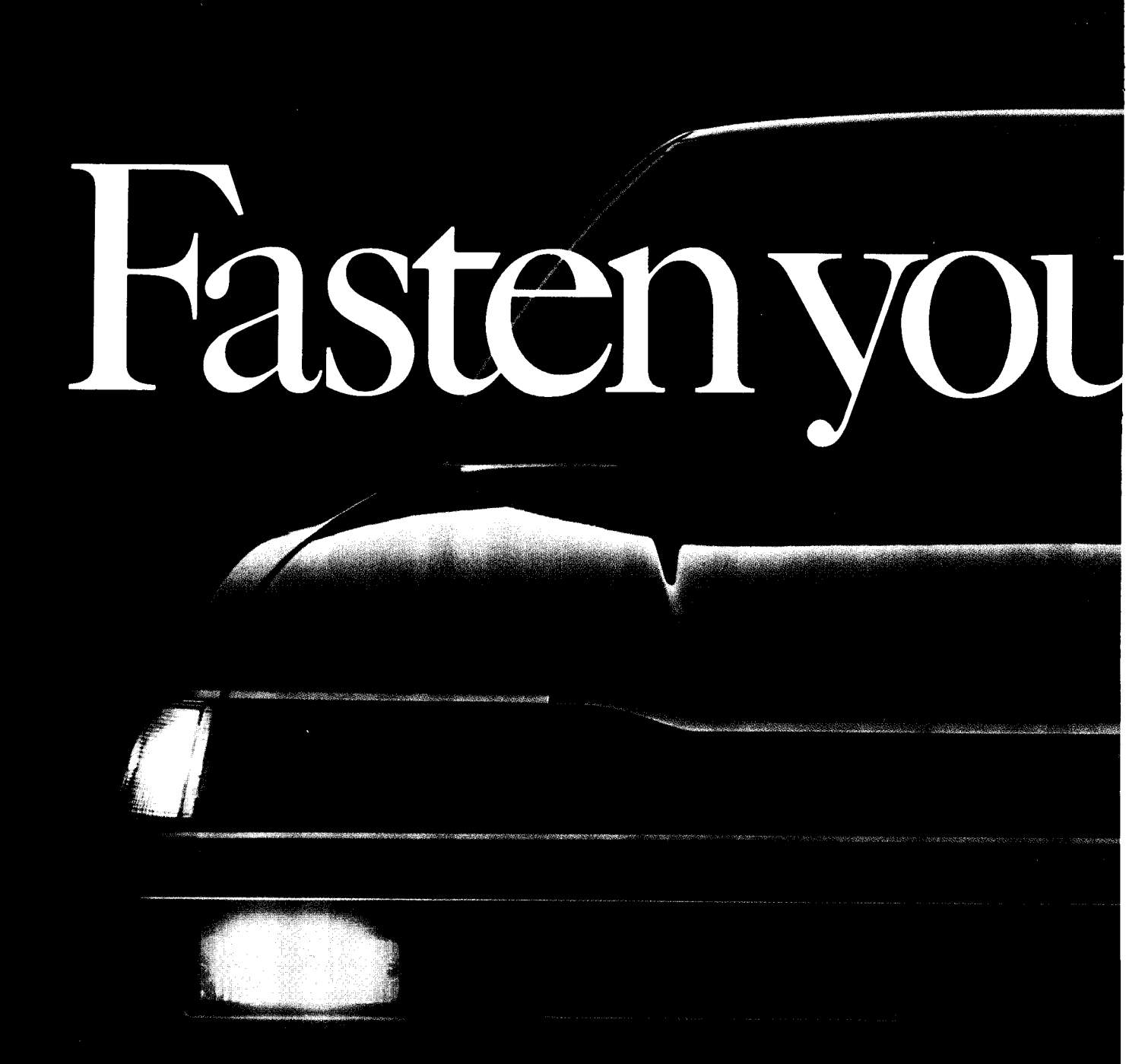
"The patient's or Stearne's?" Culver asks.

Stearne smiles behind his mask.

STEARNE'S ALLIANCE WITH CULVER IS NO ODDITY. Joined by the strain of dangerous service together, surgeons in partnership become as tight as cops in the same patrol car. Their loyalty to one another, as each other's most expert aide and witness, may at times exceed their feelings of obligation to any passing patient. One should not get second opinions about impending surgery from partners, or even acquaintances, of one's surgeon. In rough moments, partners help and empathize with each



Fasten you



The new Honda Prelude began as a clean piece of paper.

Honda engineers sketched a superior aerodynamic shape. A low wedge with a wide stance and increased overall length.

Once the design was conceived, they set about perfecting it. They made the windshield and door handles flush with the body. New retractable halogen headlights raise in such a way to cause less turbulence.

Underneath is a new front suspension. It's a unique double wishbone, low-profile concept inherited from Honda Formula racing car experience. Independent MacPherson struts

support the rear wheels. A low center of gravity contributes to handling and stability.

A new engine improves performance. It has 12 main valves, 2 intake and 1 exhaust for each cylinder's main combustion chamber. The result is better breathing and efficiency. And the dual carburetors make highway passing power more than passable.

Engine displacement is upped to 1829cc. With the standard 5-speed shift, there's an increase of 33 percent in horsepower. There's also a new 4-speed automatic transmission available. Variable-assist power steering comes only with the automatic.

© 1983 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

r seat belts.

Particular attention was given to the new interior. There's more room. Front bucket seats hold you firmly and comfortably for extended touring. Push-button controls are all within easy reach of the driver. Your hands easily grip the thicker 3-spoke steering wheel.

And when you aren't carrying passengers in the rear seats, the rear seatback unlocks with a key and folds down for added luggage space. It also gives you access to the trunk. And trunk size has been increased by 20 percent.

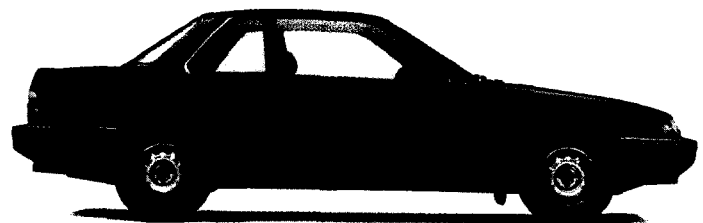
A power-operated Moonroof is included in the long list of Honda standard equipment. Along with our best AM/FM stereo radio with

digital electronic tuning and an autoreverse cassette and four speakers.

When you first drive the new Prelude, you'll think you are in something else. You'll be right.

HONDA

The new Prelude.



other; afterward, they may explain away each other's misadventures.

In Stearne's city, most of the surgeons who operate regularly have assisted each other at least a few times over the years, during operations that regular partners could not attend. Such alliances are imperfect—factions and grudges abound. Surgeons have long memories and ample pride. Few surgeons take the ability of their colleagues on faith. Denton Cooley has been quoted as saying, "A successful surgeon should be a man who, when asked to name the three best surgeons in the world, would have difficulty deciding on the other two." But if the rivalry between surgeons is extreme, perhaps the most obvious cause is commercial: one surgeon's patient is another surgeon's lost business. There's not quite enough to go around. All surgeons can prosper; few work as hard as they might. Surgeons say vicious things about other surgeons, but only after choosing their audiences with care. One never bad-mouths a surgeon to his patient. But surgeons know each other's worst moments. And most surgeons have in common a scorn for bad craftsmanship.

This paradoxical familiarity turns out to make surgeons mutually vulnerable, and, finally, makes them all allies. They're in it together. Locally, they can implicate each other for not being perfect. Everyone's committed a few errors in his years of practice. On a national scale, surgeons have joined together in a professional and political alliance that has almost crowded non-surgeons out of the operating room (although some rural GPs still do tonsils and appendixes). Their organizations lobby to control both the licensing of foreign-trained surgeons and the numbers of surgeons trained each year in America.

But beyond the shared vulnerability, and the commercial advantages of a national alliance, surgeons share a world. They share a proprietary feeling of competence, of responsibility, of unlimited aspiration, yet of frustratingly limited capability tested daily in crucial episode after crucial episode. "There is no minor surgery," almost any surgeon will get around to saying. Only other surgeons share the assumptions and memories of this odd life, whose functional moments take place inside other, sleeping, trusting people.

The alliance seems most obvious in the surgeons' dressing room at Stearne's hospital, at the far end of the six-operating-room surgical corridor. The younger surgeons, in scrub suits, crowd around each other for a few moments now and then like boys at a pajama party, while down the hall nurses prepare patients, or wheel them in or out of surgery. Stearne can't share his everyday world so fully with any other group. Its premises are too odd, and the only others who belong have endured the same ordeals of danger-by-proxy, and the touching of the sick places where life is hidden, held, and lost. Like the students staring at the corpse in the print of Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson* that hangs in Stearne's office, surgeons stand together, in the thick of things.

HAVING SEEN THE RETIRED NURSE SETTLED IN the recovery room next door, Stearne joins Culver in the dressing room. It could be a dressing room for a private gym—white-tiled, full of blue lockers. They make small talk about Culver's ten-speed bike. Culver likes to go on hundred-mile rides. A burly gynecologist comes in. His operating suit is drenched from the waist down with pale-pink ooze. Stearne shouts out, in greeting, "Heinrich, you've been swimming!" It seems cavalier at first thought, and consoling at second. The dressing room is their senate cloakroom, officers' mess, men's-club library. It's where, while changing clothes, surgeons consult on fine points, share combat stories of surprises recently found in patients; where they trade righteous accounts of frustrating dealings with nurses and hospital administrators; where, summers, they tell each other tales of an endless, jointly played round of golf.

Samurai meeting here between battles, surgeons sustain each other in ways they'd be reluctant to acknowledge. They seem to tolerate, even to admire, in each other the very proudness and self-absorption that others in the hospital refer to when they complain about "surgeon's personality." If such self-absorption condemns most surgeons to lifetimes of hard work, bonhomie, stiff bravado, and clubbiness but little intimacy, it also may make the daily onslaught of carnage endurable. It must be very gratifying indeed to be on the team that can rescue persons.

In street clothes, Stearne stops once more in the recovery room to see his patient. Then he drives back up the hill home, and resumes his place in the lawn chair in the greenhouse. He reads the *Times Book Review* for a while. I ask about the operation he's just finished. My technical questions he answers with aplomb. Questions about his moments of seeming timidity and bewilderment he waves aside. And when I ask if he feels proud of himself, and if his alliance with Culver comforted him this afternoon, he stops me.

"I'm not much for introspection," he says. "It's like peeling the petals from a rose."

"A rose?"

He reflects, then looks sheepish, a boyish smile playing on the small features of his chubby, angelic face. "Maybe not like a rose. Like an onion, maybe," he says. "Anyway, I don't do much introspection. In fact, I avoid it. I wouldn't step out the door in the middle of winter without dressing up warmly. It's cold out there, and I'd quickly be uncomfortable." He holds out a hand, palm up, being reasonable. "It's the same way with all this stirring things up. I function very well as I am. I wouldn't want to disturb things. Sometimes when I'm up in the middle of the night, scenes do play back, but I don't take note of them so I remember them afterwards, and I don't know how to get into that state."

The onion's hard to peel. The sun slants in from the far side of the greenhouse now. The kids play in the kids' wing

and not on the lawn. Cats prowl about. A new puppy howls from its cage, alone in the big living room. Stearne remembers his boyhood.

"I know what my kids are doing. I was allowed to come and go from the age of six—I was the eldest and I used to take my mother's ration book to the store and do the shopping. That was a lot of responsibility for a little kid. I don't ever recall my parents telling me not to do something. My parents didn't provide much of a family structure. My dad worked all the time. We kids provided our own, more or less. A home with that many kids—there were five more after me—all the authority absorbs into itself. I got quite alienated from the household for a while. My conflicts at home absorbed a great deal of my energy in those teen years. The rest was taken up by school—and cold showers.

"What kept me in line was Catholic school; I am the child of a parochial-school education. The priests wanted the top kids to join their order. Four of the top six in high school did. They work on you. They take you aside. I was on the rifle team—how's that for channeled aggression? Rifles? Get it? But the priest who was coach gave me constant doses of Thomist philosophy—the Good, the Beautiful, the True, which, according to them, are the aspirations of the human soul. I wonder if they are. The other top kids were placed in leadership positions. I wasn't, because I was never religious enough. I was feature editor of the yearbook, but they kept me from being editor. It still annoys me.

"Then, in my senior year, I told the priests I wanted to apply to Harvard. They said I couldn't. They said they wouldn't forward my records or give me recommendations. They only wanted me to go to a Catholic school, like Boston College. I went up to Boston on my own, and explained it to the admissions people at Harvard. No one else in my school had ever gone there. No one else in my family had completed *high school*, much less *college*, much less *Harvard*. After me, my next-younger brother went to Yale. They wouldn't forward his records, either.

"Just a few years ago, I saw a newspaper from that high school, boasting that one of their students had just gotten into Harvard. They called him the first. Times have changed there, but that boy wasn't the first.

"The second year at Harvard, my roommate started psychoanalysis. Now he's a psychiatrist. He became so terribly moody and upset that year. I never want to do that. I saw right then what too much introspection can do to you. It's a *time-consuming practice*. Everyone needs their armor. All I can say is this: I had a sense that doing well was showing them. It made me independent. You don't have to rely on people." I think of today's emergency surgery, of his reliance on Culver, and guess that he's found an ally in spite of himself.

Having once decided to be a surgeon, Stearne plunged into his training with a vengeance. After graduating from Harvard College and Medical School, he studied with surgeons in New York City, and, later, in New Hampshire and

in London. He had known even before he went up to Harvard that he wished to be a doctor. He is not forthcoming about his memories of medical school—a trait that turns out to be common to the profession. The experience is a long tunnel of drudgery, marked chiefly by the first bout with a cadaver, and by one's eventual emergence, transformed and professionalized—and a stranger to the innocent who started the journey four years before.

LIKE MOST GENERAL SURGEONS, STEARNE SEES cancer all the time. He's used to it, and he's even proud of his ability to defy the terror of it. "I think my partner and I must have more cured cancer patients running around town than any other surgical practice around here does," he says one day in early winter. I feel trapped by the boast. I will have to see what he sees if I stick around. I've seen enough already: uncles, aunts, grandmothers, friends.

I stick around. Every week a few cancer patients, some cured, visit Stearne's office. Then one week he announces, "I have an interesting series of appointments. There's a professor from the law school—came in through the HMO. He's had a five-year battle with cancer. They took out a perforated colon cancer to begin with, then more and more surgery, including some heroic surgery. He was working in spite of his disease for most of that time. Now he has a resurgence all over. Nothing to do for him anymore.

"Also, I have down a plastics engineer. A rare bile-duct cancer. May be job-related. It's hard to tell in these cases. He won't make it, either.

"And then there's a schoolteacher—she has cancer too. Stomach cancer. Knows what's going on. Her internist doesn't usually send me patients. But he's one of those people who does send me patients he cares for especially."

"Did the internist diagnose her?"

"She came in to me thinking she had a stomach ulcer."

"Does she have a chance?"

"About zero. That's what the long-term studies show. But some recent studies show that chemotherapy may possibly do some good. I'm going to discuss it with her."

"Will it really help?"

"Some, perhaps—for a while. But who knows? She may be a first. There's also a boy with Hodgkin's disease. He's number one on the list for this afternoon."

"You must look at these difficult visits with some dread."

"I'm not to blame," he exclaims, quite intently. "I'm not the one who gave them cancer. I've done them good, in fact. Kept them alive. I feel good to see them, knowing there's a chance that I can help."

A giant of a teenager walks into the office, as big around as the trunk of an old maple. He's wearing gray sweat pants and sweat shirt, as if he's just come from doing roadwork.

"How's the truck-driving business?" Stearne asks as the boy opens the office door.

"Good, I guess," he answers slowly. His face, broad and red, stays expressionless. He's beyond reach of Stearne's professional manner.

"He has a couple of rocks in his neck," Stearne explains. The boy sits down. Stearne wheels his office chair forward a yard and feels the right side of the boy's neck, confirming his memory of the condition. "Remember," he asks, addressing the boy, "the last time, I told you there was a possibility that you had Hodgkin's disease? Hodgkin's has changed"—it doesn't appear to me that the boy understands, or that the doctor is speaking to be understood—"and I think the probability is that you do have Hodgkin's disease. Now, 85 percent of the people who we see who get it get over it completely, through X-rays, and medicine."

A ringing phone interrupts the presentation. I wonder how Stearne, with a hundred or so cancer patients in various stages of learning their fates, fighting, raging, accepting, keeps track of the delicate progress of these hundred relentless narratives. Stearne remains on the phone for a full five minutes, arguing with some bureaucratically powerful nurse. The boy stares out the window and doesn't twitch a muscle. It seems that Stearne has dictated yesterday's incoming-patient reports after the closing time stipulated by hospital regulation for new admissions. The nurse wishes to remove the name of a patient from the next day's surgery roster. Stearne is polite, claiming that he was on hold, awaiting his turn to dictate the admitting information, at three minutes before deadline, and that he appreciates the nurse's help in keeping things just as they are. He finally hangs up, assured that, just this once, she will make an exception for him.

"And a bit of tissue from your neck, I think, and that hard gland under your arm there, would make it diagnostic. Also, the farther you get from the source, into the armpit, the more your symptoms tend to be diagnostic."

The patient still looks uncomprehending, unshaken, inert. Stearne notices. "You have a treatable cancer," he says. "Cancer of the lymph glands, I suspect. We need to get you in for a biopsy. The nurse can schedule it out there for you." He points out into the hallway.

"Okay," says the boy, getting up. He grips the office door, then, holding on to it, asks, "You want this door shut or leave it open?"

Why can't he slam it, trap the bad news inside? I admire his defenses. This is the moment he hears that fate has turned on him. I ask Stearne about his own feelings: Does it bother him, telling the boy that kind of news?

"I tell maybe fifty patients a year that they have cancer—usually breast or colon. I didn't give it to him. It doesn't have emotional impact on me. I probably cure more than I don't. The patients get more of a charge out of it than I do."

"What if you were in the patient's shoes, and another doctor were giving you the news that *you* had cancer?"

"I don't know how I'd feel. Probably about the same as I feel telling them they have it."

Can it be that to be professionalized is to lose touch with all fear, all sense of the desperate sweetness of life? Can one become so mechanistic in comprehending one's own somaticism that one might actually *have* cancer dispassionately? And how long might the dispassion endure? Past the first ten pounds of weight loss? Twenty? Fifty? It's as if you might live on and on if only you could keep from noticing. For a few years, a late senior partner of Stearne's assisted in operations upon cancer patients, all the while keeping his own prostate cancer in check with hormonal treatments. The partner's insularity, like Stearne's, was awesome.

The law professor is in next, quickly seated in the armchair by the window. He and the truckdriver must have passed each other in the corridor, both lost in their own concerns. Did either notice the other? The professor is stooped, gray-haired and gray-skinned, curled in on himself in the bright-green chair—a garden snail on a leaf. He looks up at Stearne through groggy eyes, only half engaged by this late chapter of an old ordeal. There's nothing more to do. The questions that come from Stearne are kindly ones, about how he's doing, and if he's comfortable, and does he need or wish anything. "You can call me anytime," Stearne says. The professor just nods, and then he's gone, out through the open door, dying on his own now.

The receptionist says the plastics engineer has rescheduled for tomorrow. I'm glad. One fewer.

Later, the teacher with stomach cancer comes in. Rather, she slips in sideways, as if entering a lecture late, hoping not to be noticed while things go on normally, as they must have before her illness. She is powerful, imploding with the force of new terror. She returns nothing to the outer world as she moves in slowly, wide-eyed and stooped-necked. Stearne studies her appearance, and who knows what he thinks? My thoughts fly out toward her and fragment, gone. She's very thin. She says, quietly, "Can't keep food down." She makes an apologetic shrug. It's the only thing she says. She folds into the easy chair.

Her husband has walked in behind her, a big, sandy-haired man, a fireman. He doesn't touch her or look at her. He stands across the room and squints. "I traded time with someone so I could make it after all," he says. They have two kids. "Kluzko," he says, introducing himself, wrapping a hand like a rolled roast around the doctor's.

On Stearne's desk is a letter from a surgeon in Boston:

I saw your nice young patient, Bea Kluzko, in consultation on Wednesday. She and her husband are certainly most delightful and pleasant people, and it is sad to see such a terrible problem thrust upon them. . . . The diagnosis is poorly differentiated adenocarcinoma of the stomach.

The cancer is gone now, along with the rest of the stomach. Stearne has told me that after removing the mass, he

searched and found no visible metastases—"no macroscopic spread," is how he put it—but that he had taken little reassurance from that fact, because of the sort of tumor he'd found. "The numbers aren't good," he said to me. "They give us little reason to hope."

What he tells her now, however, is that a twenty-year study of adjuvant chemotherapy in gastrointestinal cancer has "given good evidence that we benefit people by giving this chemotherapy." He tells her she's fortunate, because an oncologist—a tumor expert—who helped in that very study lives in a city just half an hour away.

She doesn't ask him about the therapy; she doesn't even ask what he means by "benefit people." She's doing battle with the real issue. She nods a nod of assent so slight it might have been just an isolated tremor. Stearne says, "I'll have the oncologist's office call tomorrow to schedule a first visit," and she slips back out of the office, followed by her husband.

Stearne calls the oncologist. He carefully describes the patient and her disease, then stresses her youth, her children, her career, her happy marriage, and he tells the oncologist he plans to suggest chemotherapy to her. The oncologist may be resisting the idea that he can help, because Stearne says, "What else can we do?" The oncologist must finally be persuaded. "Then you'll call her tomorrow? Good."

Stearne dictates his record of her visit at once. It ends with the curious sentence "Prognosis is, of course, guarded." The prognosis is, of course, death. And what is actually guarded is Stearne.

Still later, I follow Stearne into an examining room. He sees a man who got kicked by a horse. He sees a newlywed, examines her breasts, and tells her that the lumps she has felt there do not alarm him.

"IT'S BLOODY, GOING INTO CHESTS," STEARNE explains. "On the way in there's well-vascularized tissue." The patient lies on her side, knocked out, with a table of tools swung out right over her head. She's sunk in anesthesia, buried in green cotton. A teardrop section of rib cage shows through the draping, swabbed the familiar Betadine orange. Stearne has begun below the woman's breast, cutting a sweeping curve along the contour of a rib, ending halfway down the left side of her back.

He cuts not with a knife but with an electric scalpel, which cauterizes as it cuts. The room, to my regret, soon smells of steak. "This makes things neater until we get through the area here filled with all these small blood vessels—they tend to be a little messy," Stearne says over the sparking of the device. "There, now we're going through the latissimus dorsi, the wide muscles of the back . . ." He puts two rubber-clad fingers under the wide muscles of the back, draws the muscles up away from the underlying surface, and cuts through them. As blood oozes, he clamps

and stitches the cut vessels. He looks around. His gaze settles on the tamest, oldest nurse.

"Charlene, how long does pulmonary surgery usually take?" He asks the question with a baby-faced grin.

Charlene shrugs. Other nurses, caught in his gaze in turn, shrug. His partner Culver shrugs satirically. Even the anesthesiologist, staying out of trouble up at the end of the table, shrugs. A shrugfest. Stearne is meeting with resistance.

"Three hours, frequently, doesn't it?" he asks the nurse.

"I suppose. It depends on the kind of pulmonary surgery, Doctor." Her answer will have to do.

"Well, this is going to take an hour and a half." He dissects inward, buzzing, stitching, deepening the smile he's drawn.

"This is the rhomboid muscle, attached to the scapula," Stearne mutters. After a while he moves to the other end of the incision. ". . . and this is the serratus muscle." He again forces his gloved left hand under muscle, then halves the separated fascia with the cautery. "My partners and I have a lot of patients walking around town cured of cancer," he says.

"Yesterday was her birthday," says the anesthesiologist, looking up from his charts. I imagine the wistful comments that must have been exchanged in her hospital room last night.

"We usually take a rib out to do this. In this case"—Stearne pauses and counts ribs—"it's the fifth rib." With a sculptor's tool, a long-handled blunt chisel, he strips flesh from the candidate rib. Three firm slides of the tool and it's clean white bone. He works the chisel through the cartilage at the rib's chest end. He holds the rib up.

"Spare rib," he says, laying it on the specimen cart.

"There isn't much meat on it," the anesthesiologist says, cheerily. I think of studies showing that anesthetized patients register what is said in the operating room.

With the rib out, her lung shows, pale purple, like the skin of a boiled tongue, and as shiny as if it had been waxed and buffed.

Stearne lays down the chisel and the cautery, and reaches his hand, knuckles up, through the slot into the chest. He slides his fingers far up along the inside of the chest wall, toward whatever has made the shadow on the X-ray that hangs on the wall across the room.

Then, in a flat voice, a tone laden with disappointment and guardedness, he says, "Ooh, boy. This tumor has gone up into the chest wall."

It's a verdict. The prisoner shows no emotion. She is fitted with a rib spreader. It resembles a large woodworker's clamp, F-shaped and a foot long. A crank and gearing are built into the middle intersection, and prongs come out from the extremities of each crosspiece, like the legs of a trivet. Stearne fits the prongs of one crosspiece against the fourth rib, and the prongs of the other against the sixth rib. He cranks. The jaws spread, and the opening in her body, mail-slot sized, doubles in width. An elegant

tool. It's easy to see more lung now, and easier to take stock. He reaches back up to feel the tumor again.

"This may not be operable at all," he says. "You got blood?" he asks the anesthesiologist. "If I take it out, it might be bloody. It comes right over to the aorta." He's feeling, reporting, working his hand in, feeling farther in. He shakes his head, draws his hand out, and sighs.

On the face of the upper lobe of the exposed lung, I see hundreds of black dots, as if someone had dabbed a fountain pen again and again against purple blotting paper. I ask about them.

"Carbon particles."

"That's not the cancer?"

"No, anyone who smokes has lungs like this. Also anyone who lives near a factory, or beside a busy road. Anyone who works in smoky areas, or where there's carbon dust. Anyone who lives in a city. Environmental pollution looks like this."

I look closely at the black spots. I wonder if the goals of environmental preservation would be more easily accomplished were we all transparent, like tropical fish—if our purple lungs showed their every foul soot spot right through glassy skin.

Culver reaches in and feels the tumor. Stearne feels the tumor some more, and describes what he finds for Culver's verification: "The tumor surrounds the upper lobe and impinges on the artery there. Also on the aorta. Also on the chest wall. The inter-lobar fissure is complete." Culver nods. Stearne thinks, and says decisively, "I am going to take the bulk of it out. If the arteries and veins are encased in tumor, you can't. At least in her case the artery isn't."

"I'm starting a unit of blood," the anesthesiologist says, "and, let's see, pressure reading, one-ten."

Stearne cuts, deep in the wound. He begins the resection in earnest. He's focused, civil, at his tamest when in action. He talks constantly to Culver as he works. "I can get a tie around here . . . Yes . . . This will be a palliative operation. She'll have radiation, too . . . Let's see if I can get a little more, distally . . . a clip for there . . . I think there's a big patch under there . . . yes . . . Maybe it'll be better using this . . . artery's good around here . . . I've got to find the other branch now . . . Theoretically, without this lobe she'll stand X-ray therapy better because there'll be less broken-down flesh for the body to cart away . . . I can get to the end of that . . ."

Culver, who has been assisting inside the wound, snipping sutures, probing and shoving tissue in order to display work better for Stearne, interrupts the monologue. "It's a total loss," he says. "Too much tumor." It's the first time he's spoken.

Stearne backs up and pauses. He looks over at the nurse who wouldn't tell him how long pulmonary surgery takes, and asks her a new question: "How are you, Charlene?"

"Fine."

"That's good, because if you weren't, it would ruin my day."

He has the lung freed of most of its attachments. He folds it up out of the wound and invites me to inspect, gesturing into the cleared opening like a host leading a guest into the parlor, graciously. The incision is now a foot and a half long, half a foot wide, and a foot deep. In past the frame of the F-clamp, the gauze-cloaked sidewalls slope toward a pink, pulsing floor.

"That's the pericardium at the bottom, with the heart just inside it, making it bounce."

The pericardium shakes with sharp, healthy pulses. It is veined, like a leaf. Its rhythm matches the peeps of the anesthesiologist's heart monitor. The abstracted sound I've heard on every hospital visit for a year signals this throbbing flesh. I back away, listening.

"It's a very normal beat," the anesthesiologist says, and sings along, "*Ta-deet, ta-deet, ta-deet.*" According to the clock on the wall, we are an hour into the operation. According to Stearne, we have half an hour to go.

He takes up his monologue again: "Now, then, this *is* one large branch going down there . . . Do you have a fine stitch to put into the pulmonary artery? . . . There, you're okay, yes . . . We control all arteries to the lower lobes, then the veins . . . Over here the lobes aren't connected together by tumor . . . yes, they're not . . . That's easier than when they're stuck together by lung cancer. In a case



RELIABLE HEAT

Delivers from distances of wood, dumptruck squalling,
a nation of red dirt wedged in its seams,
the hoist's screech a child
abandoned to big shirts flapping on a line.

Good mix, the black countryman says, stooped by age.
God's plenty of heat in that heavy log.
Feel it, meaning my wife, her
kind always tells, city or country, don't matter.

Stacking steadily, shirt off, brown as a pine, he's
a rooster awake, his chatter's of need, of hurry,
of lateborn mouths that wait,
shadows he makes me see playing clay smooth, red dust,

warning some is light, can't be chopped apart. It'll close
on any wedge like family. This quick burner, hearth-host.

—David Smith

like that, though, a surgical stapler can quickly develop a fissure between the lobes. That's one good use for it . . . Okay, let's flip the lobe over . . ." The tumorous lobe, dangling from a tongs, comes up out of the incision farther.

I see the cancer.

It's smog-yellow, and it lurks just under the surface of the lung, smeared around in patches, like skin-covered cottage cheese. Stearne clips in around the strands of tissue that still tie the lobe into the lung, right down at the edge of the pericardium. In a moment, the lobe is attached by only one thin strip of membrane. He draws it well clear of the wound. I can see across the arch of the chest interior to the far wall of the rib cage. The surgical lamps glow down through the skin. The view across the interior is like looking up at the arches and spokes of a pink beach umbrella.

Stearne points to the strand of lung running into the wound from the nearly severed lobe. "Is this anything important, Charlene?" he asks. "Is it okay if I tie and cut this thing here when I don't know what it is?" He clamps and cuts. "Have you any 3-O, Charlene?"

Charlene passes along 3-O. Stearne stitches. Charlene gingerly lifts the detached lobe of lung with a tongs and drops it into a stainless-steel pan. She carries the pan away from the operating table, to the small cart by the door. I walk over to look. The lobe sits next to the rib. As I watch, it hisses, like a cut tire, sagging, losing life.

The same noise seeps from the severed bronchus, inside the patient, where the lobe joined the next lobe down. Stearne closes the breach with more 3-O, and says to the anesthesiologist, "Okay, hyperventilate the patient." He spills a gallon jug of warmed saline solution into the patched chest cavity and stands watching the pooled water, alert for bubbles that would indicate leakage of air. When he's sure she's airtight, he drains the chest with an aspirator, then closes.

Stearne relaxes. His shoulders unhunch. "Many people don't have too much pain from this operation," he says, "but it's variable."

"Official name of operation for the form?" a nurse asks. Behind her, two other nurses count sponges, then needles.

"Left upper lobectomy." The incision, stitched up, looks like two enormous pursed lips, beaming at the surgeon. He says, to no one in particular, "Taking out the tumor won't affect the length of survival. It may make her more comfortable. It will stop her from being short of breath; tumor infiltrated the lobe we removed, so that blood pumped in there didn't oxygenate. Now all the lung she has will oxygenate blood for a while. Lung cancer is very bad."

Charlene is crawling around the floor at Stearne's feet. "I dropped a needle," she says. She finds it by a leg of the table. She groans getting back on her feet, and sighs. "I'm getting old."

Unburied from the draping, the patient is eased from table to cart. Her rib and lung leave the room on their own cart, now draped as if the cargo were a tiny cadaver. We

follow in a line as the patient is wheeled down the hall to the recovery room. The nurses there—among those in the hospital with the greatest opportunity to exercise their skill freely—flurry around the bed as it rolls into the recovery room. Stearne hands over the intravenous jars he's held aloft during the short journey. The patient awakens quickly, and must, somewhere in her filling mind, hear a nurse, a big, sweating, red-haired nurse, talking quietly into her ear: "We're going to be all around you, honey. You want your blanket pulled up? Is your hand hurting? There's tubes in it is all."

SURGEONS' WORK NEARLY ALWAYS MAKES PATIENTS feel far sicker the hour after their operations than they were beforehand. Their treatment may well buy time, put the ill on the road to recovery, eventually ease pain. But all that comes later. The first task of the sick body is to recover from whatever the surgeon has done to it. A hundred thousand surgeons do things to sick bodies at the rate of about 25 million procedures a year, and get well paid for the work. While healing us, they prosper from occasions of our suffering.

Once taken into the profession, surgeons ally with one another to protect their privileges and wealth. They limit the quality and number of us who may become like them. They speak to each other in a private language. They have organized themselves as experts, insiders, declared us a public. They control an enormous and largely self-regulated cash flow—more than \$10 billion a year just in compensation and many times that amount in money spent on surgeons' authority or at their behest. And as they work, they discuss forbidden topics with each other—death, sex, and their own accomplishment—with the abandon of a huddle of twelve-year-olds. Daily, they have opportunities of a sort most people long to have—to be useful, instrumental, to do things well, to be paid well, and to work within a strong alliance of highly regarded peers.

"Surgeons are a bunch of bastards," Stearne says, by way of explaining his trade. "Boorish bastards taught by boors—no, no—although that's an old line, and it's pretty close to how I'd characterize them."

"Here. Try this. They're sensitive, caring guys who are completely capable of taking care of people. They are able, doing types, full of vitality and energy, and they like to take action."

"You've heard the story about the GP, the internist, and the surgeon? They go duck hunting. They make a bet. The guy who shoots the first duck gets his dinner bought by the other two. But if anyone shoots a bird that isn't a duck, he pays the other two a hundred bucks. A flock of birds comes over, and the hunting starts. The GP says, 'There's a bird—it looks like a duck . . .' and finally he gets off a shot at it. The internist says, 'There's a bird—it looks like a duck . . . gee, maybe not . . . well, maybe yes, I'm not sure . . .' and by then it's too late to pull the trigger. Mean-

while, the surgeon says, 'There's a bird,' and *bang* goes his gun. As the bird is falling, he says, 'I hope it was a duck.' "

A few sociologists and physicians have undertaken studies that correlate personal characteristics with choice of medical specialty. A persistent social scientist named Henry Wechsler sorted through these studies and put their findings about surgeons together in two pages of his *Handbook of Medical Specialties*, which I paraphrase here, omitting the many footnotes but sharing some of the handbook's language:

Surgeons are mostly males, and most come from families with many brothers. A high proportion went to public colleges, and had fathers and brothers who were doctors too. Only some have done remarkably well in college; three studies on the subject contradict one another. One reported that surgeons had low grades as medical students, another that surgeons' grades were evenly distributed throughout their classes, and a third that surgeons were the best students.

Of all doctors, surgeons have been found to be most firmly set about their career choice. Studies of surgeons' emotional lives reveal a group with things well in hand: surgeons tend to be low in neuroticism, low in anxiety about death, low in depression and nervous tension. The studies show men able to handle taxing emotional situations without distress, with thick skins, with self-confidence.

Surgeons are described by researchers as extroverted, easygoing, "oriented toward people," emotionally expressive, and easily pleased (the last ought to worry any prospective patient). "They are not very reflective and have little tolerance for ambiguity," are authoritarian, are stubborn, believe in the need for controlling dealings with patients. They are practical, realistic, not very "concerned with establishing warm and friendly relationships with patients," because such psychological skills seem to them less crucial to healing than do the technical ones. They don't place a high value on rapport with patients or on "the psychosocial aspects of medicine," and feel "less bound by traditional roles of conduct" than other doctors do.

Surgeons score high on tests measuring aggression, dominance, endurance, perseverance, cynicism, compulsiveness, and memory for facts and details. They score low on need for introspection, emotional support, humanitarianism. They trust logic above feelings, aren't very immersed in aesthetic and cultural concerns, and are good at and interested in handling tools, materials, and machinery.

"Finally, a high percentage of surgeons-in-training expected to earn a high income and tended to give great weight to the recognition and opinions of colleagues."

This sometimes contradictory dose of social scientists' wisdom, representing dozens of studies, stops at the office door. There's nothing personal about the findings, of course; they reflect an actuality of aggregates, not of humans in particular—not Stearne, not anyone. But surgeons seem so often to embody the aggregate type to other hospital workers that the term "surgeon's personality"

commonly communicates something akin to the findings—an egotistical, emotionally cold, and skillful technician. Nurses at Stearne's hospital confided in me that he has "a real surgeon's personality."

Wounding in order to do good seems a particular and remarkable sort of occupation to wander into, and surgical rotation either repels or beguiles medical students considering the prospect of a lifetime of repeatedly re-enacting this formulation of saintly aggression. But finally, "surgeon's personality" simply goes with the territory. The circumstances of the job would seem to invite practitioners to develop whatever such traits they lacked when they first chose the work.

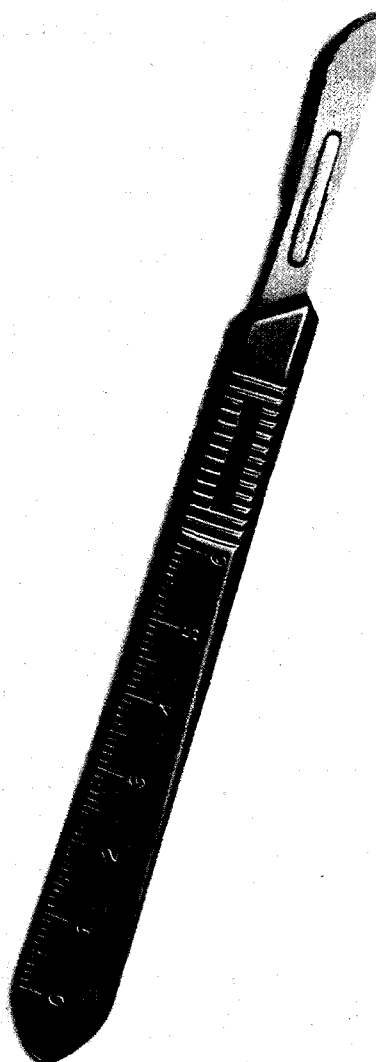
STEARNER OFFERS MORE CANCER SURGERY. I'M EAGER to go, and when I do, the room seems less exotic, and more humdrum, than it ever has before. I feel the logic of the full-time healer's armor. It makes sense. To remain raw to the chanciness of life is to remain in mourning. A salute to the doers. Today this is a workshop with good tools, with craft going on. Wheel in the job, check the work order that comes along with it, fix things as well as they can be fixed, and on to the next. The jokes seem mild, a handy way to relieve the pressures of a long workday. Old guy who's rich asks young girl to marry him. What about sex? she says. In-frequently, he says. That one word or two? she says. On the table, another incision develops, getting down to more business.

The patient is a mild, gray-haired man not yet sixty. He appeared trim and pleasant when I met him the previous evening. His X-ray hangs in a light box behind the table. The shadow of the real thing, on film, leaves the malice of the disease unannounced. Only the gross trouble shows, and the patient's fate depends on details, on millimeters' difference of location, on the timing of the accident of discovery.

Stearne returned to the hospital after office hours yesterday to study this film. He visited with the radiologist, then went upstairs to see the patient. The man's head and hands shook as Stearne talked about what the films show. "As we mentioned in the office, it is a tumor, it is in the lower bowel, and it is about a foot above the anus. From this new X-ray, it does look small and easy to remove. We'll take six inches of intestine on either side of it, and join the remaining bowel together—you'll still have a colon, just it'll be a little shorter. If things are as they appear to be, no colostomy. You'll never miss that section. Looks good."

"I can't understand it," Stearne said, once we were out in the corridor. "I don't know why he shook like that after I told him it looked okay. I still don't think I'd react like that." This time, I believe him. He's got it all stored away, maybe for keeps. The patient and I are sentient apples; Stearne's a sentient orange. Takes all types. Judge not. He gets the job done.

In the operating room, Stearne has dissected down to



MAITELSON

the site of the shadow. He grabs hold of the loop of gut harboring the offending tumor and feels it.

"It's contained," he announces. "This feels favorable." He works it with his fingers. "It's easy to mobilize. There are no attachments. It isn't through the wall of the intestine. I can't see it now, and that's a *very* good sign." He reaches up, then, under the intestines, and feels the lobes of the liver, where bowel cancer usually migrates, where bad news might still announce itself. He searches the liver with his fingers, and as he searches, he glances up over his shoulder, catching the eye of one of the younger nurses, one he knows cares especially about the fate of patients, and he says, "There appear to be no metastases present, left lobe, and . . . none present, right lobe. It's clean." No sighs of relief, but everyone smiles. The eyes of masked faces look nice.

A life is being saved. A newcomer could not see the rejoicing, but the procedure becomes downright festive. Nobody kicks up heels. It looks like yesterday and last week, except that the laughter sounds less strained. The staff and the surgeon have reason to feel useful and not helpless. To be on the job now justifies much other labor amid hopelessness. The cleaned end of the severed gut, clamped off half an inch back by duck-billed hemostats, is fat, roseate, like a baby's pout after feeding. Stearne praises a prompt surgical technician straightforwardly, saying, "She's good. She's very good," and even when he repeats the line every now and then until its meaning changes, he draws a chuckle or two.

As he jokes, he works, more gymnastically than he must during most operations. The surgical field is deep in the patient, diagonally in from the navel, below and between the iliac arch, and on down into the funnel of space inside the pelvic cradle. He sews with curved needles held in long-handled clamps. He is bent over, and under his gown, his hips rotate as he stitches, tests stitches, and stitches again. "She's very good." His voice echoes out of the damp abdomen. His surgical fields always end up looking splendid. A lattice of clamps suspends the site of his stitching in Fulleresque tension. "She's very good." He hands the severed foot of gut over to a nurse, for transportation to the pathology lab. He inserts a machine that looks like a caulking gun, and is in fact a colon stapler, into the patient's anus, from the outside, slides it up the stub of gut still extending inward, slides the free end of the man's colon down onto the machine's tip from the inside, trims and tucks until all tissue is nicely placed, and then fires off a ring of stainless staples. Sealed, clean, cancer-free, the patient is again topologically identical to healthy persons, a torus, a doughnut, a solid with a hole through it, blood brother once more to every living thing further evolved than a paramecium. Into this patient, too, Stearne dumps a gallon of warm saline, as matter-of-factly as he might fill up a washbasin. No bubbles. Job done. He closes quickly. He sutures the scar with monofilament. He helps the very good technician undrape the patient. When he comes to

the penis, he pauses and regards it. It's pointed chinward, taped, a catheter emerging from its tip.

"You want to see an example of passive aggression?" he asks.

He yanks the adhesive off the penis, perhaps more forcefully than is necessary.

"There," he says. "Now I don't have to go home and kick the dog."

SURGEONS DO BUSINESS EVERY TIME THEY OPERATE, and their business comes to them largely from other doctors who think well of them. Surgeons are, in that sense, doctors' doctors, and their clients are not just the patients they repair but also the doctors who send the patients. Being successful as a surgeon has as much to do with diplomacy within the medical community as it does with surgical skill.

At the end of one long workday, following upon a string of similar days, with Culver on holiday, Stearne tiredly reflects.

"In medical school they told us you've got to know about how bodies work. They taught us that. All they ever said about the business side of things is that you have to know the three A's, and that, they said, can't be taught. Affability, Availability, and Ability—and in that order."

"How do you rate yourself on them?"

"Ability—I'm very good. Availability—I'm a worker. I do pretty well there. Affability? I'm like most surgeons. I'm not too damned affable."

In a recent typical month, one internist, following a steady habit, sent Stearne several patients, three of whom required hospitalization. Stearne and the internist, John Smith, have a cordial professional friendship.

I sought out Dr. Smith and asked him about his methods of making surgical referrals. He speaks in a low, confiding voice. "Stearne is one of two surgeons in the area I'd let operate on me for something serious," he says. "Two others I'd trust for bread-and-butter things—gall bladder, appendix. Why do I refer to Stearne? First of all, an internist never refers to someone he doesn't like and trust. I like and trust him. The next thing is, you first tell your patient, 'You need an operation, so do you have someone you want me to refer you to?' That's standard. Just about every patient who has had surgery before will then name the doctor who worked on them. Occasionally that will be someone I wouldn't send people to. So far, it's been for minor things, and the surgeons they named were adequate, so I didn't have to say anything.

"That leaves about 70 percent of my patients in need of surgery where, essentially, I'm the consumer. I'm the one choosing which surgeon to send the patient to. What do I do? I rotate, more or less, on the list of the four I've decided I especially trust. I make an effort to take personalities of patients and doctors into account, and also technical strengths of surgeons with regard to particular diseases. If

I've sent a lot to one surgeon, I'll send some to another. My guess is that I send Dr. Stearne about twenty patients a year. I don't keep track; I could be off by a hundred percent.

"Stearne has his peculiarities. Not everyone likes him. It happens to. Very much. And he's extremely technically competent. A little conservative about jumping in, say, on a patient he might think is too old, or too far gone, and he'll say, 'Well, it isn't worth doing this procedure.'

"Something else you have to bear in mind about surgeons—some are lucky. Just lucky. Two surgeons do everything right, and one gets better results. The other one's suture lines will separate, and he'll get infections or post-op complications. You can't put your finger on it, and say it's skill or judgment or care. Dr. Stearne is lucky. Some other surgeons around here are not. Dr. Goode is lucky. Dr. St. James is not. You see your patients over the years coming back to you. You hang out and you hear the nurses talking all over the hospital. You see other patients in the hospital, not just your own, and you hear talk about other cases, too. Those are your sources. After a while, you get to know who is lucky."

This insistence by a man of science on the mysterious operation of luck seems inspired more by diplomacy than by the inscrutability of life. Having seen the same procedures repeated often, and by different surgeons, I have come to suspect that "surgeon's luck" results from factors not closely associated with chance. Some surgeons are keener and better trained than others. They conceive sounder strategies. Beyond that are two traits that are virtually matters of character. One is mechanical finesse. Some surgeons—it takes only a few minutes of watching for even a layman to guess who they are—quite obviously are sound craftspeople, who do all manual chores nicely. Stearne appears to be in this "lucky" club. The valentine cards its members made in fourth grade to bring home to Mother no doubt arrived unwrinkled, and lacked any trace of white paste oozing between doily and backing.

The other telling aspect of "surgeon's luck" is consistency—day upon day and moment after moment, relentless, mood-proof consistency. Surgery frequently gets tedious. Details take hours to do right. They're the same details that took hours yesterday on someone else. Fixable mistakes get made, or step-by-step plans to do things routinely dissipate as unforeseeable interior conditions reveal themselves. Shoddy tissue turns up where sound mooring was expected, and an afternoon's work lengthens into evening. The "lucky" surgeons are the ones with the patience and the self-abnegation to go on composedly, still taking all the care they can. Such luck calls for a passionate interest in each job, and a detachment from such private concerns as having dinner. Some surgeons I've watched have seemed in a constant contest to contain their own disorder. They scare the nurses.

I ask Dr. Smith if he has seen Stearne at work, if he in

fact had any occasion to judge his operating-room technique before putting him on the list of four trusted surgeons.

"No," he answers. "I've never seen him operate. And I wouldn't know what I was looking at if I did go in there, really. I haven't spent much time in an OR since medical school."

Then how, I ask him, can he form the judgment that Stearne is both lucky and extremely technically competent?

"I hear it—from operating-room technicians, from nurses in the recovery room, from the staff in intensive care. Between us internists there's even a little hallway chat about surgeons—but in this city the internists don't get together much to chat about anything. You don't get much from the hospital committees that know what's going on—the tissue-review committee, the surgical-mortality committee, the tumor board. Their procedures are confidential. It's true, some extreme situations do leak out, and there's a little information there.

"But now that I stop to think about it, I *do* actually feel fairly confident that I have had enough information to choose surgeons wisely for my patients. I have some of that information not from any official channels but because of—well, I might as well come out and say it—gossip, confidences of various sorts. I couldn't refer well without confidences I shouldn't officially have from nurses and from other physicians. It's easy to cut yourself out of that sort of thing, too. Many doctors don't talk to nurses. If you've got any sense, you keep your ear to the ground."

I go on the gossip trail, ear low. I eat lunch with some of Dr. Smith's secret sources. They don't see themselves that way. The first lunch is with a cheery anesthesiologist, who turns out to be unabashedly discreet. He has overseen anesthesia in thousands of operations—many of them performed by Stearne upon patients referred to him by Smith. Anesthesiologists frequently come to regard the surgeon as a client. They see their jobs as requiring constant diplomacy, and they are obviously right—their work can make surgeons look good or careless, and they observe every minor mis-cut, every sloppiness before it gets corrected, every rash maneuver that works out, every display of fear and temper on the part of every surgeon. Every mistake. They know everyone's secrets, and they acquire protective discretion.

"I may think to myself that some surgery is better than other surgery," the anesthesiologist tells me. "But there are many gray areas in medicine—almost everything is gray. If the medical community doesn't have allegiances to each other, what will happen? If surgeons feel too vulnerable, they can't work well. And the public has to have faith in something. The staff down in surgery are like blood brothers.

"Now, if a GP or an internist comes right up to me—and it's happened all of three times in thirty years, even though I am, frankly, in a better position to know the best

surgeons than most other doctors in the hospital—and asks me right out to rank the surgeons, I'll refuse. Then, if he's smart, he'll ask me next, 'Well, who's *your* surgeon?' That I will answer, and it's Dr. Stearne."

I switch from lunch to breakfasts, and eat shortly after dawn with nurses and with surgical technicians. While they do not work under the discipline of a partnership of colleagues, the sole employer of their skills is the hospital in town. They all have seen Stearne perform hundreds of operations—including those he's done on Dr. Smith's patients, aided by the discreet anesthesiologist's anesthesia—and feel a need to be loyal to their friends and employers. They are aware of their replaceability in the hospital's scheme of things. Still, they have seen a lot, and they seem also to wish to be frank about what they know.

An operating-room regular, a sturdy and very tall nurse who has scrubbed in daily for half-a-dozen years, speaks with similar bewilderment and frustration about her judgments of surgeons. "I may think," she says, "that the operation is not going as well as it should, and I may think the

problem is the surgeon is not as skilled as some others. But who am I to say? Alone, off by ourselves, we'll call them names. We'll make gross jokes about them afterwards. But actually we're so busy—there's always a next operation to set up for. You work with the same people—surgeons, techs, nurses—for years, and it's tense sometimes, but we wisecrack. Still, you know, if I'm mad enough, I'll talk some about what has happened. I know I shouldn't. I've been scolded. But, hell, sometimes you have to say, even if it gets around."

I admire the nurse's loyalty. I also admire what I take to be her courageous indiscretions, confidences—perhaps made out in intensive care, to Dr. Smith, perhaps whispered to other nurses, in fury, in the recovery room, right after some bumbling procedure. She also feels loyal to patients.

Records of procedures are of little use in judging surgical quality. They aren't routinely available to referring physicians for scrutiny. And, in any case, they record results that defy quantification—some surgeons who operate skillfully



A THANK-YOU LETTER

Dear Clifford: It took me half an hour to undo the cradle of string in which your package from Denmark came.

The several knots tied under, over and athwart each other—tightly tied and looped and tied again—proved so perplexing. When,

finally, the last knot loosened, letting the string—really a soft cord—fall free, the sense of triumph was delicious.

I now have this wonderful cord 174" long although your package is only 13 × 10 × 2. Of course I could have cut through

each juncture of the cat's cradle you trussed the package into, and freed it instantly. But, no! Cord like this,

strong, flexible, just tough enough, smooth and blond, of twisted strands of rag or hemp, is very rare here. In fact I haven't seen

the sort since childhood. Instead, we get slick, scratchy, recalcitrant nylon, or whatever, that's heavy or else thread-thin

and cuts your hands. It doesn't hold—doesn't hold a knot, not one! Right now, Boa, our cat, has harnessed

herself and is rolling over with several wraparounds of your string. She's getting up to gallop, ensnarling herself worse. She's

having a wonderful puzzle-playtime. Cat's in her cradle, on her back, trying to bite string off her claws. And I haven't yet

taken the sturdy paper off your package. I hardly feel I want to. The gift has been given! For which, thank you ever so much.

—May Swenson

on the sickest patients have poor complication and survival rates. Others, who stumble through unnecessary procedures on nearly well patients, have fine-looking statistics. Sometimes the best shortstops in baseball make the most errors: they come close to making plays others wouldn't even try.

Members of the hospital tissue-review committee, who check on most surgery that results in the removal of normal tissue and tissue indicating unanticipated problems, do become aware if a surgeon performs flagrant numbers of unnecessary procedures. They may eventually scold the offender, and inform the chief of surgery. And chart reviews of individual surgeons' work are undertaken by hospitals, but only when long-recalcitrant practitioners resist more tactful pressure to reform.

Surgeons' rights to entrepreneurial independence, and to the autonomous control of patients' treatment, are well protected by custom and by law. The professional societies representing most of the surgical specialties have frequently resisted even such mild controls on the art of their members as issuing protocols suggesting which sets of symptoms ought to lead to which procedures.

The key issue of referrals goes beyond supplying knowledgeable recommendations to sick patients in search of surgery. It leads right to the adequacy of quality control in surgery. If no one is free to examine or to speak of the quality of surgeons, even within the profession, who is minding the gates? Who guards patients' well-being against whatever misfits slip through and start careers as poor surgeons? And what happens at the other end? Who guards patients from the occasional surgeons whose quality of performance suddenly slides because of illness, alcohol, emotional problems, or—most commonly—advancing age?

The profession calls them "impaired physicians," and state medical societies have standing committees to study the subject. Impaired physicians, once noticed, are leaned on, their practices curtailed and overseen—tactfully if possible, and strenuously only as a last resort. The long process of containing them starts with discreet gossip by dismayed colleagues. In one hospital, a senior man is said to be taking hours to do half-hour procedures, and seems to be getting lost in the middle of elementary anatomical excursions, and just the other day he was bailed out by so-and-so, a passing colleague, and didn't even seem to know it. Experienced nurses, mid-operation, utter reminders tactfully. Elsewhere, another unnamed man is rumored to have worked despite occasional petit-mal seizures during operations. And still another is remembered for a final year of operating under the influence of Scotch whisky.

Such stories are important, not as a warning off for prospective patients but because they demonstrate something about surgeons' basic collective priorities. In the cases I have heard about—perhaps half-a-dozen described, and a few more mentioned—matters were handled tactfully,

even though with each passing day a few patients faced unusual risks. Meanwhile, failing colleagues were "spoken to" over golf or beer, and urged firmly to retire.

The basic fact seems extraordinary on the face of it: there's no dependable way that referring physicians can accurately judge the ability of surgeons. Those who are in the know feel they can't tell all. Perhaps their indiscretions keep the system honest enough so that it usually works in spite of itself. Certainly nothing more formal helps out.

"THE SAME DIFFICULTIES THAT PREVENT YOU from continuing to practice effectively also prevent you from knowing that it's time to quit,"

Russell Stearne says. We are discussing impaired physicians. He is on his way to work. He is well rested, relaxed, unimpaired. "How incompetent do you have to be before the rest of the medical community calls you on it? That's a tough one, a gray area. Should any surgeon not as competent as me quit operating? Should I quit because I'm not Denton Cooley?"

"Is he better than you?"

"Oh, he's pretty good. Surgical competence isn't really just about technique. An intelligent ape could be trained to cut and sew. The most important thing about competence is actually judgment, and to tell the truth, the one thing you can't judge for yourself is your judgment. That's where the problem of impaired physicians who won't quit comes from. When your judgment goes, how can you know? I wouldn't do any better than anyone else in telling that. I say I'll retire by sixty. I hope I do. Then again, maybe I'll go out and sell my soul to the devil so I never grow old."

Stearne is ambling through the hospital's long corridors, eyeing the competition, returning quips and curt nods from other physicians. He's on his way to surgery, to perform an operation that is moderately elective—anytime in the next week will probably do. It will help the patient for a while, but not for long. The patient's prognosis, Stearne says, is moderately poor. His foot has gone blotchy from occluded circulation. His attitude is moderately resigned—in Stearne's office yesterday he didn't seem to care much about what happened next. This will be his fourth, and most likely his last, bout of limb-saving vascular surgery. We encounter the patient now, parked on a cart by the elevators in the blind end of a hallway, accompanied by an orderly.

"Herbert," Stearne shouts at the half-dozing man on the cart, "I'm going to have a look at some pictures of you—the ones we took before in X-ray. Then I'll see you in the operating room. Don't worry." The patient nods agreement without opening his eyes. The elevator door slides open and the orderly trundles Herbert aboard.

Stearne continues up the corridor into the X-ray department, to collect shots of the occluded artery. "A walking disaster case," he mutters.

The radiologist sits in her small chamber all day, lanky and black-haired, attending to ghostly pictures relentlessly and methodically. She recites a checklist to herself as she inspects each photograph. She says this wards off the carelessness of long habit. Radiologists' rooms are always like inside cabins of a ship, cavelike and yet set in the midst of hospitals' traffic flow. She peers into lungs and limbs, reconstructing three-dimensional trouble from anatomical shadows in two dimensions. All day, she whispers about what's wrong, leaning into a small microphone cupped in her palm. Visitors interrupt constantly. She glances at Stearne now, nods recognition, and presses a black button built into her worktable. X-rays on a rack flip in sequence past the viewing screen above her. Ten patients' troubles flash by.

She stops at the hip, the femur, the knee, of the walking disaster case and offers Stearne some vigorous medical metaphors. "He has a real pruned tree." Her hand waves over an area of shadow where there should be a florid branching of vessels; only a few thin ones wander, branchless. "His arborization is crappy," she says. To the radiologist, either vascular repair or amputation seems clearly necessary. She adds rodent insult to vegetable injury: with her finger she traces the popliteal artery; it thickens and thins with plaque on its trail down the thigh to a final clog. "It's a very ratty vessel," she says. Stearne picks up the X-rays and steps out into daylight for just a moment, then down, down into surgery.

In the dressing room, Stearne acts unusually cordial. He throws me a blouse and pants from the shelves of clean green operating-room clothing. I dress. We walk down the hall toward the operating room, and meet Culver. "Look at this man," says Stearne, pointing at me. "I deliberately gave him an outfit that was far too large for him, so he'd look funny."

Unlike radiologists' caves, where hidden territory is revealed only to knowing eyes, operating rooms have windows. They look on to corridors full of passing surgical staff. There are no secrets within this secret place. The stainless-steel scrub sinks in the hall overlook a choice of two operations in adjacent rooms. Surgeons putting in their ten minutes of ablation keep entertained and up-to-date on colleagues' performances, joking with each other and studying hovering figures at work beyond the glass.

Stearne turns on hot water, stares into the operating room through the window, and scrubs hard. Herbert lies in there stoned out on Pentothal. Stearne watches as the staff works and chats inside. The discreet anesthesiologist stabs Herbert's spine with a thick needle, paralyzing and numbing the legs. Two nurses lay green tables of silver tongs, pliers, tweezers, knives, small hoes, and scissors, and thread and tubing, both transparent and opaque. Things go on here, in spite of the windows. As I wander in, the nurses' and technicians' discussion smacks of sacrilege. Secrets are being discussed. A doctor working across the corridor, says a nurse, is taking three hours

to do a twenty-minute job he's never done before. Next topic.

"The girl that arrested here last week—the kid?"

"She died. Thursday."

"Probably best thing could happen—brain damage is what I heard."

"Let's not discuss it. There shouldn't be a discussion here, understand?" The nurses all look at me.

Through the window I see that Culver has joined Stearne at the scrub sink. Culver winks as the nurses glance past me toward the window.

Stearne comes in, receives gloves, checks preparations, and shouts Herbert alert. He's a stone-faced old man, with cauliflower ears, nose, brows, chin. In aquamarine paper beret, he resembles an old pope, eyes closed in prayer, lips pursed in concentration. He's gathering strength. Never opening his eyes, he says, "I didn't get to sleep until two A.M."

"We didn't want you to sleep all night. You're going to sleep all day," Stearne says to him cheerfully. He finishes the orange paint job the nurses have begun on Herbert's numb legs. The anesthesiologist sets up a cloth screen a foot high across Herbert's neck, making two worlds. Herbert above. Herbert's body below.

I look across the room, through the windows and down the length of the surgical corridor. No one in view. When I look back, Stearne has already made four diagonal slashes, each a few red inches long, deep, nearly bloodless, at intervals along the inside of the right thigh. Stearne sets about freeing what he calls "God's gift to us—the saphenous vein." It makes a straight run up from heel to the joining of leg and belly.

That homely, vigorous language of the radiologist shows again, returned to vegetable themes now. Stearne says he is "harvesting" the saphenous vein. He labors at the reaping. The vein begins to peel out intact, made of strong tissue, and wide enough to be useful in this operation. Stearne disconnects it from its roots, tying each tributary off in turn with black sutures, and, inch by inch, threads the freed vessel back from slit to slit. At knee level, with nearly two feet of saphenous vein dangling free, he's got enough.

He opens and deepens a cleft directly under the arched meeting of upper and lower leg bones, in the depths of flesh below the knee joint. He ties off the saphenous vein, leaving its unneeded lower end behind. The freed section of the vein wanders out from this cave like a thin snake. He severs it from the body, carries it across the room to a green-topped workbench. He cleans the outside of clinging scraps, pumps it full of saline with a hypodermic, watches for leaks, closes up the few he finds with tiny stitches, then brings the vein back to the patient.

It's to be installed upside down, so the vein's valve flaps—which have prevented the column of returning blood within the leg from falling back down between heartbeats—won't block the flow of blood on the vessel's new

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY.

**inside
story**

We cover the coverage.

To get a better understanding of the news, you need a better understanding of what's behind the news. *Inside Story* is the TV program that actually examines news coverage for you. Each week on PBS, *Inside Story* features a major news story and looks at how the press treated the topic. Made possible by a grant from GE, *Inside Story* helps you fully understand the workings of the American press.

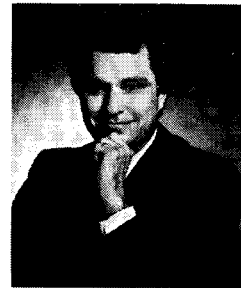
Bringing you this unique coverage is anchorman Hodding Carter. A former newspaper reporter and editor, Hodding Carter's ex-

perience gives him the critical eye to keep an eye on the press.

And, as assistant secretary of state during the Iranian hostage crisis, Carter has seen the news from a special viewpoint. He really knows how the press deals with major stories.

And knows how to tell you all about it.

If you want the complete story behind the story, check your local TV listings. And get the "Inside Story." Each week on PBS.



We bring good things to life.

The great American dialogue

Thomas Jefferson was not a man given to talking for the sake of talking, either in public or in private.

During his eight years in the White House, he delivered his annual messages to Congress always in writing, never in person.

After he returned to Monticello to shake off the "shackles of power," his life-long preference for the written word continued to inspire streams of correspondence with John Adams and others who shared his love for personal reflection, silent debate and, as Jefferson once put it, "the illimitable freedom of the human mind to explore and expose every subject susceptible of its contemplation."

History reserves a special place for such writings, not only because a dialogue of letters is a deeply personal form of literature, but also because its ground rules are unique.

Unlike an orator who has a date with a microphone, the writer of a letter must address an audience of one. Unlike a politician pursuing an office, he has no aides in the background to turn to for help. Unlike a performer on a stage, his only applause is a thankful, thoughtful letter written by someone in return.

In Jefferson's lifetime, the same need for personal reflection and silent debate gave rise to another form of silent communication—the magazine. That need is greater than ever today. And that is why there are now more than 10,000 magazines across America.

It is difficult to think of a subject that magazines leave untouched.

The interests they serve range from special art forms to specific scientific endeavors, from ageless pastimes to emerging industries and from family concerns to world affairs.

The readers they serve range from students to scholars and from salesmen to statesmen.

And while every magazine has a charter all its own, all of them share the same obligation: to open people's eyes with new information, new insights and new inspirations.

No wonder that Americans turn to magazines more than to any other source for ideas. And no wonder that one of the greatest strengths of magazines is their ability to inspire letters to their editors by the millions in the spirit of a great tradition: a dialogue in silence.

Nothing opens your eyes like a magazine.

This message is one in a series from America's magazines.

© 1982 Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

arterial mission. Stearne decides, for some reason, to chat up the patient again. Herbert dozes on, up at the top end of the table, keeping company with the anesthesiologist.

"Herbert, what's wrong with your leg that brought you here?" Stearne shouts. Herbert opens his eyes now. They're luminous, ocean blue.

"Pain," he mumbles, and closes his eyes again.

Stearne re-enters under the knee, and dissects still further inward until he finds the popliteal artery. It's pale, as thick as a fountain pen, and seems to deserve Stearne's praise.

"This is soft and rubbery to here. Seems very good—I'm going up a little more." He slices upward toward the hip a few inches farther. "Here's the occlusion. Very well defined. Just like that X-ray." He points. "We'll come in just past it."

To come in just past it, he will control blood flow to and from the chosen point, clamping off a section of popliteal artery. He will puncture the isolated section of artery. He will spread the puncture into an oblate slit. He will shape the slit so it will kiss, mouth to mouth, the end of the freed saphenous vein, for the rest of the patient's life. This kiss is the reason for the surgery. It's the opening of a new blood route, a way, for a while, around the pain.

Stearne's stitches are tiny. Stearne calls for a new instrument: "That pair of Dr. Boswell's glasses. I need 'em."

The circulating nurse, a willowy and fast-moving person about whom Stearne has said, "Lifts weights—she's a body-builder," slips onto the surgeon's nose a pair of scholar's black-framed spectacles. Upon their lenses are glued small, dice-shaped magnifying blocks. Stearne's face moves slowly downward, like an anti-aircraft gun shortening range, raking the length of her body. In a thin, robotic voice, Stearne says, "I can see right through your clothing now."

The nurse laughs a laugh that says Stearne's acting up again, and she goes about her business. Stearne turns back to the cave, looking through Dr. Boswell's glasses. He sews, and eventually says, "Through these glasses, this vein looks like a garden hose, and these big fat fingers get in the way."

Then he moves up to the soft tarpaulin of skin that spans the triangle of navel, pubic mound, and hip. He makes a new incision, and again dissects inward, again stitches closed bleeding vessels. He's heading for the profunda femoris, to be the site of the upper anastomosis, a second kiss, and the source of new leg blood. In the midst of his search, he glances up and smiles at the aging nurse to his left, who is pinned in place by her obligation to hold on to retractors that stretch this new incision.

"You all right, Charlene?"

"Yeah."

"Charlene thinks she's all right." No one laughs.

Stearne finds the artery, clears around it, chases it up through a hardened patch. "He's got a very tight profunda

block," he announces, "and I'm going to do an endarterectomy." An operation within an operation. He does what is required. He clamps the profunda femoris, fore and aft, ties tributaries, hauls Teflon ties closed to seal the area, and unzips the sidewall, revealing a two-inch run of plaque. He flays the vessel open, spreads it like the belly of a dissected frog. The plaque is white as soapstone, and the shape of an arrowhead. He slips the point of a tongs underneath, and works the plaque's edge free of the intima, the artery's inner wall. It comes away, for the most part, in one teaspoon-sized section. "That'll make a tremendous difference in flow," he says.

As he works, deepening, positioning, sewing, taking away, he accumulates scrap. Charlene collects it in containers, for the lab, where the pathologists will examine the tissue under microscopes. As Stearne pulls used sops from the wounds, the circulating nurse lays them out, each one a yard long and a hand's width wide, blotched with blood, side by side on a green towel on the floor. She lines up a dozen, and suddenly they resemble bacon on a green grid-dle. The aspirator sucks blood and saline rinse through transparent tubing to a jug by the far wall; the suction sounds like bacon frying. Stearne calls for mosquito clamps and bulldog clamps. Time speeds.

The geography of the jungle cleft grows familiar, cliff of fat above red corrugated muscle floor. It becomes the only world, where all events take place, more real to us than the life out through the windows, where people laugh and, once, someone calls something out, just beyond intelligibility.

As he stitches, Stearne begins speaking of his new puppy. "She jumps in bed at three A.M., loves snuggling. She discovers the cat asleep at the end of the bed, and flies off the bed, chasing it downstairs. The other cat, who sleeps down there, hears this. The downstairs cat hates the upstairs cat and runs out to meet it. Lots of hissing results."

He calls for the weightlifter: "Remove Dr. Boswell's glasses." He halts her as she reaches for them. "One last look," he says. He rakes her with them again. Then they get taken.

He is disturbed. He asks slowly, in a voice that sounds full of wonder, "Why does the surgical lamp keep moving?"

"It's like the sun, moves slowly across the sky," Culver says.

Stearne begins sewing together the subfascia of fat.

Nurses commence sponge count in canon. "One, two (One), three (two), four (three) . . ."

The patient stirs. Culver dances past the table, heading for the outside world. "Another cure! O happy feet!" he cries, then exits, and waves back in through the window.

Stearne fires off long rows of stainless staples along the incision lines—zippers where mayhem just showed. Off drip, the patient whispers a question that comes right to the point:

"Is this going to take the pain away?"

"I've done the best I can," Stearne says. □

THE EVENTUAL NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION OF CHEYENNE, WYOMING

A SHORT STORY
BY ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

WHAT IMPRESSED MARSHALL EAMES ABOUT Wyoming was the sense that it existed outside ordinary space and time. There was no place like it; there never had been any place like it. Driving cross-country from east to west, leaving behind the Atlantic coast of white beaches and gray cottages, of girls lanky and wind-burned and strong enough to sail their own boats, he had felt a gathering strangeness, as if he were a foreigner, an immigrant from a land on the far side of that familiar ocean horizon. And in fact, curiously, he was a foreigner. All of America—the high places of the Berkshires and the Catskills, the vineyards of western New York, the expanse of Ohio and Indiana and Illinois, where the late-spring air was gritty with blown soil that turned the sunsets red, the unimaginable sweep of the Great Plains—was novel and unexpected and like a land only a spinner of stories could have devised.

He was on his way to California—had been for nearly four months—making the journey in his white Chevy van by patient stages, one job at a time. He worked for the Cem-Tech Corporation, a company whose workers believed there was nothing they could not build out of poured concrete. He had helped construct petroleum-storage tanks along the Hudson River, grain elevators near Champaign, Illinois, and Hastings, Nebraska, and now he was part of the crews setting missile silos outside Cheyenne. Whenever Marshall heard of a Cem-Tech job commencing to the west, he signed up for it. He calculated that by the end of the year he would be in California, though he was in no hurry. He was twenty-four. He had no steady girl to complicate his life, felt no obligation to his parents, in Marblehead, and he held one good-pay job after another at a time when work was scarce. If he didn't get to the Coast by the end of next year, that was fine. Each new job site meant more payments on the van, and at the rate he was going, the bank would be off his back by the time he turned twenty-six. Wyoming was no state in which he wanted to spend the rest of his days, but it wasn't treating him badly.

He was living not far from the missile site's eastern edge, on a gravel road a few miles out of Hillsdale, in a solitude that satisfied him. He had a sound system as good

as he could afford, and a collection of cassette tapes packed in two cardboard boxes that had held, respectively, a Seth Thomas ship's clock and a barometer. At the end of the workday, when he had showered at the site and perhaps stopped for one beer on the way home, he liked nothing better than to cook up a little bacon for a bacon-and-cheese sandwich on bakery bread, and to sprawl on the bunk he had built behind the driver's seat to listen to music as loud as he wanted.

Even when he worked double shifts—and sometimes he stayed on the job twenty-four hours, because the foreman trusted him and the extra money was hard to turn down—he had the feeling that his life was beginning to make good sense, that he had a future as well as a present. Getting up at five in the morning, driving to the site as the dawn was beginning to light the slopes of the nearest mountains, he felt privileged and singular. Once at the site and deeply involved in the work—setting reinforcing rods in the wide trenches the forms made, watching the rivers of concrete like a floodtide rising relentlessly to a crest, drawing up the forms to contain the next pouring—he was one of a team. Ants, he had thought when he first arrived on the job. The excavated earth swarmed with men as numerous and purposeful as ants; the swarming appeared chaotic, but every man knew his mission. Marshall felt he had the best of two worlds—one of solitude, the other of comradeship.

It was only after work, when he was unwinding, having a drink or two, that he gave any thought to the nature of the job. Doing it, involved in it, he had no doubts. The people who haunted the roads leading to the site—people with signboards, people whose eyes seemed to Marshall to be accusing him of some crime he knew he was not committing—were only one more element of an unfamiliar landscape. Once a rock had struck the side of his van; he stopped and jumped out to confront the thrower. She was an old woman, in her sixties, he guessed, and she stood defiantly as he charged toward her. Facing her, he could hardly think what to say. He wanted her to be a man, so he could strike at her, or younger, so he could wither her with sarcasm and profanity. He wanted to say, Damn it, old lady, we're saving your life here. Finally, all he said was, "Don't do that again."

And then he said, "Please."

Robley Wilson, Jr., is the editor of The North American Review. His most recent collection of short stories is Dancing for Men.

He was never much for talk. Words made him feel awkward, perhaps because he was afraid he might admit to loneliness. He was too old for sentimentality toward his parents, and still too young to confide in a woman, yet in some part of him resided a weakness. The old lady and her mute defiance touched that weakness, so he was not surprised on Friday to find himself making plans for Saturday-night drinking with Harold Gance.

"Not like that weekend in Oklahoma City," Marshall said. "Just a few beers."

"Sure enough," Harold said.

"There's a couple of things I wouldn't mind talking about."

Harold wiped sweat from his face with a shirtsleeve. "You bet," he said.

WHEN HE ARRIVED at the roadhouse, Marshall bought a pitcher of beer and located Harold at a crowded table in the back. He raised the pitcher; Harold saw him and waved. Everyone else at the table had an unfamiliar face.

"Here's my buddy Marshall," Harold said. "We worked a couple of places together—most stupidly back in Hastings, where the slip foreman tried to get us both killed in the rain."

"Hello," Marshall said.

"This is my current best girl, Mary Kay—you probably heard about her famous lipstick and face powder—and this is Carl Miller and his wife, Bonnie, who are honest-to-Pete natives of this state."

"Drag over that other table, honey," said Bonnie, "and sit by me."

"Thanks." Marshall pushed the two tables together and sat. "This is the first night out I've had in a couple of weeks."

"You got a lady keeping you in line?" Bonnie said.

He shook his head. "Saving money to pay for my van. If the work lasts long enough, I'll be out of debt when I leave here."

"It'll last," Carl Miller said.

"I been here since the very start," Harold said. "I was the third man they hired the day they set up that shed over by Warren Air Base."

"How'd you know to be here?"

"Didn't. I'd driven down from Casper just the day before and heard about it in a bar."

"Damn lucky," Carl said.

"Harold's got a guardian angel," Mary Kay said. "Ain't you, babe?"

"I'll say one thing," Marshall told the table. "I've never in my whole life seen so much concrete as here. And I've seen lots of it."

Heads nodded.

"I had a guy at Warren swear to me that if they put all that concrete into an interstate highway, they'd have a four-lane green stamp from Cheyenne to Moscow."

"They ought to do it," Mary Kay said. "They could have UPS deliver their atom bombs to the Kremlin mail room and save the air fare."

"Just so's they drove off real fast," Harold said.

"I like the way some of those guys decorate their cement-mixer trucks," Bonnie said. "They get real artistic: American flags, and fancy curlicue designs, and all bright colors, you know?"

"Goddamned trucks," Carl said. "It'd be all right with me if they launched mud trucks at the Russkies, and their jerk drivers inside."

"We were slipping a form," Harold said. "Carl was still down inside it when this dipshit driver started pouring."

"Wanted to make you a monument," Marshall said, grinning.

"Wanted to make me goulash," Carl said. He glared at Marshall. "You think it's so Christly funny, you go stand under five yards of mud, why don't you."

"Save it, Carl," Bonnie said. "You lived to tell us about it."

Carl filled his glass from the pitcher. "I lost my g.d. hammer," he said sullenly.

"How many guys you think will die before this job is finished?" Harold looked around at them. "A serious question," he said.

"Who says anybody's going to die?" said Bonnie.

"Oh, yeah," Marshall said, "somebody will, a job as big as this."

"How many?"



"How many working on it?" Carl asked.

"They say upward of nine thousand."

"Nine thousand men," Mary Kay said.

Harold punched her shoulder with one knuckle. "And you," he said. "You ain't going to have time to meet all that number."

"You can't shoot a gal for trying." She winked at Bonnie.

"The hell I can't."

"A dozen," Marshall said. "A dozen men'll get killed pouring these silos."

Harold shook his head. "More," he said. "A hell of a lot more."

"That's right," Carl said. "You got so many guys out there never done this kind of work—never worked on a slip, don't know their ass from their elbow about slipping forms. Plus, most of the work is below ground."

Marshall nodded wisely. "Cave-ins," he said.

"Right, cave-ins. Some of them accidental, some of them on purpose."

"Nobody's really going to make a cave-in happen." Bonnie looked at Marshall. "Are they?"

"I get that truck driver down in a hole, I'll show you a cave-in on purpose."

"Oh, Jesus, Carl, you're just talking."

"The hell I am," Carl said. "Quit calling me a liar."

The talk stopped. In the awkward silence Marshall went to the bar and bought two more pitchers. When he got back to the table, Harold was saying, "You got to understand. This is a huge job—all these crews, all this equipment, everything measured in numbers bigger than anybody's used to. It's like building the pyramids. Everybody's falling over everybody else. Everybody thinks they know what's going on. We got nine thousand chiefs and no Indians."

"Me," Marshall said. "I'm an Indian."

"Well, you're the only one," Harold said.

"That explains why you drink so much," Bonnie said.

"Don't it, Carl?"

"Firewater," Carl said.

Bonnie leaned against Marshall and mussed his hair. "You're cute when you've had a few," she said.

AT A QUARTER TO MIDNIGHT THE FIVE OF THEM were on their way to a dance in Carpenter. They were in Harold's Wagoneer, and a pint of Early Times was making the shuttle between the front and back seats. Harold drove; Mary Kay rode snuggled against him. Marshall and Carl sat in the back with Bonnie between them.

"I've worked all over, from caulking boats back home to doing this," Marshall said. He took a swallow from the whiskey bottle and passed it to Bonnie. His eyes watered; he thought he probably hadn't been this drunk in half a year, if ever. "All the hell over."

Bonnie handed the bottle to Carl without drinking.

"You worked in the Dakotas?"

"Oh, yeah, I worked there."

"North or South?"

"Oh, yeah," Marshall said. "I worked there."

"Carl had a job in Grand Forks one time," Bonnie said.

"Remember, sweetie?"

"Hell, yes. I remember."

"With a natural-gas company," she said. "We were there nearly three years. It was a good job; I thought we'd got out of Wyoming to stay."

"Wasn't that good," Carl said.

"Better than we've had since."

"Until now."

"Where'd that whiskey go?" Marshall said. He took the bottle, drank, and handed it back to Mary Kay. "I drove across North Dakota once, or maybe it was South Dakota. Pheasants—they got pheasants you wouldn't believe. We're talking hundreds and hundreds. I drove across South Dakota and they kept flying up in front of the van, and I kept hitting the damn things."

"Poor birds," Mary Kay said.

"Broke my grille," Marshall said. "Broke a headlight. Cracked my windshield. Hundreds of pheasants."

"That's the end of the hard stuff," Carl said. He rolled the window down and flung the empty bottle out into the dark.

"Dead soldier," Harold said.

"You're a native of this place," Marshall said. "Is that what Harold said?"

"Yeah," Bonnie said. "Born right in Cheyenne, twenty-nine years ago next August."

"How you feel about all this?"

"All what? All this missile stuff?"

"Yeah, this missile stuff." He looked at her in the glare of approaching headlights.

She shrugged. "I don't think about it. My folks, they've got two of those Minuteman silos on their ranch, so I was sort of brought up with it—the deterrent thing—and I figure this is just more of the same. Only worse, I guess." She looked down and turned the ring on her left hand. "I reckon it's going to kill all of us anyway, don't you?"

"That's sure something to look forward to."

"I didn't say I was crazy about it."

"You could move someplace else."

"Oh, sure I could," she said. "I could move someplace else. If Carl wanted to move, then I'd move."

"I ain't moving," Carl said. "This is one gorgeous piece of country; if I'm going to die, I'm going to die right here. When they tell me World War Three's started, I'll just drive up into the mountains and look back to Cheyenne for the fireworks."

"And take me," Bonnie said.

"You and your mom and dad and the whole clan," Carl said. "We'll have a Fourth of July picnic."

Bonnie nudged Marshall's ribs.

"See what I told you?" she said.

THE DANCE IN CARPENTER WAS AT THE GENERAL store. Inside were shelves of groceries and a pop cooler, and on the front door a list of the eligible voters in the town; in the back was a large hall, a platform for the band at one end and a bar at the other; between the two areas was a vestibule, with a popcorn machine on the outside wall, and opposite the popcorn machine the doors into the men's and ladies' rooms. It was half past midnight when the five of them piled out of the Wagoneer and into the dance, stumbling and laughing and swearing.

"Look at this," Harold said to Marshall. "They got a meat case and everything. If you don't find you an easy girl here, you can buy two pounds of fresh liver on the way out." He whooped; Marshall whooped with him.

"Shush," said Mary Kay. "These are nice country folks. You two behave yourselves."

Marshall stopped at the doorway that led to the dancing. He made himself stand straight and take a deep breath. He had not drunk so much beer and whiskey in a long time, and he was sure he didn't want to offend Mary Kay or Bonnie or any nice country folks from Carpenter.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Bonnie patted Marshall's cheek. "It's okay," she said. "You're forgiven."

Then Harold put a bottle of Bud in his hand and he found himself sitting on a bench, watching the dancers dance. For a time Bonnie was beside him. He remembered her saying, "Now, don't you worry about us out here. We'll do okay. When you get out to California and get settled, I want you to think about us and how relaxed we all are."

"I will," he told her.

He felt calm. Whatever was going to happen in the world would happen despite him, maybe, or because of him, maybe—and either way, what happened would be the same. He did not feel out of control; he only felt indifferent. At this moment, with dancers whirling in front of him and the noise of fiddle and accordion music echoing in his head, he knew only two things: that he would have a hang-over in the morning, and that right now he needed to relieve himself.

"Excuse me," he said, thinking he was still sitting beside Bonnie. "Don't leave."

He went out into the vestibule and pushed at the door of the men's room. The door was locked. He pushed again, hit it with his fist, kicked at it.

"Somebody's in there," said a voice behind him.

Marshall turned. An old man in a gray Stetson saluted him and went on into the dance.

"Thank you," Marshall said.

He backed away from the door and leaned against the

popcorn machine. The machine was warm and brilliantly lighted; it smelled like butter and it hummed. The idea of popcorn made his stomach churn.

He walked unsteadily to the restroom door and rapped at it. "Anybody inside?"

"Hold your water," said a voice.

"I don't know if I can," Marshall said, half-aloud. He went back to lean on the popcorn machine.

The machine impressed him. It was about six feet tall; it had a transparent plastic front so you could see the mounds of golden popcorn inside; it had a slot from which you yanked a paper sack, and a spout where the popcorn poured out.

"What are you standing out here for?" It was Bonnie; she had come to look for him.

"I have to go to the john."

"Well, it's right there."

"Somebody's using it. He's got the door locked."

"Then go outside. Go around the back or something." She took his elbow. "Come on, silly."

"No, hang on. I'll use this."

"Use what?"

He unzipped his Levi's. The popcorn spout was just at urinal height.

"Marshall, no," she said. "Don't do that."

"I can't wait," he said, and then, realizing what he was doing, he started to giggle.

Bonnie left him. The next thing he knew, people were hitting him. Somebody grabbed his collar and pulled him away from the popcorn machine; somebody else punched him in the stomach. His right hand was wet with his own urine. What the hell is the matter with me? Marshall thought, and then he caught a fist on the side of his head and saw a spatter of sparks and fell down.

When he came to, the music had stopped but his head sang with throbbing. His crotch was cold and damp. He felt a sharp pain in the right side of his chest, and his mouth was salty with blood. Bonnie was kneeling beside him.

"You dumb clown," she said.

He turned his head; his neck hurt.

"Every cowboy in the place was hitting on you. Carl says you're lucky they didn't kill you; he says you probably got at least a broken rib and you better count your teeth." She cradled his head in her lap. "They say you got to pay to replace the popcorn machine."

"I will," he said. "I promise I will."

"I can't unriddle you people from out east," Bonnie said gently. "Half of what you do is all well and good, and the other half just seems to provoke the worst side of folks." □



“WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE? ISN'T ONE OF THOSE NEW POLICIES BETTER?”

“ASK ME.”



When it comes to protecting your family, new is not always better.

In fact, as a New York Life Agent, I can tell you that whole life insurance still makes sound sense for a great many people.

It is permanent protection. You never need to renew or convert it, and the premiums you pay are guaranteed never to go up.

Just as important, whole life insurance builds cash value, tax free. You can borrow on it, use it in an emergency, or earmark it for retirement.

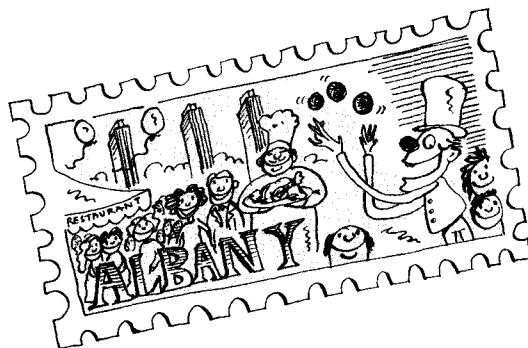
And that's not all. Whole life gives you the option of purchasing additional insurance, either out of dividends, or cash, or both. And, under certain circumstances, you can even stop paying out-of-pocket premium costs after a relatively short period of time—maybe as few as eight to ten years.

Whole life is adaptable and provides great flexibility in shaping your own financial security program. It may very well still be your best buy. Ask me, your New York Life Agent.

*The "arrogant wastry" of Nelson Rockefeller's Albany Mall
may have produced an ugly anachronism, but it also produced unexpected results*

EVERYTHING EVERYBODY EVER WANTED

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY



ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER HAD COME TO TOWN TO SPEAK at State University about writing, and after the visit a friend asked if I would take Mr. Singer to the train. We had a spare hour, so I took him to The Market Place, a watering hole on Grand Street that looks up the hill at the South Mall. He ordered two fried eggs and a cup of tea, and while we talked we gazed up the hill at the performing-arts center, which is officially called The Egg, since it is shaped like half a boiled egg (from some angles it looks like an avocado) cut on the bias.

"It could look like an egg," said Mr. Singer; "it could look like a blintz." He concluded that the design was forced originality, and left me with two thoughts: "When a bird builds a nest he doesn't care about material, he cares about a nest," and "Tolstoy never made an effort to be original."

Nelson Rockefeller, who built the Mall in the 1960s, was not Tolstoy, but he was an original in his use of money and power to feed his compulsion to be extraordinary. And so because the seat of his governorship humiliated him, because he had to drive Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands through the slumminess and decrepitude of Albany's South End in order to reach the Executive Mansion, he undertook what is said to be the largest marble project in the history of the world (a claim I am fond of but can't prove)—a complex of massive buildings and skyscrapers built on a platform five levels deep that, if stood on its end, would be 112 stories high, taller than the World Trade Center, in Manhattan.

The South Mall was to be, the Governor said in a fit of

immodesty, "the most spectacularly beautiful seat of government in the world," a project that could prove to be "the greatest thing that has happened to this country in one hundred years."

"When we look at the marble-faced buildings of the Mall," writes Carole Herselle Krinsky in *Art, The Ape of Nature*, "we know that we are in no ordinary part of the city, but rather in a ceremonial place. The separateness of this complex is made clearer by its elevation on a platform, which differentiates the ground level here from that of the rest of Albany. . . ."

That platform was Rockefeller's own doing, early designs having proved unacceptable to him. In an airplane with Wallace Harrison, the principal architect of the Mall (also of Rockefeller Center, in Manhattan, and adjudged by Rockefeller to be "the greatest architect in the twentieth century"), the Governor sketched on the back of an envelope a plan inspired by one of the extraordinary capitals of the world: the palace of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa, Tibet. He later told Ms. Krinsky that he had "always admired" that palace. She adds:

"He remembered that at Lhasa there was an approach across a low plain to the hilltop palace and to the cliff supporting the palace, and that one could enter that complex at the base of the cliff through a portal within a high wall."

An early plan even situated the South Mall on a Helderberg mountain cliff, fifteen miles south of Albany. Today one enters it by car from the east, through an artificial cliff—that five-level platform, atop which sits one or two billion dollars' (the final tally is not yet in) worth of buildings, among them a marble trapezoid, which alone cost \$90 million, that Egg (\$42 million), a low-slung marble structure a quarter of a mile long, four twenty-three-story

William Kennedy has written three novels set in Albany, the most recent of which is Ironweed. His O Albany!, a work of nonfiction, will be published in the fall by Viking and the Washington Park Press.

matching buildings, a forty-four-story tower, which is the tallest building in New York State outside Manhattan, and more.

Wolf Von Eckardt spoke for an army of nay-sayers when he evaluated the Mall's architecture for *New York* magazine and called it an "ugly anachronism—the City Beautiful's last erection." Assembly Minority Leader Stanley Steingut called it Rockefeller's last erection. Rockefeller said it might be the last but it certainly was going to be a beaut.

Is it really a beaut? Scores of writers and scholars and critics have had their say about it, and the saying is far from over. The early raves for Harrison's bold design have been buried by the tidal wave of diatribes, which seem aesthetically justified. The Mall itself is an awesome none-such, but the individual buildings (apart from The Egg) seem derivative, in a tradition of monumental minimalism and feckless grandiosity. The Capitol, completed in 1898, sits alongside the Mall, far more fascinating to look at and to be in, and with its own grandiose history—the most expensive building on the American continent in its day (\$25 million); and just down the block stands Albany City Hall, designed by H. H. Richardson, one of the most sublime structures ever built for the aggrandizement of politicians.

The Mall's epic blandness invites smears, the most widely seen being one by Robert Hughes, *Time* magazine's art critic, who, during his 1981 Public Television series, *The Shock of the New*, compared the Mall to the architecture of the Italian fascists, the Nazis, and the Russian Communists. "One could see any building at Albany Mall with an eagle on top, or a swastika, or a hammer and sickle; it makes no difference to the building." He saw it as having been designed to express the centralization of power—"an architecture of coercion."

Rockefeller would probably agree. He was a coercive sort. But he was functioning in a democracy, one he could never coerce or cajole into making him its President, and thus he was czar only of his own imagination and his localized political willpower. If, then, we consider the Mall as the consequence of one man's political will, imposed upon our time and space in spite of its incredible cost, in spite of the arrogant wastry and duplicity that marked the manipulation of public money, in spite of the many construction scandals, underworld intrusions, and colossal thievery that went not only unpunished but uninvestigated; if we consider further the brilliant stroke by which the city's political leaders took the Mall away from Rockefeller even before he had begun to build it; and if, most important, we consider the transubstantiation the Mall effected in Albany—turning a slug of a town into a handsome and prancing dude—then I think we may safely agree with Rockefeller that it is indeed a beaut.

Rockefeller burst his bombshell on Albany in March of 1962, when he suddenly expropriated 98.5 acres in the city center and asked the legislature for \$20 million to buy the land and existing buildings. It meant destruction of 1,150

structures, most of them private dwellings, and the displacement of 3,600 households—9,000 people, 17 percent black, many Italians and Jews, many old, many poor. The loss of annual tax revenue to the city amounted to \$650,000, but the potential loss of all those votes in a time of declining population was an even more serious blow to the Albany Democratic machine. The rooming-house district had done noble work for years. When Governor Thomas E. Dewey was trying to break the machine in the early 1940s, one of his investigators turned up a house where seventy-eight voters presumably lived. When the investigator found only twenty-two, the proprietor explained that the voters slept in eight-hour shifts. That still left twelve who had to sleep standing up.

Mayor Erastus Corning II called the expropriation "a ruthless takeover" and said the Mall would be a "sterile monument." Dan O'Connell, the political boss of Albany since 1921, put the displacement of so many of his people in a literary context: "It's a good thing Longfellow isn't alive today," he said. "He'd have written a poem about it."

THE NEIGHBORHOOD THAT THE MALL DISPLACED and that O'Connell bemoaned was cut through with westerling tentacles of The Gut—principally Hudson Avenue, along which you could find song, solace, and some sin in two dozen gin mills between Dove and Green streets. Some solid families still endured in the erstwhile residential neighborhood, but in declining number. And as soon as they moved out, their town houses and railroad flats became warrens of commerce and comfort. One might describe the denizens of these furnished and unfurnished rooms as being of moderate to insufficient means, often elderly or crippled, incurably transient (usually in a downward direction), and no more questions, mister. It was the bedroom community for a generation of solitaires: family outcasts, night-shift nurses, semi-affluent winos, motherless gays, dishwashers aspiring to be short-order cooks, horseplayers doing their level best to die broke, closet hookers, and other functionaries and free-lancers of Night-town who got around to putting their heads on their greasy pillows just as the sun was coming up. It was home to assorted burglars, flakes, flukes, runaways—rocks (a generic term by which this branch of humanity was known to the police) who in their totality cast a cold eye on tomorrow because there was never enough heat in the joint tonight. A famous line in town mentioned a single street but spoke for the whole neighborhood: "Are you married, or do you live on Jay Street?"

Three women were considered the real-estate doyennes of the neighborhood—Ma Pierce, Mame Hersherberger, and Mae Carlsen. Mae was the best known. She was in her nineties—though she declined to tell her age—when we talked in her most modest basement apartment on Lancaster Street last August. She lay on her sofa, chain-smoking Camels, and recapitulated some of her early days, when

she owned thirty or thirty-five houses—she couldn't remember how many—and had maybe 300 people living in them.

She was closely allied with the city government, and often took welfare clients. Her "welfare stew," made with chicken wings (a big bag for fifty cents), was so significant that the Welfare Department asked her to teach their clients how to make it. Mae (maiden name Quinn, Irish in all directions) was staunchly Catholic, staunchly Democratic, and was noted for getting out the vote on Election Day—getting it out of her tenants, that is.

Bob Fabbriatore, a close friend of Mae's who was visiting her when we spoke and who is the Democratic committeeman from the Third District of the Sixth Ward, said it took him several years to earn Mae's trust. Her tenants, he said, used to check in with her to be sure of how to vote, especially in primaries, when there was a choice of Democrats.

"Nobody got away," said Bob. "They responded to Mae. And this went on for thirty or forty years before I got here."

There are stories that on Election Day people picked up their voting money at Mae's place, that they cashed their paychecks at Mae's place, and that nobody got any money of any sort until they'd proved they'd voted—Democratic. One man told Mae he was going to vote for Dewey and Mae screamed so loudly the police came and asked what he was doing to her. Mae told me she answered: "Ask him what he just said to me." The man explained that he'd said he was going to vote for Dewey. Mae declined to accept this explanation, and so the man was jailed. At 9:05 P.M., when the polls were closed and he no longer could vote for Dewey, Mae withdrew her complaint and let the fellow out of jail.

Mae's style was singular: she was a workhorse and a loner ("I don't go out and I don't neighbor") who used to fix her own roofs and would get up at 2 A.M. in midwinter to bank the fires in her dozen or so rooming houses, carrying the coal herself, trusting no one else to do it because they never did it right and the fire would go out.

The Welfare Department frequently called Mae when it had an emergency and needed a place to put people. Albany Police Chief William Fitzpatrick called her one day in the 1930s and asked if she would take in a fourteen-year-old boy who had run away from a home for boys in Massachusetts. Mae not only took him in, she raised him, and he called her Mother for the rest of her life. She took into her home, by her own rough count, fourteen or sixteen people over the years, and some were still with her when we spoke. She also took in a blind man's seeing-eye dog when the man was hospitalized, and when one elderly woman was so sick in Mae's house that she couldn't stand the smell of cooking, Mae went next door and cooked.

She was a rare bird—she died last December at (maybe) ninety-six, worth more than half a million dollars—made rarer today by the absence of rooming-house streets like Jay and Lancaster that could produce another like her.

When Rockefeller expropriated his midtown acres, Mae yielded up sixteen of her houses, and not with any bitterness.

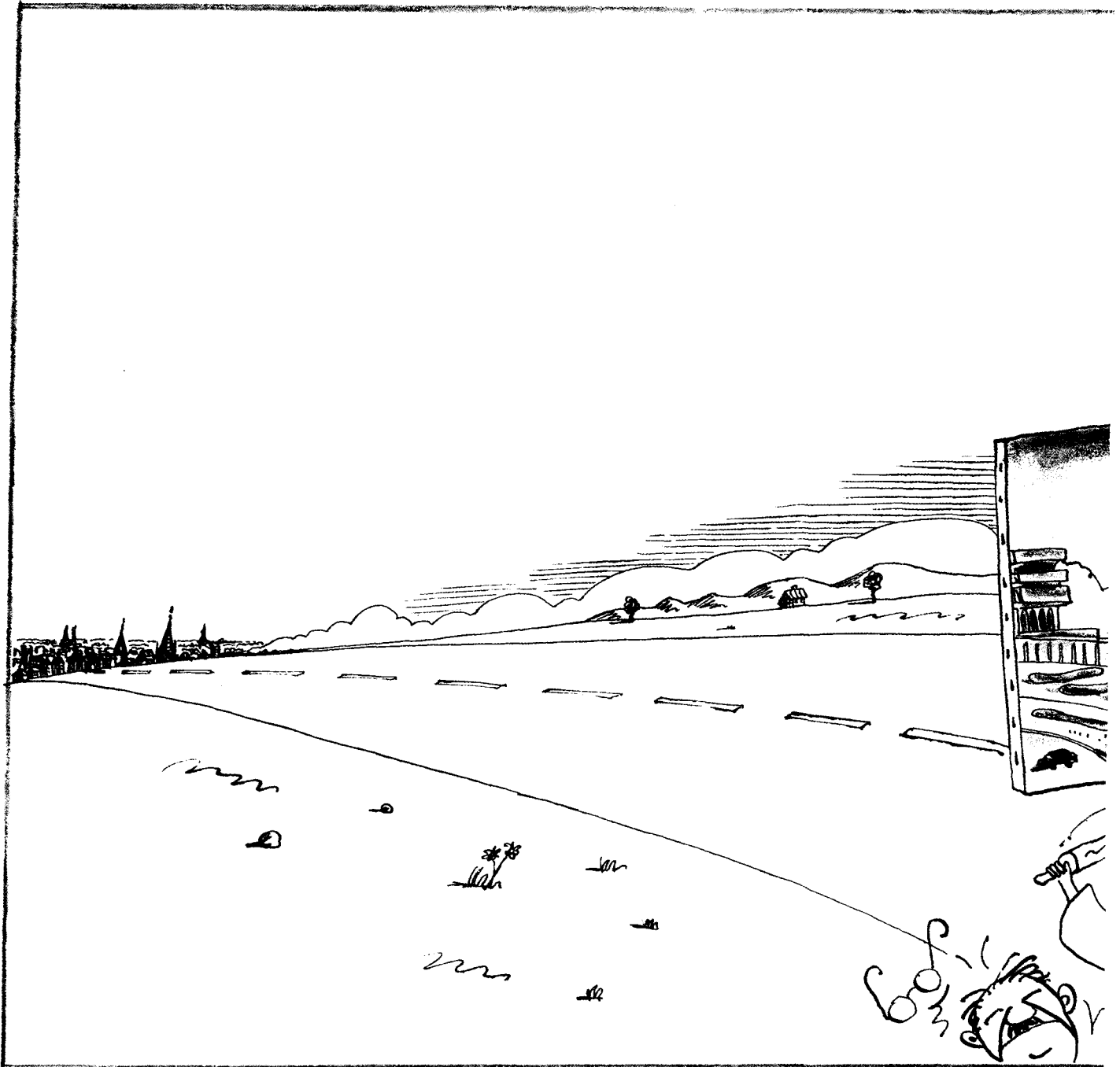
"They wanted it," she said, "and I knew they weren't going to hurt the place any. I guess they got it going"—she meant the Mall. "I never went down to see what it looks like." It is half a block from her house.

In the heyday of Mae's area, there was an element to the neighborhood that was not terribly egregious but exceedingly well perceived: the scatter of scarlet houses, two to four girls, all white, to a house—white prostitution's last wide-open era in Albany. Women of a slightly different order were also available in some of the neighborhood's gin mills, their presence even advertised in the Saturday-morning newspaper as part of the honky-tonk scene. They were called B-girls, and they kept you company at the bar as long as you kept their glasses filled with seventy-five-cent whiskey, which, if you made the deflating mistake of tasting it, you would discover was cold tea or watery sarsaparilla. One of the neighborhood madams kept a pornographic lending library—\$5 a week to borrow a book. And upstairs at the One-Two-Three Club, if you knew the right people, you could see private strippers go all the way and then a little bit further. This was not advertised, for stripping within city limits was not permitted—a genuflection, I always thought, to the Albany Catholic diocese, which disapproved of sex. However, across the Albany city line, in the town of Colonie, morally overseen by the same Catholic Albany County district attorney who oversaw city morals, you could see strippers every night at the Hawaiian Club, on Central Avenue, because Colonie was run by Protestant Republican politicians, and everybody knows how casual they are about godless sex. It was a matter of connections, and at Bob Parr's Klub Eagle, across from the DeWitt Clinton Hotel, you could connect twenty-four hours a day, and just what is it you need this afternoon, sir?

Jack (Legs) Diamond, a friend of Bob Parr's, was killed in this neighborhood. He was shot through the brain on December 18, 1931, upstairs in Laura Woods's rooming house at 67 Dove Street, an event commemorated by a plaque placed there by the Historic Albany Foundation, a development Jack would have liked.

While I was writing a novel about Jack, Fred Fontaine, a caseworker at the Albany County Department of Social Services, told me he had Diamond's widow as a client. This was a surprise, since the widow, Alice Kenny, had been murdered in Brooklyn in 1933.

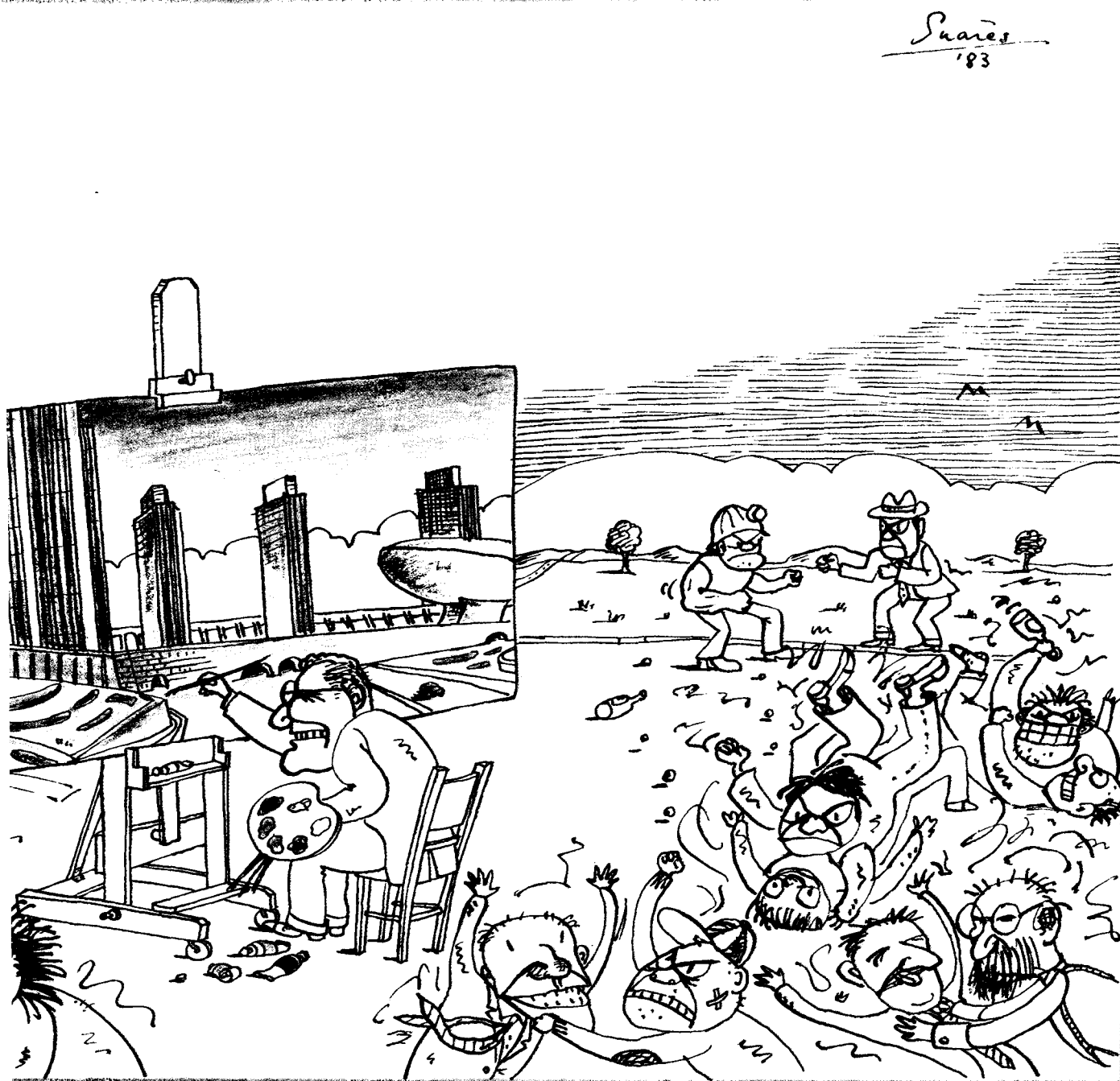
Fontaine introduced me not to Alice but to a woman named Lil Pfaffenbach, who was sixty-one and dying in Albany Medical Center of five or six kinds of disease. We got on well, and she asked if I was married—life in the old girl yet. I bought her a pink negligee as a favor to Jack—even though I wasn't sure how well she had known him—because she said she didn't have anything to make her look good for visitors.



She changed her stories about where and when she met Jack and where they had lived, and she'd never heard of Alice, which made everything suspect, because Alice was almost as much of a celebrity as Jack. But I came to believe Lil knew something about him, had probably, as an uninquisitive teenager, been kept by him. She perked up when I asked if she had ever heard him mention a writer named Rabelais. "Oh, he was nuts about Rabba-lee," she said immediately, accenting the first syllable. It was bad literary pronunciation, but a correct historical response to the question; for it is a little known fact that Diamond mystified his friends by giving them copies of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. So I believed Lil had something to tell me

about him, which she did, and when she left the hospital I visited her a few times in her hovel on Hamilton Street.

Her apartment was a damp basement in a house ripe for condemnation on a street begging for demolition. The neighborhood was rot city, full of derelicts and wipeouts. Lil had a Latin houseboy who stayed with her on and off, and she was visited while I was there by a woman bloated in odd places, a grotesque junkie from across the street who came in to eat some of Lil's sugar with a teaspoon. I think Lil had operated secretly, for a time, as a low-level madam while on welfare. She volunteered that she could have been a superior madam if she'd only put her mind to it. People had robbed her while she was in the hospital, but



she didn't have much worth stealing and Freddy Fontaine kept the checks coming, so life went on until one day it didn't.

BACKWARD GO WE NOW FOR A BIT TO ROCKEFELLER's expropriation in 1962, which was swiftly followed by a lawsuit to stop it, brought by the City of Albany. The suit failed, and land acquisition by the state continued. The problem facing Rockefeller was the financing of his project.

The constitutional procedure was to go through the legislature for approval and then put the matter to the voters

as a bond issue. But no one in his right mind believed that New Yorkers would ever subsidize a pipe dream like this in, of all places, the slums of Albany. Momentum slackened, things were taking longer than expected, and costs were going up. Originally, the Mall was foreseen as a four-year project costing \$250 million. By 1964, the state Office of General Services estimated the cost at \$400 million. Five months later, the estimate was \$480 million. How was Rockefeller ever going to finance this monster?

Mayor Corning had an idea. With his municipal magic set, the Mayor conjured a new version of a plan he had offered to Governor Dewey in 1946, when Dewey was trying to finance a campus office-building complex in the West

End of the city. Dewey, who had tried to break the O'Connell machine in the early 1940s, viewed the offer as political leprosy and spurned it. Nelson Rockefeller didn't spurn it. But neither did he understand it when the Mayor proposed it to him, according to Samuel E. Bleecker, in his book *The Politics of Architecture*.

The Mayor, writes Bleecker, "ebullient that he had devised the bootstrap means" through which the Mall could be built, outlined the plan to Rockefeller. "Rockefeller did not respond to what had been suggested and, in his characteristic manner," says Bleecker, "politely ushered the mayor to the door, patted him on the back, and thanked him for his interest."

A month went by, says Bleecker, and Corning, hearing no word from the Governor, became convinced that Rockefeller hadn't grasped the idea. So he met with him a second time. Bleecker writes: " 'Oh, is *that* what you meant,' Corning reported the Governor as saying." Corning said that Rockefeller then "went after the scheme like a trout for a fly."

In Rockefeller's own version, he comes off as being more alacritous: "This was a magnificent concept. I mean, this was new, it was fresh. I went for it right away."

What the Mayor proposed was that the state transfer to Albany County the ownership of the Mall property it had acquired. The county would sell bonds to finance the Mall's construction. The state would build the Mall as agent for the county. Under a lease-purchase arrangement that would continue until December 31, 2004, the state would

buy the land back from the county. Normally, a county could not incur a debt as large as the sale of the bonds represented. What Corning knew was that it was all legal if the bonds financed self-supporting projects. The lease-purchase arrangement called for the state to pay the county rent on the Mall equal to the county's cost of meeting interest and principal payments on the bonds. The state would make payments to both the city and the county, in lieu of taxes, on the confiscated real estate.

The money to be paid to the county between the signing of the agreement, which took place on May 11, 1965, and the agreement's termination date in 2004 would amount to as much as \$35 million. Also, the state would have to pay at least \$44.2 million more in interest than it would have paid had the project been approved in a voter referendum. But with a voter referendum there would almost certainly have been no Mall, and so the interest represents reality, and the savings through the referendum an unlikely hypothesis.

Mall construction moved ahead, much to the disapproval of State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, who found the whole plan "a circumvention of normal constitutional procedures." He pointed out in 1971 that the Office of General Services estimated the total cost of the Mall at \$850 million. Levitt wrote: "This estimate does not include the cost of the state's share of new arterials and related streets running through or connecting with the Mall. In our opinion, the total Mall costs, including the cost of arterials and financing charges, will be well in excess of \$1.5 billion."



APPLEGLOW

All was rotten with late summer.
Ida's dahlias leaned to the grass
and burst like supernovas, fat
petals scattering to rust. Weeds
and grass were heavy with seeds and
in the orchard every tree
showed the avoirdupois of harvest.
Fallen apples were the only
sign of last night's storm-epiphany.
All seemed tuned to intoxicating
distances. Even the shade had
the radiance of fruit, yellow
leaves, and butterflies and bees sparked
the afternoon with sulphur. Day
was a white locomotive. To
escape the heat and Sunday glare

we climbed, Harold and I, not the
mountain but Aunt Ida's apple.
Each braced in a forks and picked
the biggest Golden Delicious,
and bit its foaming honey, then
reached for a purple grape on one
side, a red one on the other,
in the tree's interior shade.
Each berry broke like the cool of
deep space on the tongue. All afternoon
we perched there while Mt. Rushmores of
cloud were carved above and lost. When
we came down it was damp in grass
and shadows made a different world
as late sun feasted red on trees
and grass and appleglow of peaks.

—Robert Morgan

(Last year, the OGS estimated the total cost at \$1.9 billion, and construction costs alone at \$1.7 billion.)

The Mall financing scheme was extraordinarily complex, and negotiations dragged on and on during 1964 as Albany's brain trust fought for the most lucrative provisions possible. Albany County Treasurer Eugene Devine represented the city leadership, and William L. Pfeiffer, then president of Albany Savings Bank, represented Rockefeller.

Devine told a story (to somebody I can't mention) that illustrated Rockefeller's frustration. After Devine and Pfeiffer met with the Governor in the executive chamber, Rockefeller asked Devine to stay on, poured him a drink, and took him to a window that looked out on the site of the stalled construction, much of it still raw earth. "Gene," says the Governor in this story, as he puts his arm on Devine's shoulder and gestures toward the Mall, "I want you to tell my friend Erastus he's got to help me fill that god-damn hole."

But in the view of Dan O'Connell, the political boss, the stalemate was firm. Let grass grow in the streets, he said. An ultimatum came from the Governor through Pfeiffer, and Corning, during an interview I had with him in his office, recalled conveying its import to O'Connell as he sat on the sofa in the same office. O'Connell considered the situation, said the Mayor, then decided the appropriate response to Mr. Pfeiffer was to "tell him to go screw himself."

Samuel Bleecker says in his book that Albany threatened to sabotage the deal unless the state substantially upped the benefits to the city. Rockefeller was outraged, says Bleecker, and wrote a public letter threatening to consider the deal dead if Albany didn't ratify the agreement already reached. He says this move spurred Corning ("shamefaced and defeated") to action within a week.

Four more months of negotiations followed, but finally the deal was concluded. History indicates that the Mayor was neither as shamed nor as defeated as Bleecker suggests. Corning's public response after the signing was that the Mall was now "a magnificent and breathtaking reality," and, furthermore, "the greatest single governmental complex history has ever known."

Good fortune started to dog the Mayor under the new arrangement. *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out that his insurance company, Albany Associates, plus two Albany banks with which he was closely associated, stood to profit from Mall-related boons. The insurance company wrote two \$5 million policies on one of its clients, which had a \$12.8 million contract to do plumbing and heating work on the Mall. As much as a billion was perhaps about to pass through the National Commercial Bank and Trust Company, which was named as depository of cash from Mall bond sales. Corning was a director of the bank. In the State Bank of Albany, in which Corning admitted that he and his mother were shareholders and his mother had a "substantial" account, two Mall-related accounts were opened by the state.

A *Wall Street Journal* reporter, Richard Stone, asked the Mayor why the National Commercial Bank had been chosen as depository, and the Mayor answered testily: "I haven't the slightest idea." As to the notion that Corning sought to steer funds to the State Bank, the Mayor said it was "absolutely untrue in every single possible way."

The Mayor's leverage with the state legislature also took an upward turn after the city became the landlord of the Mall—most notably after March of 1971, when Albany suddenly and mysteriously canceled the sale of \$70 million in Mall bonds, thus stalling payment by the state for the ongoing construction. The Mayor, County Attorney John Clyne, and other officials refused to give any explanation for the cancellation.

The explanation lay in the city's quest to gain state help in solving local problems, particularly ones related to a loathsome new state law that abolished the Mayor's power to appoint the city school board and made it an elected board, which meant his potential loss of control over the \$17 million school budget. This was not the only issue. One official in the Office of General Services told me that the city had come in with "a laundry list" of grievances, from which it wanted the kind of relief only the state could provide.

When that relief wasn't forthcoming, the county canceled the bond sale. Two months later, a case of strange-bedfellowism surfaced in the state senate. Majority Leader Earl Brydges, the state's third most powerful Republican, clandestinely introduced into the Senate Rules Committee—and without the knowledge of Albany's maverick Republican senator, Walter Langley, a political enemy of the Mayor's—a bill that would have repealed Albany's elected-school-board law and given control back to Corning.

This curious maneuver—a top Republican bypassing a fellow Republican to create secretly a law benefiting the Albany Democrats—could hardly have happened without pressure from the Governor. And, in fact, Langley accused Rockefeller and Brydges of yielding to "crude political blackmail" by Corning and O'Connell. The school bill eventually passed the Senate, despite Langley's protests, but was killed in the Assembly after another Albany Republican, Fred Field, spoke against it. The law remained in effect: Albany's school board is still elected, but without any depreciation in its loyalty to the wishes of the Mayor.

Five months after Albany County canceled the sale of the Mall bonds, it just as mysteriously re-offered them for sale. The delay cost state taxpayers an additional \$6 million in interest payments.

The hole in the ground remained formidable for years. It looked like a deserted World's Fair project when the work-day ended, lights erratically blinking in the middle floors of the tower building, which was not yet marbled or topped out, lights twinkling on a dozen motionless cranes that looked like surreal giraffes on watch over this vast pit with its piles and piles of sand, its dozens of pools of stag-

nant water, its colorful cartilage thrusting upward—red I-beams, gray reinforcing rods, yellow columns.

Some 1,500 to 2,500 men were at work in the pit at various stages of its development, employed by sixty-three prime contractors and 200 subcontractors. A reporter for the Albany *Knickerbocker News-Union Star*, Scott Christianson, turned his attention to all their goings-on and showed that the place was chockablock with thievery, no-shows, ridiculous featherbedding, gambling, and a rather spectacular record of arson.

Thievery, for instance, meant the disappearance of half a million dollars' worth of steel rods, \$78,000 worth of plywood, unmeasurable amounts of marble. A dozen bookies had special turf they worked within the Mall site, and their annual take was estimated in the millions. Four men from various labor unions were assigned to monitor a single heater switch in the Justice building, their only function to flip it off if the heater acted up. Their pay ranged from \$25 to \$35 an hour. If you multiply that, you discover that the taxpayers paid \$4,000 to \$5,000 a week to monitor that switch.

State officials told Christianson that there had been seventeen fires at the Mall, and gave him dates. The dates were all wrong; he found out that there had been sixty fires, some clearly labeled arson by fire investigators—one in a tower building, for instance, causing \$2.4 million in damage and setting construction back by months. Christianson's sources suggested motives for the fires: to cover up thefts, to prolong construction, to take vengeance for labor trouble. In eight years, he discovered, there had been no arrests for arson, theft, or gambling.

Senator Brydges's response to Christianson's articles was, "I have not heard these things," and he told a television interviewer, "If you hear of anything, let me know."

It was a grab-bag society at the Mall, unfettered by state or city law enforcement. The government's blindfold was Rockefeller's way of freeing contractors and labor unions of cumbersome moral and legal obligations, and getting on with the task at hand.

Scott Christianson was offered jobs by several contractors, and by a detective agency working the Mall, in obvious efforts to divert him from his investigations. He was also bugged, burgled, tax-audited, and followed; a car tried to run his car off a bridge, and a woman he didn't know approached him with sexual overtures, which he evaluated as an effort at scandalous entrapment, though he says he could never prove it.

None of these efforts worked, and Christianson kept writing. But the writing produced only a public awareness, no change. Grand juries investigated the allegations without returning a single indictment, district attorneys snubbed the crime wave, and the Mayor and the Governor pointed to each other as jurisdictionally responsible. The fires and thievery continued uninterrupted, the Mall proving to be one of the most perfectly designed perpetual opportunity machines in the history of boondoggery.

A PART FROM WILLING THE MALL ON ALBANY, Governor Rockefeller willed into existence in the 1960s the State University of New York at Albany, which now brings 16,000 students to the city annually. He imposed a residential-commercial-hotel project, created by his Urban Development Corporation, on the downtown site of Albany's old Ten Eyck Hotel. The Albany Hilton (cost: \$30 million) opened there last year with 392 rooms, a sleek disco called Cahoots, and a restaurant called Truffles, bringing a cosmopolitan chic and a dining elegance (Luxembourg china, tuxedoed waiters) that overnight returned the lush look of money to downtown.

In 1978, State University refurbished and occupied as its central administrative offices the former Delaware and Hudson Railroad building, then in severe decline. It is a majestic structure that is a copy of the Clothmakers Guild Hall in Ypres, Belgium. It was designed by the Albany architect Marcus T. Reynolds, and brought about by Albany Republican boss Billy Barnes in conjunction with the D & H. Barnes built his own lavish offices in the southern segment of the building, and made it the home of his *Albany Evening Journal*. It was a gift of beauty to the city and, when completed, in 1916, gave great impetus to cleaning up Albany's abominable waterfront.

Further yet under Rockefeller, the state acquired from the Penn Central Railroad the grand corpus of Union Station, where the last train passed through on December 29, 1968. After its closing, the building was scavenged quickly for its copper roofing; and from consequent leaks, decay sprouted. The station sat there in a deepening gray funk, turning into a target for the wrecker's ball, until Governor Hugh Carey, at a cost of \$1 million, tidied it up in 1980 to preserve it for a new era. A high-rise office and hotel project, with the station as a centerpiece, almost became real last year, but faltered. Yet the area seems destined for glory eventually—waterfront living, a heady adjunct to Downtown, being a possibility in the next decade.

All these developments, though they occurred in isolation, have added cumulatively to the city-center renaissance initiated by the Mall. Washington Avenue, then North Pearl Street, then the Plaza area, began to blossom with new banks, restaurants, shops. The Rosenblatt brothers, Sam and Fred, zapped up a modest skyscraper, the Twin Towers, at Swan and Washington, shaming the Mall's builders in terms of speed, economy, and efficient use of space. The wise guys in town snapped up houses on the streets bordering the Mall site—Jay, Lancaster, Chestnut, Madison, and the rest.

And on Hamilton Street, where Lil lived, the row of old dogs was marked for extinction by developer Joseph Gerity, who planned to build new residential and commercial projects, including a high-rise hotel. Neighbors who wanted to preserve the traditional qualities of the row-house neighborhood feared this as they also feared a proposed McDonald's hamburger parlor with golden arches. In the summer of 1973, demolition began on the south side of

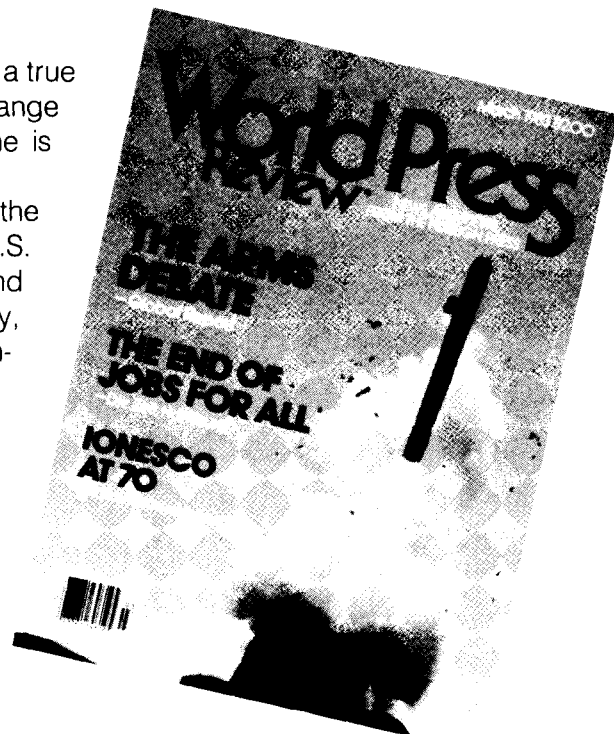
WE GO TO THE SOURCE

Only one magazine provides its readers with a true global perspective on the powerful tides of change that are sweeping the world. That magazine is WORLD PRESS REVIEW.

We impart this perspective by "going to the source" — 1,000 publications outside the U.S. We monitor them regularly, then translate and publish the cream of the articles, commentary, and cartoons — providing an invaluable window on the world available nowhere else.

See for yourself. Get America's only international newsmonthly — a fast-growing, trend-detecting, early-warning service that puts the whole world into its readers hands.

Subscribe now and get a new vision of the world.



World Press
Review
NEWS AND VIEWS
FROM THE FOREIGN PRESS

P.O. Box 915, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737

Yes! I want to try your unique newsmonthly.

12 issues for just **\$17.95**

(In Canada add \$2.50, other foreign \$7.00)

Payment must be enclosed with order

Name _____

☐ Check Enclosed

Address _____

Charge to: ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

City _____

Account No. _____

State _____ Zip _____

Exp. Date _____

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If at any time the magazine fails to live up to expectations, I may cancel and get back every penny I've paid on unmailed issues.

01AMS3

The American Symphony Orchestra is celebrating its 20th anniversary of excellence.

For twenty years—ten of them under the unparalleled leadership of our founder Leopold Stokowski—the American Symphony has been pleasing audiences in Carnegie Hall with concerts of beautiful and exciting music at popular prices.

For thousands of New Yorkers and out-of-town visitors, our Sunday afternoon concerts nine times a year are very special occasions, full of romance and adventure.

Our attendance grew 30% last year, and the demand continues to increase for tickets to this season's concerts under our highly acclaimed new principal conductors, Moshe Atzmon and Giuseppe Patane.

But our Carnegie Hall concerts are only a part of what the American Symphony has to share with our community. Each year we do children's concerts in Carnegie Hall and we visit the public schools to expose thousands of students to the joys of classical music.

We have come into homes on TV shows like WNET's "Gala of Stars" and the United Nation's Day special. We play in the parks, in Radio City Music Hall for "Napoleon," and at important civic events.

Only in New York City could there be such an ensemble of fine musicians always on call to add lustre to our personal routine, to brighten the days of our older citizens, to broaden the horizons of our children.

To find out more about the American Symphony—who we are, what we do, and how you can help—write Benjamin S. Dunham, Executive Director, American Symphony Orchestra, 161 West 54th Street, Suite 1202, New York, NY 10019.

(The American Symphony is a tax-exempt non-profit organization. A copy of the last Annual Report may be obtained by writing to either the Office of Charities Registration, Department of State, Albany, New York 12231, or to the American Symphony.)



Illustration © 1982 by Kathie Abrams

*The permanent ensemble of New York's finest musicians—
tuned up and ready to share great music with you.*

Hamilton between Swan and Dove, and several old houses were bulldozed away.

Jane Ramos, an independent candidate for alderman, found out that the city had issued even more demolition permits to Gerrity and that contracts had been signed to knock down houses on the north side. She called a press conference, and a number of activists joined the fight and picketed in front of the buildings to be razed.

The house at 315 Hamilton—five doors from where Lil had lived, and one of a long line of abandoned buildings—became headquarters for the protest. One night, the pickets camped inside 315, anticipating the bulldozers' arrival on a nighttime foray. Jane Ramos and the strikers took their case to the Mayor, and he surprised them by rescinding the permits.

The Hudson/Park (named for two streets, not for a park) Neighborhood Association was formed. Gregg Bell, a neighborhood activist, recalls running its early meetings; Ramos chose him to do so because he was the only person in the group with a necktie. He became Hudson/Park's first president. The Historic Albany Foundation was formed the following year, 1974, and it joined the fight to preserve the old houses. Gerrity yielded and rehabilitated the buildings, turning the block into Robinson Square, now the quintessentially gentrified section of the city. Ramos, preservationist without honor in her ward, lost her fight to be an alderman and left town soon afterward.

Today, Robinson (Ramos?) Square is a row of chic boutiques in the basements and on the first floors of the long line of reconstituted buildings, which are generally 100 percent occupied; there is a long waiting list for the apartment space upstairs. Harriet Langley ran the Pappagallo store at 307 Hamilton. While she prospered from her business connection to the street's revival, she found the new commerciality along Hamilton, Lark, and other streets so unsettling that she moved to Delmar, a suburb, in search of trees and birds. Harriet and her late husband, Walter, the state senator, had lived in the neighborhood since 1964, a time when the middle and upper-middle classes had not yet rediscovered it. But when the Mall's influence began to be felt, Harriet Langley, unlike most people in the city, saw the influx of money as a form of decline, an elite form of blockbusting. "What happened to the elderly people living in a room somewhere on these streets?" she wondered.

Many longtime residents asked the same question, but little was done until five residents of the neighborhood formed Albany Area Housing Opportunities, a non-profit corporation aimed at making housing available to low-income people. AAHO had no money, but it sought and got donations from neighborhood churches, enough for a down payment on the purchase of 142 Lancaster Street. The owner agreed to hold a fifteen-year mortgage at 15 percent. AAHO persuaded the city's Urban Renewal Agency to commit \$105,000 in loans and grants to renovate the old structure, and won a rent subsidy from the Albany Housing Authority.

The result last summer was that seven families who would have been evicted were only temporarily displaced by the renovation. They returned to the building six months later, at the same rent, and now have a say in how the building is managed. Among the tenants, two are elderly, one is a blind woman, one a heart-attack victim. The effect is the anomalous preservation of a bit of living history, and a symbolic resistance to the gentrification of Lancaster Street. AAHO hopes to take on a second house.

Regardless of what such efforts as these achieve, the escalation of the value of buildings everywhere in Center Square and Hudson/Park is unstoppable. Lark Street has developed into a not-quite-yet-a-miracle mile, and the boutique saturation index is about to go off the graph. You can buy a plant, or some Indian beads, or a kiddie book; you can hear jazz or rock or get your hair healed; you can buy a Hawaiian pineapple or a Puerto Rican avocado at George Contompasis's fruit market; get well fed at the chic Beverwyck, which is new, or at Farnham's Larkin, which dates to my childhood. Washington Park is only over the block, and the Mall, with all its culture and wide-open marble spaces, is down the street. People walk to church the way they did fifty years ago, before the Mall was built; and married people live on Jay Street.

Life is so nifty that the Center Square Neighborhood Association, which monitors many of these blocks, now finds itself with a vanishing membership for want of a "unifying problem" to keep folks interested. Most of the association's wars have been won—saving Washington Park from disfiguration by a superhighway, closing rowdy bars, diminishing the number of burglaries and muggings.

During a segment of TV's *Hour Magazine* in March of 1982, Gary Collins, the host, was interviewing the author of a book on where people are choosing to live these days and why certain cities attract certain people—accessibility to culture and nature, for instance, or a low crime rate: in short, a high quality of life. The author said, Now, you take Albany, New York, and Collins said, No, you take Albany, New York, which got him a laugh—for that is the classic response when Albany's name comes up: one of the ten bottom places of the earth, right? Wrong, said the author, and he began to explain Albany's virtues.

THAT ALBANY TURNAROUND—FROM BEING AN object of ridicule to being a city of quality—is a phenomenon attributable in large measure to one man: New York State's all-time master builder, Nelson Rockefeller. And how are we to assess that?

Only a mother, and an uncommonly saintly mother at that, could love Nelson Rockefeller unequivocally. He was loathed by the political left and the political right; he was a Vietnam War hawk, a militant missile-gap and bomb-shelter cold warrior; he was cold-blooded in the exercise of power, as demonstrated in the Attica prison revolt. His contempt for the law and the state constitution when they

stood in the way of his plans was never more visible than in the history of the Mall.

And so on.

You can make up your own diatribe against the man—thousands have—but it will only roll off him. His money armor-plated his ego against assault while he was alive, just as it shields him from gratitude now that he is dead. How could any sensible person thank Rockefeller for what he did? Would we thank Cheops for his pyramid (which took only fourteen acres)? Yet consider what Cheops did for Egyptian tourism.

In Albany, the statistics are formidable. Half a million people pass annually through the museum in the trapezoidal cultural center; 405,000 used the facilities of the convention center in the Mall in 1981—proms, graduations, trade shows mainly; but that is changing now with the presence of the Hilton, and the figure is going up. Upwards of 60,000 people came to the Youth Theater's productions in *The Egg*, and another 60,000 came to see the national dance and drama touring companies that performed there. Also, 98,757 visitors took the guided tour of the Capitol and the Mall, and another 50,000 or so guided themselves through the same marbled halls. Some 40,000 people annually jam together around the reflecting pool for Fourth of July fireworks.

One of the early criticisms of the Mall was that after the state workers went home from their offices the place would turn into a tomb. Corning had lobbied for and won a convention center that was not in the original plans, as a way of enhancing the traffic; and it is wildly successful. Corning's role as an adversarial godfather of the Mall ended oddly last March, when Governor Mario Cuomo signed into law legislation naming Rockefeller's forty-four-story tower after the Mayor, who was very ill. And so the most visible element of Rockefeller's erection will henceforth be known as Corning's Tower.

But the Mall will still be Rockefeller's; it was his vision that it would be a great success, and he said so repeatedly to his critics. Because he was right, Albany enthusiasts are forced to speak ambiloquently about the man, who has confused us all. Consider, for instance, how he confused Corning, who was invited to be present when the Mall agreement between city and state was announced by the Governor. Rockefeller, Corning told me, wasn't sure what he should reveal about Corning's role in inventing the financial arrangements, the implication being that the Governor would like to take credit for it himself, at least for that moment. He asked the Mayor what he should say about this.

"I told him," said Corning, "that I've always made it a practice to tell the truth whenever I can."

Rockefeller said all right, and when he met the press he credited Corning with the plan. Then he inscribed to him a large photo of himself superimposed on the Mall. In the inscription he credited Corning's contribution to making the Mall possible—except that he wrote it "South Maul."

This pleased the Mayor so much that he took the photo to his summer place in Maine, tacked it on the wall of his outhouse, and had a photo taken of himself seated therein, admiring the Maul photo. But after many solitary moments of admiration, he decided that it was too rare an item to stay where it was, and so he brought it back to City Hall and filed it in his desk drawer, from which he extracted it to prove to me that he was telling the truth.

At this revelation, we must take our leave of the curious South Mall, and of the curiouiser Nelson Rockefeller, that pharaonic redeemer who, four months after he witnessed the Mall's name being changed from the Empire State Plaza to the Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller Empire State Plaza (that was October 6, 1978), fell out of life's lovely waterbed and died, with as much flash, fanfare, ambiguity, deception, and aftershock as he had lived, leaving a legacy that makes him both truly remarkable and rewardingly kickable. We wore out several pairs of shoes kicking Richard Nixon around, but with Rockefeller our shoes will last longer, for we cannot help but pause in our footworks to gape at the wonder of all that marble, and to revel in the way the city's old corpus is sitting up and sipping whiskey—because of Rockefeller. In the spring of last year, at ten o'clock one evening, there were no parking spaces on State Street below Eagle, or on North Pearl Street and Broadway north of State, or even on Washington Avenue near the Capitol. Cars were double-parked and people were in line to get into Cahoots; others were walking the streets, barhopping under new streetlamps, enticed by the proliferation of lively pubs downtown. On April 15, 1982, to counter the woes of paying income tax, the downtown pub and restaurant owners opened their bars and poured free drinks—"anything you want"—for an hour, a moment of magnanimity that created a crush like nothing seen downtown in two decades.

All this pleasure, all this sensuality, all this money growing out of the Mall, is the basis for a morality play without any morals; and who better to comment upon it than H.L. Mencken, who, in 1922, in his "On Being an American," not only foresaw it all but dictated the logical response to it:

"And here, more than anywhere else that I know of or have heard of, the daily panorama of human existence, of private and communal folly—the unending procession of governmental extortions and chicaneries, of commercial brigandages and throatslittings, of theological buffooneries, of aesthetic ribaldries, of imbecilities, grotesqueries, and extravagances—is so inordinately gross and preposterous, so perfectly brought up to the highest conceivable amperage, so steadily enriched with an almost fabulous daring and originality, that only the man who was born with a petrified diaphragm can fail to laugh himself to sleep every night, and to awake every morning with all the eager, unflagging expectation of a Sunday-school superintendent touring the Paris peep-shows."

Yes. Oh, yes.

And so to bed. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

CONSTANTINE STANISLAVSKY AND ISADORA DUNCAN

He was a wealthy Russian aristocrat; she was an American of no name, dubious respectability, and erratic financial solvency. He spoke no English; she, no Russian. She was fond of saying she had learned to walk and to dance simultaneously; he recalled incidents of monumental clumsiness from childhood. But art transcends, and both spoke French. "We understood each other," he said, "almost before we had said a single word."

In 1907, Isadora was in Moscow on her second crusade to confront the Russian public with what she regarded as an overdue alternative to classical ballet. By chance, Stanislavsky dropped in on a performance. In her customary dishabille, Isadora had executed several numbers before he sufficiently overcame the shock of "an almost naked body on the stage" to appraise her style. It was vibrant, arresting. When the first-act curtain brought rather tepid applause and scattered hissing, Stanislavsky strode indignantly to the edge of the stage, applauding defiantly. He was a large, impressive man, immediately

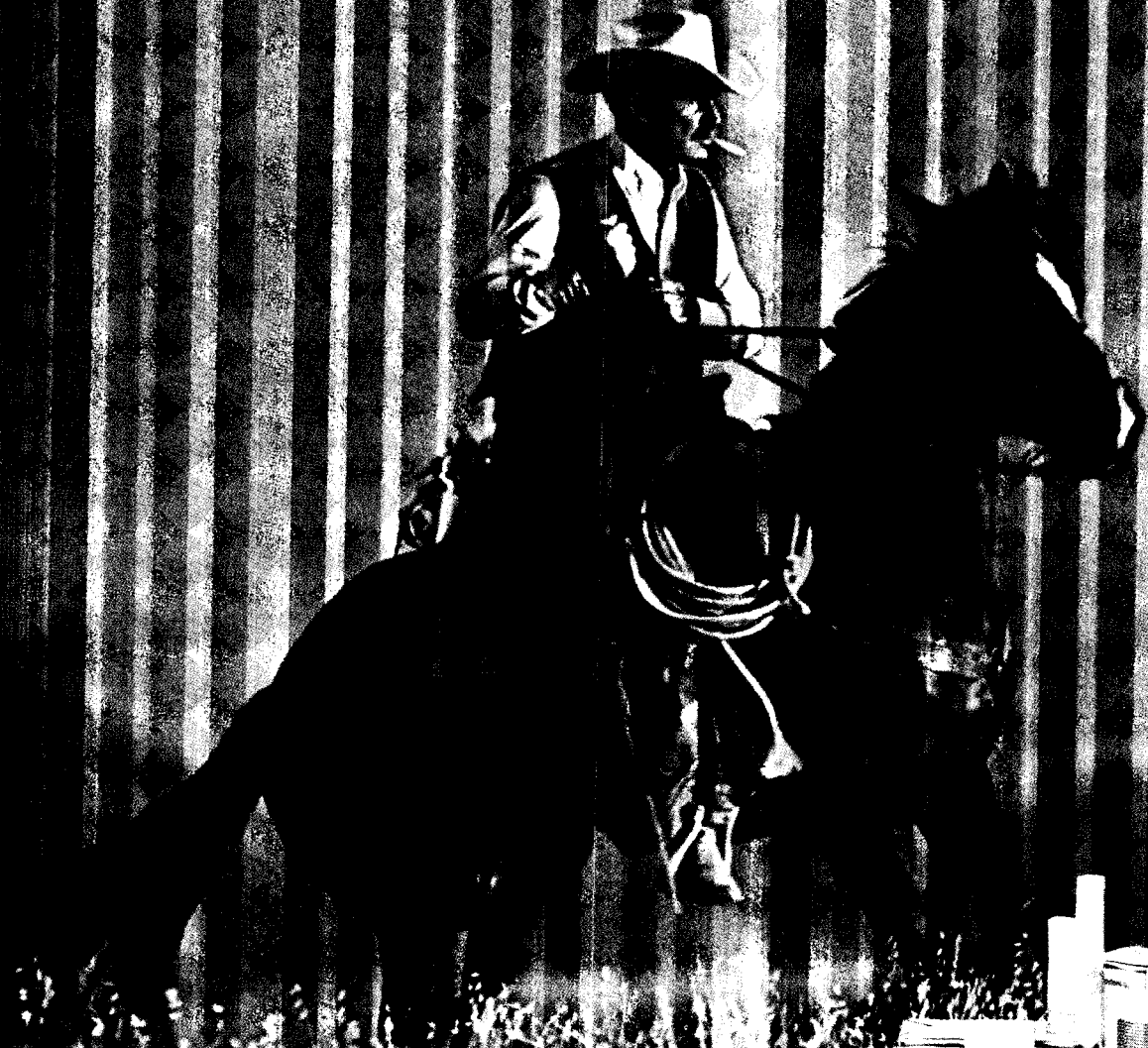
recognizable as an actor and co-director of the Moscow Art Theater. The hissing stopped.

From then on, Stanislavsky attended all Isadora's performances. He recognized in her dancing that "truth of the inner creative urge" he sought in acting. The artless unrestraint he strove for apparently was hers by nature. That same unrestraint, he soon found, extended to her offstage life. She was young, captivating; she invited him into her hotel room, and from there into her bed. But Stanislavsky was in his forties, long married to a prominent actress, and—like many Russians—puritanical. "But what should we do with a child?" "What child?" asked Isadora. "Why, our child, of course . . . I would never approve of any child of mine being raised outside my jurisdiction."

Years later, during her sojourn in post-revolutionary Russia, Isadora related the scene to Madame Stanislavsky. "Oh, but this is just like him," said the actress. "He takes life so seriously."

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

MARLBORO LIGHTS



The spirit of the cowboy
in a low tar cigarette.



© Philip Morris Inc. 1993

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

100's: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 11 mg "tar,"
0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec '81

PRODUCED BY UNIZ INC.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHE NEVER LIKED JANE EYRE

"Al" Geebler Interviews Grace Poole

BY LYNN CARAGANIS



AG: I'm sorry, but this has to be the weirdest, creepiest story I ever heard. But anyway, let's get started! Now you, Grace Poole, were the nurse, or, more like the "jailer," of Mr. Rochester's lunatic wife. Right?

GP: . . .

AG: In other words, in this case you'd be what's called the "backstairs witness"—practically sub-human, yet saw *everything*, am I right? Day after day, the gorgeous millionaire ape-woman, the embarrassed husband, the governess, the fire, everything! You haven't opened your mouth yet, but I've got to tell you, Miss Poole, the story is so wild I can't believe it happened, and ever since I started researching it I can't get it out of my mind! . . . Okay, okay, don't worry. Listen, I'm famous in this business for absolutely going nuts over stuff like this—you'd never guess I'm a Virgo, right? I get a lot of abuse for it, but it's good to be childlike, and I think they probably just envy me. They're afraid to let go and they've got the ulcers to show for it, so I'm not complaining. Who's to worry, right, Grace? Okay, so, you were, like, a jailer to Mrs. Rochester, up in the attic, the whole bit, am I right?

GP: . . .

AG: Am I right or am I wrong?

GP: I cared for Mr. Rochester's wife, aye, for many years.

AG: Phew! Thank you, Your Majesty. Now, let's hear what she was like. What type of woman was she?

GP: My mistress was very ill, sir.

AG: Well, that's only the understatement of the year, but—no, it's okay, Grace. Now, what did she look like? Was she pretty?

GP: . . .

AG: Oh, Jeez, there she goes. Planet Earth calling Grace Poole!

GP: My mistress was very ill, sir, and had been for a very long time, and I be-

lieve she had given up any thought of how she looked.

AG: But she was gorgeous, right, before it all happened?

GP: I wouldn't know, sir.

AG: Because she sounds really wild—long black hair, tall, buxom—running around in torn formals . . .

GP: You're mistaken there, sir. She never wore formals.

AG: Okay, okay. Did the two of you really stay upstairs all the time?

GP: Yes, sir.

AG: Why? Was Rochester afraid she'd ruin the furniture?

GP: Mrs. Rochester was too ill to be moved.

AG: Okay. Now, were you acquainted with Miss Eyre, the governess?

GP: Don't recollect a Miss Eyre.

AG: Forget it, Grace. I've been researching this for two weeks.

GP: . . .

AG: Come on.

GP: All right, yes, I knew her. We all knew her.

AG: Did you see a lot of her?

GP: I did not. I kept to my part of the house, always taking care of my mistress . . .

AG: Tell me about it.

GP: Miss Eyre, sir, used to amuse herself poking around upstairs where we were, and I'd see her as I was coming out of my rooms, and my, how she would change color and curtsy . . . Her dresses, sir, were not decent!

AG: What are you talking about?

GP: Cut low, sir. Oh, they were gray, all right. But she doesn't mention they went practically down to her navel! We believed Miss Eyre was from Paris, sir. The feeling was, she had heard about Mr. Rochester, sir, and had come over on purpose to snare him.

AG: I must be hallucinating!

GP: Of course it was hard, very hard, on Mrs. Rochester. Mr. Rochester was still a young and healthy man, even though he was almost certainly, it now appears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PIERRE LE-TAN

Lynn Caraganis lives in New York and is writing a novel.

EUROPE BY CAR

ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE
ALSO EURAIL/YOUTH PASS

Perform a death-defying act.

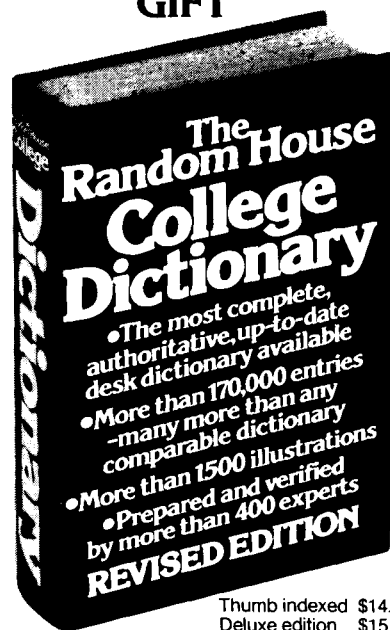
Exercise regularly.

Give
Heart
Fund



American Heart Association

THE Smart GIFT



Thumb indexed \$14.95
Deluxe edition \$15.95
Plain edge \$13.95

Now at your bookstore  RANDOM HOUSE

Publishers of The Random House Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged Edition

to me, a chronic brooder. And it was only natural he would eventually want another wife, one who could be *as a* wife to him, sir.

AG: Keep going, Grace! Too much!

GP: Then, on top of all this illness and worry comes her, Janie Eyre!

AG: Calls her Janie!

GP: Ordering the staff about till the house was almost upside down, and when she got tired of that, coming up to the attics, looking out for old odds and ends she would sell the minute she got out of the house. One of our men was always having to go around and buy it back . . . Up she'd come, throwing open the door and peering in at us. And if she caught sight of Mrs. Rochester, she might give a sort of leer . . .

AG: A what?

GP: A leer, sir.

AG: Jeez. The plot thickens.

GP: And then my mistress would just lie back and cry for days . . . The master never even visited my mistress anymore, after the Parisian came. Then, sometimes, it would get so bad I'd start screaming—

AG: You what?

GP: Screaming so's I couldn't stop. And then I'd get behind on the sewing . . . Oh, it was an evil time.

AG: Don't tell me you were the one who ran back and forth all day and made all that racket, and drove everybody nuts?

GP: On all fours, sir, aye, and sob. Believe this, sir, Mrs. Rochester never meant to stand in the way of her husband's remarriage. But not to a Frenchy, sir! No! She well remembered what those Froggies had done to us, sir, not so very many years before. But, oh, no one remembers them things, sir. We're a nation of shopkeepers!

AG: This is way over *my* head, Grace. But keep going, I'll figure it out later.

GP: Well, sir, Mrs. Rochester had always hoped he might marry little Prudence Watts, her ward. She had been found, sir, wandering round Tunbridge Wells, all alone, and no bigger than a minute! Mrs. Rochester had fed and clothed her all those years. Of course, Prudence was engaged to that ploughboy, the bigger one, but the mistress felt she would give him up, for the chance to marry the master. But when the time came, Prudence wouldn't do it, and now she's married to the ploughboy. Then, my mistress even considered getting a special brain oper-

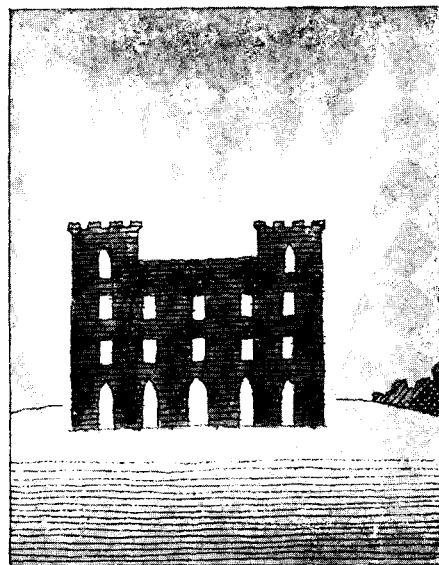
ation in London, but it fell through. Then the Parisian came, and we all knew the master was too much the hot-blooded male to resist! Then there was the fire, and my mistress perished. I blame myself . . . I do blame myself.

AG: For what? You really lost me.

GP: For the fire, sir, and my mistress's death.

AG: Well, we all have to go sometime. And in fact, we have to go pretty soon, so anything else you can think of? We might as well finish the tape . . . Any more amazing facts?

GP: When I think of that dear mistress dead, and that dyed Parisian married to my poor master—making him sit inside all day and sew her dresses—an' him all blind as he is. Sometimes I just begin to



scream, and I get down and run around again . . . And I cry for the old days, when it was just the two of us, way back in the attics, and the dear master would be outside in the shrubbery, whistling to his huge dog . . . Maybe we weren't fashion plates, Mrs. Rochester and I, and perhaps we hadn't been to "France," but we had a good, quiet life just the same . . . Quiet in the good old English way. But it's all gone now.

AG: Well, never mind. Okay, thanks a lot for coming.

GP: . . .

AG: Thanks for fitting us into your crowded schedule . . . Bye, Grace! Oh, wait a second! Have you got any old photos of her around?

GP: Of who, sir?

AG: Never mind. Oh, watch it, sweetheart, you dropped your gloves. Okay, so long. □

BOOKS

THE RUSSIAN ARMY: INEPT AND INVINCIBLE

BY THOMAS POWERS

THE THREAT: Inside the Soviet Military Machine
by Andrew Cockburn. Random House, \$16.95.



NAPOLEON MADE A fatal but not uncommon error in 1812: he underestimated the Russians. It is not clear when he realized his mistake, but it may have been as early as September 14, the very day when his army culminated its military victories by marching into the city of Moscow. Napoleon's goal and strategy had both been simple. "I have come to finish off, once and for all, the colossus of the barbarians of the North," he said as his army of 450,000 prepared to march in June. "They must be thrust back into their snow and ice so that, for a quarter of a century at least, they will not be able to interfere with civilized Europe. . . . I will sign the peace at Moscow."

But Moscow was deserted. Napoleon waited in vain for the capitulation of the city. The Russian army had withdrawn through the city into the suburbs beyond. The citizens had packed what they could and fled. Only a few thousand of the sick and the destitute remained, like wraiths slipping through the empty streets. The French entered to eerie silence. Then the city began to burn. Horrified French officers quickly discovered that the city's fire-fighting apparatus had been destroyed. Bands of incendiaries were captured in the act of setting fresh fires throughout the city. When the French grasped that the Russians, far from begging for terms, had deliberately burned their own capital, they began to see how the war must end.

The burning of Moscow was the only answer Napoleon ever received to his messages to Czar Alexander. A month later, he began the disastrous retreat that tells all anyone need know of the horrors of war in Russia. Winter completed the destruction of Napoleon's mighty army. Perhaps 40,000 French soldiers, starved and frostbitten, straggled back to Poland in December. In planning

the campaign, Napoleon had been right about everything except the main thing. Where he went wrong was in believing that he could beat Russia. The Russians lost every battle, but Russia—the hostile immensity of it—won the war.

It is a misapprehension of precisely this sort that muddies the effect of Andrew Cockburn's comprehensive, carefully researched, and much-needed examination of what we know about Russian military strength today. *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine* will not be welcomed in official circles. It is a fat volume, frankly debunking in tone, that punctures the myth of Russian military prowess. This myth is the result of attempts by the Pentagon—largely successful attempts—to extract vast military budgets from Congress over a forty-year period with the aid of one tired trick: systematic exaggeration, on a shameless scale, of Soviet military programs. Just about every major American purchase of military hardware since 1945 has been routinely justified by reference to a Soviet counterpart, which was always the latest, the biggest, and the most numerous of its kind. The generals and defense officials have trooped to Congress with their charts and briefing books decade after decade to reveal the Soviet military wonder of the moment—new long-distance bombers, improved fighter aircraft, a growing blue-water navy, a vast chemical-warfare capability, ambitious civil-defense programs, a huge national air-defense system incorporating thousands of radars and surface-to-air missiles, strategic nuclear systems on a doomsday scale.

The Pentagon wonder-mongers have had the field mostly to themselves. Only a small, overworked, underfunded guerrilla force of iconoclasts has opposed them. These patient skeptics have poked holes in extravagant claims, appealed to common sense, and cited the mysterious evanescence of the horrors of yesterday. Where were the bomber fleets con-

fidently predicted in the mid-1950s? What about the state-of-the-art tanks and aircraft that, one after the other, failed to perform as advertised? What happened to the vast anti-ballistic missile system, code-named "Galosh," that was to render the U.S. impotent?

Alas, capital cities have short memories. Exploding old predictions could never compete as public spectacle with the unveiling of such new terrors as monster missiles, gigantic submarines, blast-hardened shelters for Soviet leaders. The years of hammering by the alarmists have had their effect. Decades of passionate reiteration have created in Washington a kind of Soviet fantasy army—tremendous in size, armed with the very latest weaponry, trained in the use of exotic chemicals and toxins, fanatically devoted to the cause of the Kremlin leaders, equipped with more of everything than anybody, maintained at a peak of readiness—a "crack," "finely honed," and "well-oiled" military machine that might commence its drive across the North German plain at any hour, sweep to the Rhine in a few days, and reach the English Channel in a week. So formidable is the fantasy army that decades ago NATO gave up all hope of stopping it with anything short of nuclear weapons. American forces in Europe are intended not actually to fight this juggernaut but only to serve as a "plate-glass window"—something precious but fragile, certain to be destroyed in the opening days of a war, and thus a guarantee against any American temptation simply to kiss Europe good-bye.

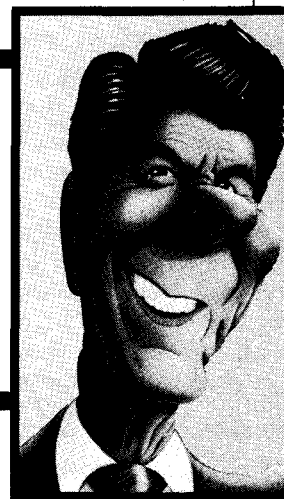
Andrew Cockburn, a British journalist who specializes in defense issues, has made it his job to cut this fantasy army down to size. It is an instructive performance. Cockburn's approach is to address, patiently and methodically, the fantasy army's order of battle—a military term referring to the actual units, by type and equipment, included in any military force. What emerges from Cockburn's investigation is a kind of earthly snafu army quite different from the fantasy army—a thinly stretched, top-heavy, corrupt, poorly disciplined, half-trained, underfed, badly equipped, racially divided, politically unreliable, drink-besotted, conscript horde commanded by a brutal, self-serving, careerist officer corps. Napoleon himself never made shorter work of his opponents than Cockburn has in this merciless book. The

Thomas Powers is a contributing editor of The Atlantic.



In 1977, We Told You Ford Pintos Had A Problem.

In 1980, We Told You That America Had A Problem.



Two stories couldn't be more different: In 1977, our story on the Ford Pinto uncovered a history of corporate irresponsibility. In 1980, our story on candidate Ronald Reagan accurately predicted the State of the Union a year in advance.

The Pinto story was investigative reporting at its most persistent and probing. The Reagan story was political coverage at its most provocative.

But the two stories do have at least one thing in common. They both appeared first in the pages of *Mother Jones*.

This mix of documentary-style exposé and wide-ranging commentary makes us unique on the U.S. scene. So do our on-the-spot reports and photo essays from the front-lines of social upheaval.

Mother Jones has won more than its share of editorial awards in the past six years.

But we refuse to rest on our laurels.

We were covering the vicious war in El Salvador

20 months before it hit the nation's front pages.

We've been called "one of the most engaging, uncompromising and nervy publications in America." But that doesn't surprise us either.

We never treat official opinion as Holy Writ. We don't butter up celebrities for a glimpse at their kitchen decor. We don't think politics or health issues or nuclear weapons are fads.

We take our job as journalists more seriously than that. And we extend the same respect to our 640,000 readers.

Which may be why, in a recent survey, they called *Mother Jones* "more informative," "more stimulating" and "more to-the-point" than any other magazine they depend on for news, information and opinion.

If you're not a reader yet, you should be. When you subscribe, we'll send you—**absolutely free**—*Poor Ronald's Almanac: Hard Facts for Hard Times*. This 64-page sourcebook is certain to start arguments as well as settle them.

Do it now.

Because we hate to point to a fiery wreck or a shattered economy and years later say we told you so.

Read *Mother Jones* and you'll be the first to know.



Poor Ronald's Almanac & Mother Jones Risk-Free

Please enter a one-year (10 issues) subscription in my name and bill me for \$12—33% off the regular subscription price. Also send my **free** copy of *Poor Ronald's Almanac*. If I'm ever dissatisfied, for any reason, you'll refund my subscription for all unmailed copies.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Add \$3 for delivery to Canada, and \$4 for delivery to other countries.

Mother Jones, 1886 Haymarket Square, Marion, OH 43305

DWAYPP

snafu army, in short, is the very sort of army one might expect from the country that invented the Potemkin village.

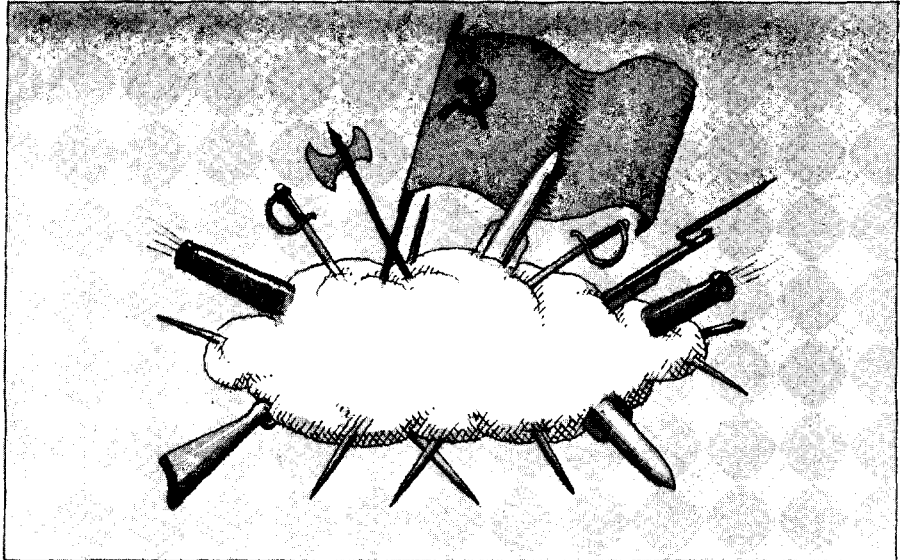
IN COCKBURN'S VIEW, the Soviet armed forces suffer from two vast structural weaknesses. The first consists in its poorly designed, shoddily constructed, unreliable, and underpowered equipment, which has to be treated with kid gloves if it is ever to reach the battlefield. The fantasy army, for example, has 50,000 tanks—the nightmare of NATO commanders who must face them with perhaps a quarter of that number. Cockburn concedes the Soviet numerical advantage, but insists that these are snafu tanks. The latest models, he says, have reverted to an underpowered diesel engine first designed for use in French aircraft of the 1920s. The gun is a hefty 125 mm., but its bore is smooth (making it less accurate) and the automatic-loading mechanism occasionally mistakes the arm or leg of the gunner for a shell. In the tank's cramped interior this danger is no joke, nor is the gun's recoil, which could break the hip of any gunner who momentarily forgot himself. Loading by hand, a sensible precaution, means a firing rate of only one or two rounds per minute, as opposed to the seven or eight shots a minute fired by U.S. tanks. In addition, the T-72s (the latest production model) do not like dust and perform poorly in desert conditions. Israeli tank crews in Lebanon last June found their trusty old 105 mm. guns with rifled (hence accurate) bores more than a match for the armor and guns of the T-72s.

The many failings of the T-72 make it unsuitable for further service in the fantasy army in Washington, where the Pentagon has been having a hard time trying to sell its high-technology, super-expensive M-1 tank. In search of a new fantasy tank, the Pentagon tank specialists have shifted their attention to the T-80, a so-far entirely mythical Russian experimental tank that is going to do everything the M-1 can do. An "artist's impression" of the T-80, produced for a Pentagon pamphlet published in 1981, revealed a menacing new behemoth looking most amazingly like the M-1 and very little like any previous Soviet tank back to the T-34 of World War II. Thus the fantasy army always manages to remain one step ahead of the snafu army that NATO forces might meet in the field.

This is the basic pattern that Cockburn cites again and again—the regular

appearance at budget time of alarming new Soviet hardware, which is going to fly faster, shoot more accurately, run more quietly, and be better protected than anything else of its type in the world. But the equipment of the fantasy army works only on paper. Succeeding versions of the fighter-bomber aircraft named after the design team of Mikoyan and Gurevich, for example, have all revealed fundamental design flaws once they were tested in battle. The first of them, the MiG 15, introduced in 1948, was destroyed by U.S. pilots during the Korean War in an exchange ratio of 14 to 1. The MiG 19 tended to catch fire when the afterburners were engaged. The Israelis shot down twenty MiG 21s for every loss of their own. In Vietnam, no

Soviet long-range missiles are liquid-fueled. Even Soviet submarine-launched missiles use liquid fuel, despite dangers so extreme that the U.S. Navy refuses to allow liquid fuel for any stage of its SLBMs, including the final, or post-boost, vehicle stage, where liquid fuel is truly preferable, for the ease with which it can be extinguished and re-ignited. Cockburn cites no accidents at sea with Soviet liquid-fueled missiles, but one imagines that such accidents are a principal reason that Soviet submarines spend so much time in port. In October of 1960, the commander of the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces, Mitrofan Nedelin, was killed along with scores—perhaps even hundreds—of rocket technicians when a liquid-fueled SS-6 blew up



MiG 21 was ever seen more than 100 miles from its home base. The MiG 23 was considered an actual step backward. A Soviet defector barely managed to reach Japan with his MiG 25, which experts then described as an appallingly primitive craft.

A similar story might be told of Soviet intercontinental missiles. They are always better than American missiles, or about to be better, or so much bigger that they don't need to be better. But despite long effort the Soviets have never managed to build a successful solid-fueled long-range missile. These have been standard in the American strategic arsenal since 1960. Liquid-fueled missiles tend to be slightly more accurate, but in every other way solid fuel is preferable. It is safer to handle, can be fired more quickly, requires less maintenance, and is more reliable. Nevertheless, all

on its launching pad at Tyura Tam. There can be only one reason that the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces continue to use liquid-fueled rockets—failure, over twenty years, to solve the complex technical problems involved in uniformly "curing" solid fuels.

BUT IT IS HUMAN problems that really bedevil the Soviet armed forces, in Cockburn's view. Like most armies, the fantasy army is faceless. Cockburn had the wit to wonder who was actually in it. To find out, he interviewed recent Soviet émigrés, thousands of whom came to the West during the détente years of the 1970s, about their military experience. Most of these émigrés are Jews, and, as Jews, most had served as enlisted men. They described for Cockburn an army rife with class and racial antagonisms, manned with recruits so ignorant that

officers are required to perform just about every technical function more complicated than dialing a telephone. Conscripts are required to sew a strip of white cloth inside their shirt collars so officers can tell if the men have washed their necks. They are issued live ammunition only with trepidation. Troops are entitled to five days of leave a year but rarely get it. They are provided with two square meters of living space, roughly the size of a narrow bed. They receive mail every eight or nine months. Their diet is mainly porridge, dried fish, salt pork, and potatoes. As a result, they gain weight at about half the normal rate for young men eighteen to twenty years old. They are paid three and a half rubles a month—about \$6.50. Cigarettes cost

into the bargain. Worse still are racial animosities among the ninety ethnic groups speaking seventy languages in the USSR. The officer corps and the combat units are disproportionately “white” Russians of the traditionally Slavic type, who routinely refer to Asians with epithets of stunning crudity, such as *chernozhopy* (“black asses”) and *zhopomordyi* (“ass face”).

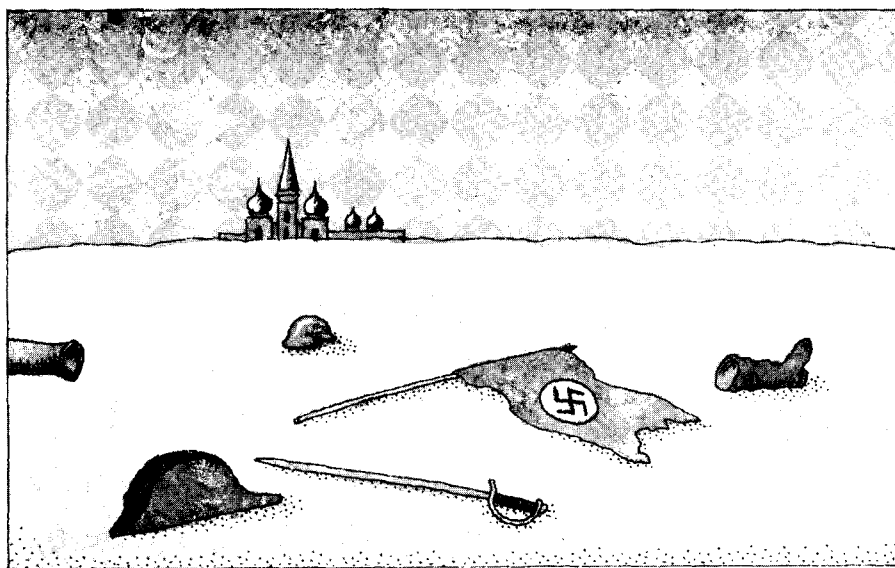
The officer corps is obsessed with perquisites (country houses, special stores, servants) and terrified of scandal. In theory, according to the principle of “unity of command,” officers are totally responsible for everything in their units, from sloppy drill and dirty boots to rape and murder. In practice, anything short of mutiny is routinely covered up. The

burn for nailing the Pentagon at its old tricks: cynically pushing the standard buttons of alarm in order to squeeze out yet another budget with billions enough for all the pet projects a technology-mad military establishment can dream up from one year to the next. Certainly Cockburn sees things this way. But it is just here, where his argument and conclusion ought to be clearest, that Cockburn seems to be in the greatest danger of repeating Napoleon’s fundamental mistake. Perhaps the Russian military is a shambles, just as Cockburn says. Does that mean Russia would be a pushover in war?

Cockburn does not address this question straightforwardly, but appears to think a big East–West war would be short and brutal. “Apart from anything else,” he writes, “the Soviet economy could not stand the effects of mass mobilization for more than a limited period.” Exactly such remarks were made of Europe in 1914. No economy can stand an extended mobilization—unless it has to. The Russian economy was weak and shallowly industrialized in 1914, but Russia managed to keep millions of men in the field for three years before collapsing. Between June and December of 1941, Germany occupied a huge area of Western Russia and the Ukraine, forcing the removal of whole industrial districts to tent cities in the East. Far from collapsing, the Soviet economy turned out staggering quantities of military equipment, including thousands of aircraft and 80,000 tanks. Why would it do worse now?

The truth is that a big East–West war would be short only if it involved an all-out nuclear exchange at the start. It seems to me that this is increasingly unlikely, for the plain reason that while nuclear weapons used to offer one side a decisive advantage—our side, in point of fact—they no longer do. For many years, the United States told the Soviet Union that in the event of war we intended to obliterate them with nuclear weapons—unless they could retaliate in kind. The Cuban missile crisis made the point unmistakably. At that time the United States had a capacity to deliver thousands of nuclear warheads, while the Russians were limited to a small fleet of B-29 look-alikes and only four big, unreliable, vulnerable, liquid-fueled SS-6 missiles, stationed at Plesetsk. Khrushchev had little choice but to back down.

This disparity is now long gone, a fact that explains the increasing emphasis on



half a ruble a pack. The result of this ridiculous pay scale is constant theft and a flourishing black market in military equipment. When not on duty, troops are bored witless. For want of anything better to do, they spend much of their time trying to get drunk with the aid of everything from lethal home brews to alcohol-based de-icing fluid used in aircraft.

Pandemic alcoholism is only one symptom of the chaotic conditions inside the snafu army. There is practically no class of career noncommissioned officers—the corporals and sergeants in charge of day-to-day administrative routine in Western armies. There are only officers and men, and the men are mostly at each other’s throats. The “new” men, in their first year of service, are tyrannized by the “old” men, who saddle them with all the dirty jobs and half-starve them at mess

result is not so much an army as a kind of impoverished Hobbesian mob in uniform, incapable of identifying what ails it. Far from being a “crack,” “finely honed,” or “well-oiled” military machine ready for war, the snafu army is unready for anything more demanding than carefully rehearsed maneuvers, enacted largely by officers, with equipment gently coaxed out of mothballs for the occasion.

COCKBURN SUPPORTS HIS case with a wealth of convincing detail about every aspect of Soviet military life, from the design of basic equipment to the competence of the men required to run it. The result is a useful corrective to the fantasy army so familiar in Washington, where this book deserves to be read with care and attention. It would be nice to drop the matter here, and praise Cock-

limited nuclear war-fighting theories in Washington over the past decade. In the plainest possible terms, high American officials have been telling each other that the United States cannot and will not use nuclear weapons in any situation that does not involve an immediate life-or-death threat to the country. If Cockburn thinks that a Soviet attempt to mobilize for a big conventional war would be aborted by American nuclear attack, he ought to go back over the war-fighting debate one more time. It is not going to happen that way. No American President is going to order a major nuclear attack on the Soviet Union, except in retaliation for a similar attack. Even a severely limited attack, with all its obvious danger of escalation, would probably demand more resolution than any American President, including the current one, has got. If the Red Army is as poorly prepared for war as Cockburn says it is, then the U.S. wouldn't even have a good reason to use nuclear weapons. A big East-West war, then, would be a conventional war in the first instance, and a nuclear war only in the last, desperate instance, if at all.

What would this war be like? My guess is that an East-West war would unfold as a titanic land battle along the whole of the central European front—slowly, at first, for fear that it would turn nuclear. The Soviets would repeat the feats of mobilization that took place in June of 1941, when 5 million men were called up in ten days, as Cockburn reminds us. The West would then face a choice of three equally disturbing alternatives: an immediate armistice on the best terms it could get; a dogged holding of the line *status quo ante bellum*, much as the U.S. did along the 38th parallel, in Korea; or an all-out conventional war involving the invasion of Russia despite the agonizing tension of knowing that success in the field might trigger a desperate Russian resort to nuclear weapons. In such a war, the whole vast weight of the Russian army would come into play—180 divisions backed up by 50,000 tanks and other arms on a commensurate scale. Perhaps this army would do poorly against the better-armed and better-educated armies of the West. But would it give up?

IN 1839, THE French monarchist and Aristocrat Astolphe de Custine spent several months traveling through Russia, where he was struck by all the things that have impressed travelers ever since—the extreme suspicion of

foreigners, the focus of the state around a single supreme leader, the slavish and often inept imitation of the West, the love of military spectacle and parades, and the sheer dumb willingness of ordinary citizens to suffer appalling mistreatment at the hands of their betters. One day in St. Petersburg, the Marquis wrote, "I saw a messenger on horseback, an orderly or some other of the lowest government employees, get down from his mount, run to [the driver of a droshky] and strike him brutally with a whip, a stick, his fist, raining blows pitilessly on his chest and head, and in the face; meanwhile, the poor man, who would not have drawn back quickly enough, allows himself to be mercilessly belabored without the least complaint or resistance out of respect for the uniform and caste of his attacker. . . . When the poor beaten man was released, he wiped away the blood that was streaming down his cheeks, calmly remounted his seat, and resumed his greetings to every new person he met."

This pitiful figure is the eternal Russian, who won the wars against Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon, and Hitler. If war came again, he would be called up in his millions, given a gun, told which end to point at the enemy, and sent to the front. There he would fight. If the battle went against him, he would retreat into Russia. If Moscow and Leningrad fell, he would retreat all the way to the Ural Mountains. If the trucks broke down, he would walk. If his boots wore out he would wrap his feet in rags. His brothers in the armored divisions and the air force would do the same. They might not perform brilliantly, but they would stick to it.

When the incompetence of their officers reached a criminal level, the officers would be removed, perhaps shot. Eventually one general would emerge—a man of shrewdness and peasant endurance. He would not care how many of his soldiers died, but he would be sure the troops got their salt pork and potatoes, and they would cheer him when they saw him. This general would have a gift for the overwhelming concentration of men and armor at the very point where the weather was worst, the muddy roads the most impassable, the armies of the West closest to giving up hope. Around 20 million Russians died in precisely this sort of war between 1941 and 1945. Perhaps another 20 million would die in the next big war. It is the prospect of

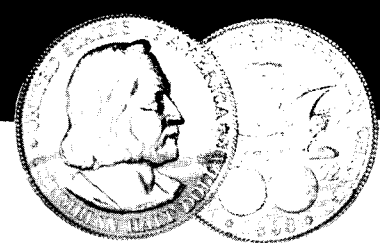


U.S. Government mint

1893

"Columbus"

Silver Half Dollar



\$28 Price Guaranteed 30 Days Only!

America's First Commemorative Type Coin. This vintage silver half dollar was struck by the U.S. Gov't Mint to honor the 400th Anniversary of the discovery of America. The Columbus bust obverse and the Santa Maria flagship reverse never again appeared on any other U.S. coinage. As the 500th Anniversary of America's discovery approaches, this scarce silver coin will undoubtedly become increasingly sought-after. A total original mintage of only 2.4 million made the Columbus silver commemorative type half dollar literally hundreds of times scarcer than the Morgan silver dollar — whose combined original mintages totaled 657 million coins!

Each Columbus half dollar is 31mm in diameter, 12.5 grams of .900 pure silver, and comes with a Certificate of Authenticity attesting to its very fine quality.

First Come, First Served. Price Guaranteed 30 Days Only!
"Member American Numismatic Association" ANA

FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY (including Sundays)
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-451-4463

International Coins & Currency, Inc.
 11 E. State St., Dept. 209, Box 218
 Montpelier, VT 05602

Please send 1893 Columbus silver half dollars checked:

☐ 1 coin @ \$28	☐ 10 coins @ \$255 SAVE \$25
☐ 3 coins @ \$84	☐ 20 coins @ \$485 SAVE \$75
☐ 5 coins @ SAVE \$5 (Limit 20 coins)	

Also send _____ special presentation boxes @ \$2.50 each.

Postage, Insurance & Handling: add \$2.50 per coin (\$5 total on orders of three or more coins).

Total due: \$ _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed.

☐ Please charge full amount to my credit card: _____ Expires _____ / _____

Full Card No. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone () _____

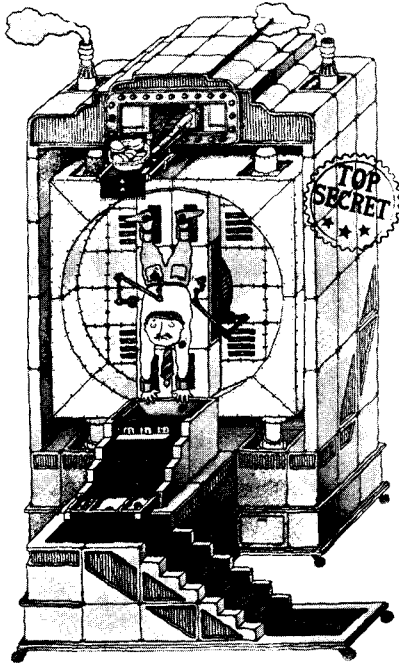
100% NO RISK GUARANTEE: You may return your order for a full refund within 15 days if not completely satisfied.

1982 © ICC, Inc.

May report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

If you're a parent, you're all too familiar with the cash-delivery position. However, you should feel lucky that you've never had to cope with the pocket-money extractor.



This extraordinary device, designed by Clarissa Skinton-Broke, aged twelve, rapidly up-ends the unsuspecting parent into the cash-delivery position. At which point deadly accurate arms locate fruitful pockets and a mighty 5,000-cc VibroJigger shakes the contents into a handy drawer.

This is only one of the hilariously fiendish devices (supposedly invented by kids and long banned by adults) that you'll discover in **OUTLAWED INVENTIONS**. A staggering display of youthful ingenuity sure to delight kids and inventive adults.

"Rube Goldberg, Charles Addams, make way for Rodney Rootle's fiendish Museum of Outlawed Inventions. Great fun for all ages!"

—William W. Warner
author of *Distant Water*

OUTLAWED INVENTIONS
by Chris Winn and Jeremy Beadle

At your bookstore
LITTLE, BROWN

such a war that makes men in the Pentagon feel queasy. Perhaps the Russians will screw everything up. Who ever heard of an army that did any different? The war would still be a horrifying ordeal on a scale beyond anything ever suffered by Americans.

This is not an academic point. It is what all the argument in Washington is about. The Pentagon has fallen into the cynical habit of describing Russians ten feet tall in order to shake loose funds enough to prepare to fight the real Russians, who are of ordinary height but numerous and tough. Cockburn's portrait of the real Russian army is convincing but not—to me, at least—reassuring. Things looked bad for the Russians in 1941, too. The Russian air force had been heavily damaged in the opening days of the war. The T-34 had not yet reached the battlefield, and Russian tanks were no match for the German panzers. But worse by far, Stalin had destroyed the Red Army's officer corps. In 1937 and 1938, he cooked up fantastic charges that his generals were plotting with the Germans. Executions followed. By the time they ended, Stalin had murdered three of his five marshals, all eleven of his deputy commissars of defense, thirteen of his fifteen army commanders, 110 of 195 division commanders, 220 of 406 brigade commanders, and tens of thousands of other officers. These killings were on a scale far broader than casualties in the officer corps imposed by any war. The officers who remained were timid and inexperienced.

Hitler knew all about Stalin's purge, and he was convinced that the Red Army would collapse. For a while, it looked as if he were correct. Stalin was paralyzed with fright. His armies were totally unprepared. Some of them, in the very beginning, did not even shoot back. The Germans swept forward. In September, the Germans took Kiev in the Ukraine and captured 665,000 Russian soldiers. In October, the Russian armies on the central front collapsed back toward Moscow and another 650,000 soldiers were captured.

But rosy as things looked, the German commander in the center, Field Marshal Gunther Hans von Kluge, knew what he was up against. As early as July, one of his panzer divisions arrived at the Berezina River and saw, at the bottom of the clear water, the remains of the wooden trestles that French engineers had used to build a bridge during the retreat from

Moscow in 1812. In his memoirs, Heinz Guderian, a German panzer general, described von Kluge's anxiety that fall, when winter was in the air but Hitler refused to send warm uniforms and insisted on the capture of Moscow. "All the commanders were now asking, 'When are we going to stop?'" They remembered what had happened to Napoleon's army. Many of them began to re-read [Armand de] Caulaincourt's grim account of 1812. That book had a weighty influence at this critical time in 1941. I can still see von Kluge trudging through the mud from his sleeping-quarters to his office, and there standing before the map with Caulaincourt's book in his hand. That went on day after day."

Von Kluge was right. Hitler had underestimated the Russians. German brilliance counted for nothing. It didn't matter who won the battles. Russia—the suffering immensity of it—won the war. □

THE FOUNDATION OF LIBERALISM

BY JAMES FALLOWS

STATECRAFT AS SOULCRAFT:

What Government Does

by George F. Will.

Simon and Schuster, \$13.95.



LIKE THE WASHINGTON POST and Senator Sam Ervin, George Will came out of Watergate a winner. He had just launched his newspaper column when evidence of foul play began to mount. While other conservative writers attempted to explain away Richard Nixon's behavior, Will made his name by riding Nixon hard, arguing that decency and restraint should count for more in government than hardball party politics.

Since then, Will has established himself as the most influential conservative columnist in the country. He was steadfast for Ronald Reagan through the 1980 campaign. Yet now he has written a book saying, in effect, that much of what Reaganesque conservatism stands for is wrong. As a token of Will's indepen-

James Fallows is Washington editor of The Atlantic.

dence, this is certainly impressive. But as a guide to a different kind of politics, it is less coherent and satisfactory than what it is meant to replace.

Will's point is that liberal democracy stands on a cracked and shaky foundation. He presents himself as criticizing evenhandedly the modern versions of liberalism and conservatism because, he claims, they spring from a common, corrupted source. Both take for granted the eighteenth-century "liberal" view of mankind, government, and society that was shaped by Adam Smith, John Locke, and many others and was enshrined in the U.S. Constitution.

The problem with the liberal tradition, as Will here portrays it, is its dark assessment of the human soul. He claims that eighteenth-century liberals boiled down the intricate riches of the human personality to one crude impulse: self-interest. To them, the free market was ideal because it would harness the self-interest of each to advance the interests of all. In designing a republic, the major challenge was channeling and balancing the varied self-interests. It would be foolish, according to this view, to expect anything of citizens other than pursuit of their own gain. It would be dangerous to design a government that required any larger sense of public purpose for its success. Will has little to say about the guild-bound, feudal, ignorantly fearful world that the liberal theorists were reacting against. He says of their emphasis on self-interest: "This was not a portrait of man 'warts and all.' It was all wart—except that the dominating attribute was not considered a blemish."

Will then says that en route to creating today's "liberals" and "conservatives" (for convenience' sake, Democrats and Republicans), the original liberal philosophy broke into its economic and political components. Republicans revere self-interest as exercised in the market. Democrats are more cheerful about the government's meddling with the market, but more apprehensive about its attempts to regulate behavior (e.g., anti-abortion laws).

Against these degenerate offspring of liberalism, Will poses the heroic figure of Edmund Burke, who embodies the only "conservatism" Will considers worthy of the name. Burke insisted that society is organic, not an assemblage of free agents, and that states prove robust only so long as their laws reflect the eternal traits of human nature. Among these are

respect for tradition, appreciation for rank and hierarchy, and a capacity for motives loftier than pure self-interest.

This reasoning eventually leads Will to his surprise conclusion: that true conservatives should support a stronger, more effective welfare state. If conservatives understand their society as a *society*, its survival dependent on the well-being of all, they should want everyone to have a sense of fair participation. Such sentiments have more often been heard from Michael Harrington or Hubert Humphrey than from anyone who calls himself conservative.

A related train of thought explains the title theme, "statecraft as soulcraft." *Every* choice about laws and government affects the inner man, Will says. If the government takes a stance of "neutral" toleration toward certain behavior—for example, marijuana use—the result will be anything but neutral. According to Will, public standards will shape the decisions citizens privately make. By this logic, those who support "free choice" about abortion are imposing their values on others as surely as their adversaries in the "pro-life" groups. Let us stop pretending that either laws or markets can be neutral, Will says, and concentrate on what *kind* of effect we want government to have on our collective soul.

WHAT MUST BE said in favor of George Will is that he stepped far outside the inch-wide range of normal political analysis in an attempt to explain our predicament. He also writes in a sweet-tempered tone that is a welcome change from the harrumphing persona of his television appearances.

What must be said against him is that he has done almost nothing to explain what his high-flown concepts would mean when applied to real life.

Rarely has there been stronger evidence for the proposition that defects in style signify defects in substance. This is Will's first book-length essay—his other books have been collections of his columns—and he does not seem comfortable going the distance. Taken one by one, his paragraphs are well formed, often elegant. But the progression from one paragraph to the next, from the beginning of a chapter to the end, is something other than relentlessly logical.

The choppy quality of the book is made all the worse by a mannerism that has become a serious problem for Will. His fondness for the learned quotation is



L'HERMITAGE

hôtel de grande classe

Recipient of the Mobil Five Star
and AAA Five Diamond
coveted awards.
One of only three hotels
to be so honored.



9291 Burton Way
Beverly Hills, California
(213) 278-3344
(800) 282-4818, in California
(800) 421-4306, Nationwide
Or see your Travel Agent

UNIQUE
OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT

**If you aren't
getting the
Early Winters
catalog, you don't know
what you're missing...**

"My body hurts, my clothes are wet, and my feet are cold. I can't take it any longer. Please send me your catalog."

—C.L., Charlotte, NC

"Getting an Early Winters catalog is like getting a favorite magazine. I am fascinated by the things you come up with!"

—K.H., Salem, OR

"After using your articles for a week in the High Sierra, we understand how you can afford to offer your 30-day guarantee—your stuff is superb!" —A.B., San Francisco, CA

**Write or call today
for your FREE, full-color catalog.**

☐ Yes! Please rush me the Early Winters catalog of unique outdoor equipment.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Ms.

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Early Winters 110-BE Prefontaine Pl. S.
Seattle, WA 98104
30 day, money back guarantee (206) 624-5599

familiar from his columns. In the book, it becomes self-parody. In one unfortunately typical passage, Will offers quotes from Tocqueville, Blackstone, John Marshall, and Oliver Wendell Holmes—and the paragraph is only half done. In the next paragraph, we hear from Hume, Spinoza, William Penn, Adam Smith, and Thomas Jefferson.

This practice may originate in the (unworthy) desire to impress the sizable number of readers who are suckers for parades of erudition. It may reflect the (worthier) desire to reach a small group of readers who will sit still for your argument only after they have received signals that you, too, have read *De Civitate Dei*. Whatever its source, Will's reliance on quotations enables him to evade his

words would nurture "the habit of regarding our fellow citizens as united in a great common enterprise."

But once we step down toward the mire of specifics, Will does not guide us far. Two illustrations of his reasoning—one concerning the state's influence on the economic and social order, the other its responsibility for the moral climate—suggest that his is the kind of argument that can survive only in the abstract.

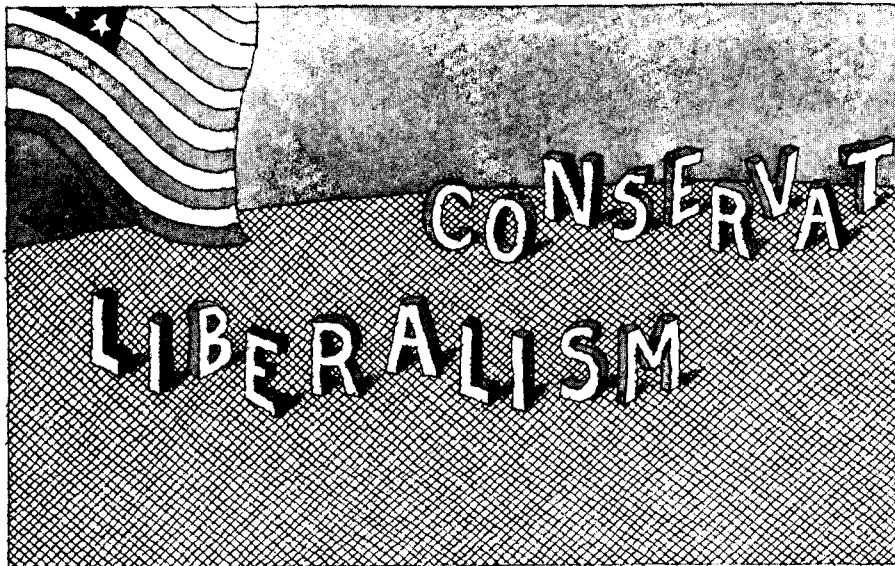
The first involves race relations. Will offers a moving tribute to the Civil Rights Act of 1964, as "the most admirable achievement of modern liberalism," and to desegregation laws in general. They clearly diminished the rights of people like Lester Maddox, who wanted to exclude blacks from their businesses.

grams, school busing, racial quotas for jobs and promotions. If eating in Maddox's Pickrick Restaurant is important to the inner life, what about admission to law school, or selection for the police force, or learning as a child to live with those of another race? Based on what Will says here, the Boston busing plan would seem a natural part of the Burkean vision. If Will's objections to it would be mainly practical—that parents of both races hate to have their children bused across town—his "soulcraft" has told us little that Republicans and Democrats have not.

Will has another concern about the inner life. He says that if the state takes a permissive, supposedly "neutral" attitude toward sexual morality, it will undermine the private virtues on which society is based. "The law can treat, say, all sales of pornography as private transactions between particular sellers and buyers. But the law cannot make the results—a multibillion-dollar pornography industry . . . the laceration of . . . sensibilities . . . and we know not what else— . . . matters of merely private rather than public importance."

Will has a point: most liberals feel uncomfortable with the very notion that legal standards can affect private behavior. For example, Senator Alan Cranston was asked in a recent interview whether homosexual couples should be able to adopt children. He said they should, because "discrimination—you start with one group and you never know where it stops. Adolf Hitler started out going after Communists and gays." The liberal attitude toward pornography is that free speech must be defended everywhere if it is to be defended anywhere. But can't we use common sense, if not First Amendment absolutism, to agree on the difference between political beliefs and sexual services? Can't we find a way to ensure the Klan's right to march and the Communists' right to organize without waiving our culture's right to shape its moral environment? If this is what George Will means by "statecraft as soulcraft"—that there are certain standards of human behavior, responsibility, and morality that should be defended rather than approached "neutrally"—it is hard to disagree.

But this is not all Will means to insinuate. In addition to tolerating public pornography, Will says, our liberal society has let down its guard through "elimination of most laws criminalizing sexual ac-



fundamental responsibilities of exposition and analysis. At precisely those points where a transition or a defining illustration is called for, he dances off and blows us a quote.

Will can usually get away with this in a column, where his purpose is accomplished if he can outline an attitude toward a certain event. He cannot get away with it when developing a sustained argument, especially one like this, where everything depends on degree. As Will points out, nearly everyone agrees with some part of the case for strong government and collective interests. The difference is whether they feel that way about reducing acid rain or combating teenage promiscuity.

Will says that if everyone understood the principle of "statecraft as soulcraft," it would change the language with which we discuss public affairs. The right

Still, they were noble efforts, because they reflected the belief that "a right exercised meanly, with ugly consequences, should yield to another, better right." They also showed that changes in law led to changes of heart. Desegregation laws "were explicit and successful attempts to change . . . individuals' moral beliefs by compelling them to change their behavior. . . . [I]f government compelled people to eat and work and study and play together, government would improve the inner lives of those people."

Will makes the case for vigorous state intervention on behalf of racial equality and to offset the countless economic, cultural, and even physical inadequacies of birth. But he then slides past the practical considerations that have assumed such importance in modern debates about equality. The logical next steps in this process are "affirmative-action" pro-

tivity among consenting adults." That is, we have erred in deciding that sex out of wedlock, or between homosexuals, or in "unnatural" forms, should no longer be a crime. Typically, he does not make such an implication clear; but if he means to exclude this logical consequence of his reasoning, he never says so. Here Will's loose allusions to "human nature" demand a closer look. He repeatedly invokes human nature, without once specifying its ingredients. To be fair, he does say that the fall from social grace began in the modern liberal-scientific era, when people began to think that human nature could be analyzed, instead of taken for granted. But if renewed fidelity to human nature is to be the foundation of a new republic, it deserves more than a passing mention.

Any definition of human nature would include a religious sense, feelings of loyalty to family, community, tribe, and country, deference to tradition—in short, the private traits that tend to reinforce stable public behavior. I am willing to believe, with George Will, that it harms my children and my country if the prevailing climate of ideas turns against these values. But anthropology, history, even the most rudimentary acquaintance with literature, suggest that homosexuality and a rich variety of "sexual activity among consenting adults" are also parts of human nature. It is not so clear to me that my children and my country are better off if homosexuals are required to live hidden lives, or if criminal law intrudes into the most intimate relations. The climate of public virtue that Will, like most of the rest of us, desires would suffer more from the intrusions than it could conceivably gain. Sexual behavior is too consequential a part of the social fabric to be treated in a "neutral," value-free way. But it is also too basic a part of our human nature to approach as squeamishly as Will does in this book.

By attempting to legitimize the notions of "public interest" and "human nature," Will has done something of value. Each of our political parties has ignored these principles whenever it seemed convenient—Republicans in their unbounded praise of the pursuit of private interest, Democrats in their uneasiness toward the religious and moral ingredients of social life. Will has preached consistency to both parties. He would have done more had he said, in his own words and not Edmund Burke's, what else he had in mind. □

SANDPIPER POETRY

BY PETER DAVISON

THE COMPLETE POEMS: 1927-1979
by Elizabeth Bishop.
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$17.50.



WHEN ELIZABETH BISHOP died, in 1979, she was as highly respected as any poet alive, though her champions had had a hard time explaining themselves. "[Her] work is not easily labelled," wrote her colleague Howard Moss. "She is not academic, beat, cooked, raw, formal, informal, metrical, syllabic, or what have you. She is a poet pure and simple who has perfect pitch." Robert Lowell's metaphor seemed a little stretched: "When we read her, we enter the classical serenity of a new country." And Randall Jarrell, who usually wrote better than this, said, "Miss Bishop's poems . . . have a sound, a feel, a whole moral and physical atmosphere different from anything else I know." Clearly there was something about Bishop's work that escaped description, for such praise tells us principally that Bishop was the kind of poet that these poets liked to admire. Her publishers took their cue by calling her "one of the master poets of the age." Now, with the publication of *The Complete Poems: 1927-1979*, it may be possible to isolate some of those special qualities that every attuned reader of "The Fish" or "Roosters" or her other anthology pieces will recognize.

Elizabeth Bishop's life, though not without heartbreak, throws only fitful light on her work and has so far attracted little biographical attention. Her biographer is unlikely to furnish revelations as garish as those recently disclosed by the chroniclers of Robert Lowell and John Berryman. Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, Bishop spent part of her childhood in Nova Scotia and then attended Vassar College with "The Group," the gaudy generation adorned by Mary McCarthy, Eleanor Clark, Muriel Rukeyser, and other literary lionesses. She lived in Florida, Washington,

Peter Davison is poetry editor of *The Atlantic*. His most recent book is *Barn Fever and Other Poems*.



Come Visit Our New Home

Maria in the house

When fire destroyed the original Trapp Family Lodge, we immediately planned a new one—larger and better—but with all the Old World charm of the original.

The new Lodge will open before winter. More than 70 new rooms, large dining room, family-style lounge, library, and more.

And because our Lower Annex, Tea Room and other buildings were untouched by the fire, we're open this summer. Come visit our lovely 1700 acre hillside—a bit of Austria in the most beautiful part of Vermont.

Like to receive our newsletter?

The fire destroyed all our records. So if you are a past guest or possible future visitor, please fill out and return the coupon. We'll send you news and pictures of the new

Trapp Family Lodge

Dept. 12053, Stowe, Vermont 05672 802-253-8511.
I'm interested in taking advantage of your offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ 800-826-7000

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include an Atlantic label to insure prompt service when you write us about your subscription.

Mail to: Atlantic Subscription Processing Center, Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

ATTACH
MAGAZINE ADDRESS
LABEL HERE

Change of Address:

If you are moving please let us know eight weeks before changing your address. Attach label above and include new address below. If you have a question about your subscription attach this form to your letter.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

To Subscribe: Mail this form with your payment and check:

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Subscription Rates:

1 year, \$21.00; 2 years, \$39.00; 3 years, \$54.00 (U.S. and Canada only; all other countries 1 year, \$26.00; 2 years, \$49.00; 3 years, \$69.00.) Mail to: The Atlantic, Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 80322 (for faster service, call 800-255-6261 in Colo. call 1-447-9330).

New York, and eventually, for many years, in Brazil. Her last years shifted between Maine and Boston, where she alternated with Robert Lowell and Robert Fitzgerald in teaching Harvard students about the writing of poetry. She was very agreeable, but not notably brilliant, company—the sort of person it is possible to like very much without knowing exactly why. She bore herself with a sort of naughty gentility, like an unfrocked governess.

To seek explanations for why Miss Bishop's admirers stammer so, we must look scrupulously at her poetry. It repays the attention. She was visibly a poet of the open air, of *sky* and *sea*. The two words appear in a great many of her poems, and balance each other:

The sun is blazing and the sky is
blue.
Umbrellas clothe the beach in every
hue.

The water is a burning-glass
Turned to the sun
That blues and cools as the
afternoon wears on. . . .

The poems often reflect reality in the way mirrors do—mirrors, moreover, that do not give much room to the personality of the author. She remains out of sight, holding a mirror so as to bring the outdoors in. Even in her earliest poem, her work sparkles with reflections:

His singing split the sky in two.
The halves fell either side of me,
And I stood straight, bright with
moon-rings.

And with color. Such words as “gold,” “silver,” “pale,” “bright,” “dark,” “black,” “white,” “green,” “blue,” “red,” make up the warp of her poetry. Few poets in this century can have been so mindful of color. Yet the favorite play in her work is to mingle all the senses into one harmony, as in “The Prodigal”:

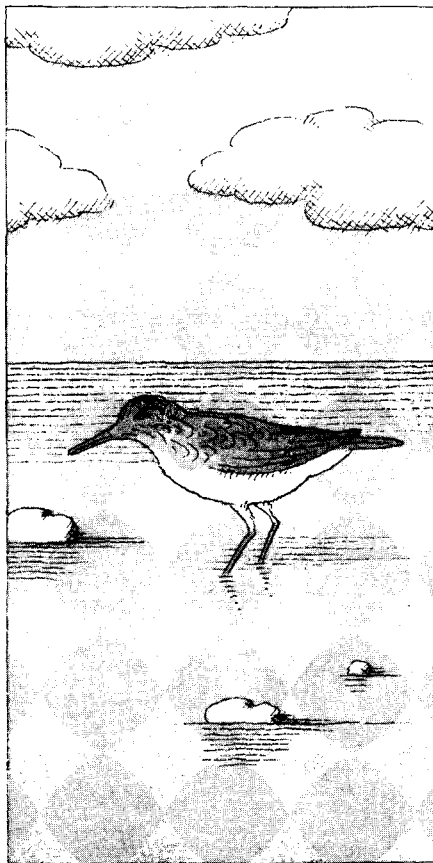
The brown enormous odor he lived
by
was too close, with its breathing and
thick hair,
for him to judge. The floor was
rotten; the sty
was plastered halfway up with
glass-smooth dung.

Indoor scenes like this take Bishop partway toward the city, where her poems have a way of turning gloomy and breathless. Cityscape affects her like an asthmatic attack—sometimes she struggles to breathe:

At night the factories
struggle awake,
wretched uneasy buildings
veined with pipes
attempt their work.

The city also brings out her sophistication and wit, as in the urban settings of “Invitation to Miss Marianne Moore”:

With dynasties of negative
constructions
darkening and dying around you,
with grammar that suddenly turns
and shines
like flocks of sandpipers flying. . . .



She likes to associate light not with glare or fire or even knowledge but with peace and tenderness, as in “The Shampoo”:

The shooting stars in your black
hair
in bright formation
are flocking where,
so straight, so soon?
—Come, let me wash it in this big
tin basin,
battered and shiny like the moon.

Here as elsewhere, Bishop is remarkable for the sweetness of her associations. The sky in her poems acts like a shelter, a comfort. Her landscapes are soft and humanized. One of her poems

about landscape best describes the nature of her own poetry:

solid but airy; fresh as if just
finished
and taken off the frame.

In summary, Bishop's world, rarely harsh, seems to avoid the preoccupations that we once thought of as masculine only—war, sport, overt ambition, violence, heterosexual aggressiveness. In her poems, harshness is everywhere softened by the presence of moisture, of clouds:

There are too many waterfalls here;
the crowded streams
hurry too rapidly down to the sea,
and the pressure of so many clouds
on the mountaintops
makes them spill over the sides in
soft slow-motion,
turning to waterfalls under our very
eyes.

BISHOP MADE HER name in 1946, with *North & South*, and brightened it with *A Cold Spring* in 1955, when she won the Pulitzer Prize and raised everyone's consciousness. (It's amusing to read a poem like “Cape Breton” and see how greedily Robert Lowell borrowed from it a decade later in “For the Union Dead” or “Waking Early Sunday Morning.”) Yet not until *Questions of Travel* (1965), her best book, do her poems soften and mellow into the landscape that is permanently and unmistakably hers:

Here is a coast; here is a harbor;
here, after a meager diet of horizon,
is some scenery:
impractically shaped and—who
knows?—self-pitying mountains,
sad and harsh beneath their
frivolous greenery. . . .

This must be as ingratiating a poem as has opened any volume of American poetry since Robert Frost's *West-running Brook*.

Later on, the energy in her work ran a little thin, though many beautifully modulated poems came into being, like “The Moose,” or the punningly entitled “The End of March.” You may relish the youthful poems, the witty occasional pieces, the glowing translations from Portuguese, but I find myself remembering best a more mature, gentle yet acerbic, pawky yet affectionate voice speaking of sea-margin and sky-margin, soft and cloudy, a little breathless, vivid with sound and color. Bishop's master creation, an observant yet myopic sand-

piper, reminds us of the sandpipers she associated with Marianne Moore.

The roaring alongside he takes for granted . . .

The world is a mist. And then the world is

minute and vast and clear. The tide is higher or lower. He couldn't tell you which.

His beak is focussed. He is preoccupied. . . .

With what? Why, with the evidence of his senses. His role in life, like his creator's, is to tiptoe along the margin of things,

looking for something, something, something.

Poor bird, he is obsessed!

The millions of grains are black, white, tan, and gray, mixed with quartz grains, rose, and amethyst.

How else, after all, is one to see eternity in a grain of sand? How else, except through enunciating the quality of seeing? The truest poet—and the hardest to describe in mere prose—sees what others do not see. And then through rhythmic recognition summons up what has been seen. Purity of heart, as Kierkegaard said, is to will one thing. □

SHORT REVIEWS



CHRONICLE OF A DEATH FORETOLD by Gabriel García Márquez. Knopf, \$10.95.

Mr. Márquez's latest novel is entirely devoid of those bursts of fantasy that usually enliven his work and needle the imagination of its reader. The story is a reconstruction of an actual episode in which the people of a whole neighborhood, if not in fact a whole town, stood by and did nothing while a couple of drunks planned, announced, and finally carried out a murder. The killers' alleged motive was revenge for their sister's loss of honor, and this claim, together with normal languor and stupidity, appears to have brought on collective paralysis and even collective complicity among their fellow citizens. (There are limits to languor—publication of the novel has reportedly precipitated at least one libel suit.) As an account of manners and standards in an isolated Latin American

town, this old scandal may be considered exotic. Its implications in regard to individual responsibility and the force of tradition are not at all exotic. They are immediate and international.

TRUMAN CAPOTE by Marie Rudisill with James C. Simmons. Morrow, \$12.95. In the course of describing the peculiar upbringing of Truman Capote, his Aunt Marie complains that her nephew has for years refused to speak to her. This memoir is not likely to improve family relations.

HOME BEFORE MORNING by Lynda Van Devanter with Christopher Morgan. Beaufort, \$16.95. Ms. Van Devanter had been told that the Army does not send nurses into areas of dangerous fighting. Three days after she arrived in Vietnam, she was at work in an evacuation hospital where enemy sniping and shelling were commonplace, frightening but less distressing than the streams of mangled casualties over whom the staff toiled for twenty-four hours at a stretch, falling asleep in blood-stiffened uniforms only to scramble up and start again. Between the bouts of action, alcoholic gaiety was relieved by fits of screaming hysterics and at least one suicide. When her term of enlistment expired and Ms. Van Devanter came home in uniform, a passing stranger spat upon her. Her mother reproached her for use of the all-purpose military adjective. After ten years of drifting, nightmare-ridden misery, Ms. Van Devanter became an adviser to colleagues with similar problems, trying to get some good out of horrors that cannot be forgotten. Not much has been reported about the women veterans of Vietnam. Much of this book is sickening, but it should be read.

VOICES OF BASEBALL by Bob Chieger. Atheneum, \$7.95. Bill Veeck, when owner of the Chicago White Sox, described baseball as "an island of sanity in an insane world." The quotations that Mr. Chieger has collected from players, managers, umpires, broadcasters, and interested bystanders do not support Mr. Veeck. Baseball is an island of hilariously demented eloquence, invaded at risk of tears and aching ribs.

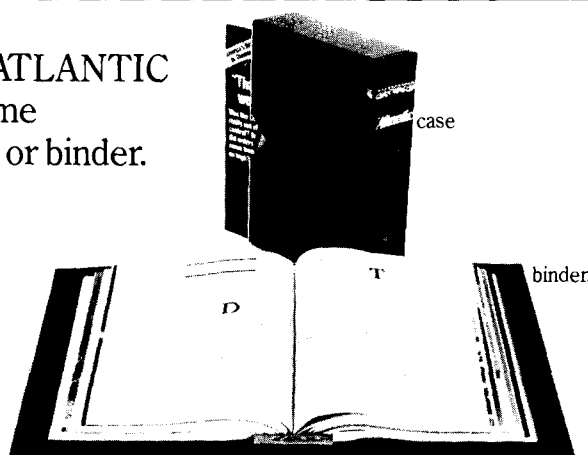
THE DIARY OF A GOOD NEIGHBOUR by Jane Somers. Knopf, \$12.95. The Good Neighbour, narrator of this British novel, is a successful editor and writer

history
MYS'TERY
and in-fō
to go

at your library

American Library Association

Save THE ATLANTIC
in a handsome
library case or binder.



The ATLANTIC Library Case and Binder are designed to hold a year's issues.

Blue simulated leather, durable, embossed in 16K gold, each supplied with a gold transfer to print the year. The case measures 2½" x 8½" x 11½" — the binder measures 3¼" x 9" x 12¾".

Library Case: Price per case \$4.95; 3 for \$14 or 6 for \$24, postpaid.

Library Binder: Price per binder \$6.50; 3 for \$18.75 or 6 for \$36, postpaid.

To: THE ATLANTIC LIBRARY CASES

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Massachusetts 02116

I enclose my check or money order for \$____. Please send me ____ Library Cases ____ Binders.
(Add \$1 each outside U.S.A.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Payment in U.S. funds. Allows 5 weeks for delivery.

whose only real attachment is to her work on a smart women's magazine. An uncharacteristic gesture of sympathy entangles her with Maudie, who is old, sick, poor, resentful, and proudly determined to retain what she can of independence. The unlikely friendship between the two is plausible because it is mutually beneficial. Janna protects Maudie from the arctic mercies of the welfare state, and Maudie teaches Janna to see life instead of words. It is a grim story, but interesting and intelligent.

OUR MARVELOUS NATIVE TONGUE by Robert Claiborne. *Times Books*, \$16.95.

Mr. Claiborne adores the English language and has great fun tracking its development from a conjectural Indo-European forebear through all its subsequent borrowings, modifications, simplifications, inventions, and thefts to its present enormous size and flexibility. Pedants have niggled and purists have complained (around 1450, a "somewhat batty bishop" called for a return to honest Old English, for example, substituting "ungothroughsome" for "impenetrable") but the language has snowballed on, unimpeded except by modern teaching methods. Readers with a liking for words can hardly fail to share Mr. Claiborne's pride and pleasure in our joint property.

THE WRECK OF THE "RUSTY NAIL" by G. B. Trudeau. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston*, \$5.25. Doonesbury addicts suffering from withdrawal symptoms may find some relief by putting to sea again with Uncle Duke. They may also succumb to a dreadful attack of nostalgia or an equally dreadful attack of melancholy. Life without *Doonesbury*? Why, it seems absurd.

FORGOTTEN NEWS by Jack Finney. *Doubleday*, \$14.95. Mr. Finney likes to rummage through old newspapers, particularly those with illustrations. He has turned up a murder case that excited New York in 1857, and although Mr. Finney tends to get underfoot with trivial historical detail and his private longing for a time machine to put him back on the spot, the case itself is a marvel of confusion, and the nineteenth-century reportage, lavishly quoted, a wonder of

orotund and inventive journalism. The coroner was surely a descendant of Dogberry, and the district attorney wound up directing, and enjoying, a farcical

TEACHERS...

Use The ATLANTIC
in your classroom this year
for only 91¢ per copy

You enjoy reading *The Atlantic*. So why not turn your reading time into lesson-preparation time. Teach with *The Atlantic* every month. We do everything possible to make *The Atlantic* a powerful teaching tool. Each monthly issue during the school year comes with a free copy of *Classroom Notes*—filled with suggestions, questions, projects... already prepared lessons!

FREE SAMPLE OF CLASSROOM NOTES

TEACH WITH US!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO: The ATLANTIC Education Program
8 Arlington St.
Boston, MA 02116

I want to look into THE ATLANTIC EDUCATION PROGRAM.
Send me full details and this issue's *Classroom Notes*.

Instructor Mr/Mrs/Ms _____

School/College _____ Dept. _____

Address _____

State _____ Zip _____

583

midnight arrest of the major suspect for the commission of a different crime entirely. The book contains other long-forgotten news, including the creation of a helicopter, and a bad shipwreck in which everyone appears to have behaved with heroic correctness. Altogether, a grab bag of engaging Americana.

THE DEVIL'S BOOK OF VERSE compiled and edited by Richard Conniff. Dodd Mead/Everest, \$14.95. A malediction in well-turned verse is a splendidly stimulating thing. With a little ingenuity, the reader can often adapt one to his own objects of distaste. Mr. Conniff has assembled a volume of such delightful creations—a positive fireworks display of vituperative wit. His own notes are suitably caustic.

BANKER by Dick Francis. Putnam's, \$14.95. Mr. Francis's hero normally has acid on his tongue and a grudge in his back pocket. The amiable and discreet financier who narrates this latest novel is, therefore, something of a disappointment, although the problem he confronts (misuse of a horse) is a masterpiece of ingenious complication.

YET BEING SOMEONE OTHER by Laurens van der Post. Morrow, \$15.95. Mr. van der Post claims, with reason, to have seen more of the world and more varieties of action than most men. If he wrote an orthodox, step-by-step autobiography, it would run to untold volumes. He has confined his present reminiscence to his encounters with ships and the sea, and the practical side of his marine experience is lively and fascinating. It ranges from a full-moon ceremony on a Japanese vessel to conversation, on the South African run, with an elderly steward who recalled Rudyard Kipling as "the noisiest passenger I have ever met." Philosophically, Mr. van der Post is a firm Jungian, and at times views the sea as a symbol of universal patterns directing human behavior. This almost mystical idea leads him into areas where he is not easily followed, particularly since his elegant prose has been disfigured by a number of misprints.

THE NEXT AMERICAN FRONTIER by Robert B. Reich. Times Books, \$16.60. Portions of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic*, in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

At last, a word processor book by a writer, for everyone who writes



The author of the classic *On Writing Well* describes how he overcame his fear of machines and taught himself to write on a word processor—and explains why he now won't write on anything else.

"O Pioneer! O Zinsser! You've made me believe I could do it."

—Edwin Newman

"His humor and fresh prose enable the reader to share the experience."—*Publishers Weekly*

WRITING WITH A WORD PROCESSOR by William Zinsser

A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate
At bookstores now

Harper & Row



Photo: © 1982 Jessica Weber

1817

Answers to the April Puzzler, "BOOKSHELVES"

1	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
2	L	E	D	G	E	R	S	B	A	S	A	L	T
3	S	C	R	A	M	K	A	N	G	A	R	O	O
4	S	E	A	S	H	O	R	E	E	N	A	C	T
5	T	H	E	E	N	C	Y	C	L	O	P	A	E
6	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
7	M	E	S	S	Y	D	I	G	E	S	T	E	D
8	E	S	T	A	T	E	C	H	A	R	A	D	E
9	A	N	N	U	A	L	A	E	R	O	S	O	L
10	D	I	A	B	R	I	T	A	N	N	I	C	A

Top Shelf: 2. LEDGE(R)S; BA(nd)-SALT 3. SC-RAM; K(ANGARO)O (groan anag.) 4. SE(ASH-OR)E; ENACT (anag.) Bottom Shelf: 7. M(ESS)Y; DI-GESTED (homophone of jested) 8. ESTATE (anag.); C-HAR(AD)E 9. ANNU(A)L; A-EROS-O(i)L (sore rev.) Five-Letter Words: A(GI)LE; AM-END; BEECH (homophone); BEN-CH; CEDAR (homophone); DECOY (hidden); DEGAS (pun); F-ROCK; G(RAY)S; HAGUE (anag.); HE-MEN (hidden); JA(SO)N; LASTS (pun); LA(Z)ED (anag. + Z); LOCAL (double def.); NO(I)SE; PANTS (double def.); PARK-A; RAVE-N; S(L)IDE; S(Q)UAB (anag. + q); S-WORN; TAC(I)T; TARRY (pun); TAX-IS; TOTE-M

There's no business like "Inside Business."

No other program on TV gives you the inside look at today's business world that CNN's "Inside Business" does.

Each Sunday at 6:30 PM,* Myron Kandel and top members of the business press interview a chief executive of a major American company making news that week. You'll see executives like David Rockefeller, formerly of the Chase Manhattan Bank, Charles Brown of AT&T and Peter Grace

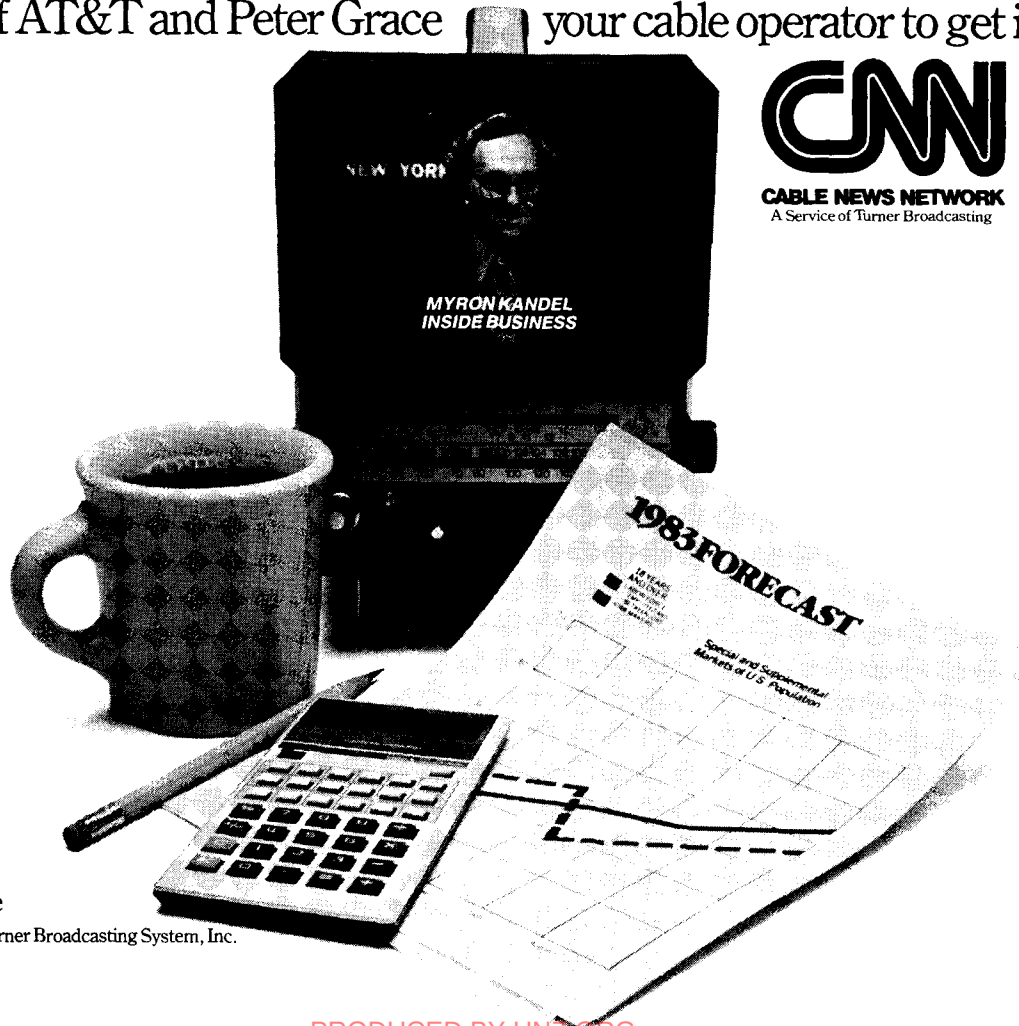
of W.R. Grace & Co. Topics vary from federal deficits, Reaganomics and tax reform to European stocks, bond prices and interest rates.

See for yourself why so many business insiders never miss "Inside Business." Every Sunday on CNN, America's most important network.

Turn to Cable News Network on your system. Or, if you don't have CNN, contact your cable operator to get it.

**In business,
CNN is
the news.**

CNN
CABLE NEWS NETWORK
A Service of Turner Broadcasting



*Eastern Time

Copyright © 1982, Turner Broadcasting System, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

THE ATLANTIC is represented exclusively by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising. The classified rates are \$2.50 per word (minimum ad 20 words), and \$225.00 per column inch for classified display (minimum ad one inch). Three-time rates are available on request. Direct inquiries, classified advertising copy and payments to: *The Atlantic*, P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33517. Telephones: Toll-free (800) 237-9851; in Florida (813) 443-7666.

ART

PLAINS INDIAN ART AND ARTIFACTS. Free catalog shows painted shields, mounted-trophy buffalo skulls, war arrows, tomahawks, lances, peace pipes, chokers, breast plates, war clubs, horse dance sticks, star quilts and more. Exclusive source. Hand-made with traditional tools and authentic materials. Many have interesting stories to tell from Cheyenne, Sioux and Blackfoot heritage. Collector's items, unique gifts and stunning decorations. Write or call: Prairie Edge, P.O. Box 8303, Dept. AT, Rapid City, SD 57701. (605) 341-3620.

ARTISTS. ALL FIELDS. Grants, aid information. Private \$ sources. Send SASE for brochure. WIAL, Box 9005A, Washington, DC 20003.

SERIGRAPHS BY WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN ARTIST. Arctic scenes and images, small editions. For information, please write: P.O. Box 35, Beloeil, Quebec, Canada J3G 4S8.

BOOKS

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk AM, Boiceville, NY 12412.

HUNTING FOR A BOOK? We will find it. Free search service. Georgia B. Haxton, P.O. Box 503, Perry, OK 73077.

ANY BOOK in or out of print ordered for you. Royal Oak Bookshop, Department AM, 207 South Royal, Front Royal, VA 22630. (703) 635-7070.

NOT FOR THE FAINTHEARTED. Shocking! *A Habitation of Devils* reveals the brutal and ugly truth about crime and corruption. Criminal anarchy near. \$13.95. Veritas Publications, Box 4418, Arlington, VA 22204.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog. Hamilton's, 98-65 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

"SINGLE BOOKLOVERS" gets cultured single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted nationwide. Established 1970. Write: Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081; or call: (215) 566-2132.

OVER 130,000 SOLD! America's best-loved, Mexican-American novel. *Bless Me, Ultima*, by Rudolfo Anaya. 249 pages. \$8.50. Quinto Sol Publishers, P.O. Box 9275, Berkeley, CA 94709.

FOOD FOR BODY AND SOUL. *Fast Gourmet*, \$14.95. *Hawaii's Poetry*, \$5.00. Postpaid. Pi Press, Inc., Box 23371, Honolulu, HI 96822.

POST KEYNESIAN MACRODYNAMICS. Revolutionary, new economic theory. For brochure, send SASE to: MAS, Box 33421, Washington, DC 20033-0421.

CASSETTE LITERATURE. Relax, work, drive while listening. 1,200 titles. Books, poetry, children's, more! Catalog: \$1.00. Literature, Box 626-A, Port Hadlock, WA 98339.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IMPORT-EXPORT opportunity, profitable, world-wide, mail order business from home without capital. We ship plan for no-risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. H1085, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

MAIL ORDER OPPORTUNITY! Start profitable home business without experience or capital. Information free. Mail Order Associates, Dept. 440, Montvale, NJ 07645.

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING BETTER? Enjoy benefits of your own business at home! Discover rewards and successes of home pre-kindergarten programs. Unique how-to guide, *The Joy of Working with Young Children*: \$8.95 postpaid (include name, address). Small Talk, P.O. Box 1328, Marrero, LA 70073. (Allow 4-6 weeks.)

CAMPS

TRAILRIDGE MOUNTAIN CAMP for boys 8-16. North Carolina mountains adjoining Pisgah National Forest at 4,000' elevation. Programs in mountaineering, crafts, mountain heritage, bicycling, environmental analysis, water activities, photography and music. Modern physical plant complements unique skill and confidence-building program. Route #2, Hughes Gap Road, Bakersville, NC 28705 (704) 688-3008.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

BONSAI PLANTS. Indoor, outdoor, exotic. Pots, tools, books. Catalog (AT): \$1.00. Bonsai Farm, 13827 Highway 87 South, Adkins, TX 78101.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

SWIMMING. Safely teach your child to swim in 20 minutes. Guaranteed instructions. \$3.95. Russell Law, Box 28414A, Oakland, CA 94604.

EDUCATION

EDUCATION MONEY? College scholarships, grants, contests. 50 sources listed. \$5.00. L. May, 1321 North 6th Avenue, Fort Dodge, IA 50501.

iSpeak Spanish like a diplomat!

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 32 languages in all. Comprehensive. 1983 catalog \$1. refundable with order. Write Dept. 11, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Jobs, big pay, transportation. New handbook (including employer directory): \$2.00. Australian International, Box 19107-YP, Washington, DC 20036.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES! Transportation, complete information, plus directory of 200 companies employing thousands worldwide: \$3.00. Opportunities, Box 19749-YP, Indianapolis, IN 46219.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPLOYMENT NEWSLETTER! Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming. Current openings, all occupations, greatest weekly selection. Write today for free details to: Intermountain-2C, P.O. Drawer 809, Grand Lake, CO 80447-0809.

JOBS: COLORADO, WYOMING, UTAH, IDAHO, MONTANA. Computerized newsletter with 200+ new jobs each week. Free details. Mountainwest, 925-MA Canyon, Logan, UT 84321.

GIFTS

BEAUTIFUL BRASSWARE. Functional and decorative. Warm and elegant. Free catalog. DeAngelo Associates, 101 Townsend Street, P.O. Box 77511C, San Francisco, CA 94107.

Surprise someone!
Call Balloon Bouquets.
1-800-424-2323
(In Washington, D.C. 202-785-1290)
"Now being delivered to boardrooms, offices and front doors all over the country."
HOUSE & GARDEN
VISA • MC
AM EXPRESS
BIRTHDAY • ANNIVERSARY • GET WELL • CONGRATULATIONS

GOURMET INTERESTS

AUTHENTIC CHINESE ENTREES for discriminating chefs. Beef/broccoli, shredded beef/hot sauce, kung-pao chicken. \$2.00. SASE. DCS, Box 858, Glastonbury, CT 06033.

THE PROPER SETTING
Hard to find or discontinued tableware
P.O. BOX 3093, COVINA, CA 91722 • (213) 331-6090

B-B-Q SAUCE RECIPE. Personal, homemade, delicious. If you're serious about taste, send \$3.00. Hahn, #203, 8405 Pershing, Playa Del Rey, CA 90291.

GOURMET HONEY. Nature's finest white sweetclover honey from South Dakota prairies. \$15.00 for five pounds. Randall Honey, Route 4, Brookings, SD 57006.

HOME FURNISHINGS

QUALITY NAME BRAND FURNITURE. Discount prices. Murrow Furniture Galleries, P.O. Box 4337, Wilmington, NC 28406. Call toll-free: (800) 334-1614 for free brochure. Catalog: \$5.00.

HEALTH

A FAMILY DOCTOR'S PRACTICAL ADVICE on good health habits for 1983. \$4.00. Dr. Sullivan, 1550 East 43rd, Eugene, OR 97405.

SNORING CAN BE CURED. Write for booklet on causes, effects and cures. \$3.00. Coopers, 8601 S.E. 63, Mercer Island, WA 98040.

HOW I RID MYSELF OF INSOMNIA. \$2.00 to: Virgil Myers, 1018 16th Avenue #10, Scottsbluff, NE 69361.

INSTRUCTION

PHOTOTHERAPY WORKSHOP IN IRELAND. July, October workshops in western Ireland. For details: L.M. Shea, Ph.D., 515 North 23rd Avenue, Lake Worth, FL 33460. (305) 588-7546.

LITERARY INTERESTS

HOW TO WRITE, WHERE TO SELL. *The Writer Magazine* offers practical articles by best-selling authors and leading editors, special monthly market lists, with detailed editorial requirements. \$15.00 a year; 5-month trial subscription: \$6.00. The Writer, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, MA 02116.

PUBLISHING WITH A "VANITY" PUBLISHER? Wait! We get books published by "regular" publishers on a subsidy basis. Brochure. Wordsmiths, Dept. 102, Garnerville, NY 10923.

PROFESSIONAL MANUSCRIPT AND PUBLICATION marketing. Drawer 668, San Rafael, CA 94915.

ITER: Interpreting Translating Editing Research. Call or write for rates. ITER, P.O. Box 77, Allenhurst, NJ 07711. (201) 531-5182.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free, illustrated 40-pad brochure E-55. Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

MAINE WRITERS' WORKSHOP. 14th year on lobstermen's harbor features one-week August seminars in poetry, fiction, basics. Box 905A, Stonington, ME 04861. (207) 367-2484.

TIRED OF REJECTIONS? Send for free catalog of how-to-write booklets written by published authors. Pinecrest Publications, Department A, Box 1612, Bolingbrook, IL 60439.

MERCHANDISE

PRECISE MAPS OF OLD WESTERN TOWNS. Shows building outlines and usage. Ordering information: V.V. Shkurkin, 6025 Rose Arbor, San Pablo, CA 94806. (415) 232-7742.

TIP SHEET. Wallet reference card does restaurant and other tip figuring for you. Three/\$1.00 postpaid. Tip Sheet, P.O. Box 286, Boonton, NJ 07005.

Beautiful hand calligraphy design—Peace in a spiral pattern of 17 languages and a rainbow of colors

T-shirts
8.50 ea. (includes postage)
please specify S, M, L, XL,
gray or bone
Sweatshirts
15.00 ea. S, M, L, XL (grey)

Send check/money order to:
BERKELEY GAME CO • P.O. 4045 • Berkeley, CA 94704
(California residents please add appropriate sales tax)

EPCOT CENTER OR MICKEY MOUSE® T-SHIRTS! Sizes: adult, \$6.50; child, \$5.50. \$1.25 shipping. World of Creations®, P.O. Box 193, Trinidad, CO 81082.

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!
...and into our soft and sturdy, pure cotton drawstring pants.
Offered in: Natural Russet • Sky Blue • Green Plum • Black • Navy
State hip/waist measurements
\$17 Postpaid and Fully Guaranteed
FREE catalogue and swatches.
Deva a cottage industry
Box ATM Burkittsville, MD 21718

MISCELLANEOUS

PENFRIENDS: ENGLAND—USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89AM, Brooklyn, NY 11235.

PENFRIENDS. For free information, write: Papyrus, 580-AM, Highway 67, Florissant, MO 63031.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. Individually antiqued parchment. Authentic reproduction for framing. Documents registered in your name. \$3.00. Documents, Box 15311A, Atlanta, GA 30333.

WANTED: MOON MYTHS SPRINGBOK JIGSAW. Circa 1970. Complete please. Puzzle, P.O. Box 1147, Fairfield, CT 06430.

INTERNATIONAL PEN FRIENDS. 81,000 members. For information, send stamped envelope. IPF, Box 65, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

TEXAS LAND BARON. You can be one with a decorative notarized deed to your own one square inch Texas ranch. Frame it. Great gift. \$4.95. Texas Land Baron, P.O. 430439A, Houston, TX 77243.

RECIPE AWARDS. \$50-\$250. Your recipes will be published in *The World's Largest Cookbook, Volume I*. Send SASE for entry form to: The International Recipe Association, Box 2999am, Saint Louis, MO 63130.

MICROCOMPUTER REPORTS. "Understanding Microcomputers" or "Reasons to Postpone Purchasing Home Computer." \$3.95 each. Leisure Data, 35104 Euclid, Willoughby, OH 44094.

DIET INFORMATION. A guide to the most popular diet books, programs, articles. \$6.95 postpaid. Money back guarantee. Decision Reports, Box 656, West Falmouth, MA 02574.

MUSIC

THE RECORDER CENTER for fine recorders, vast selection of recorder music. \$2.00 will bring you our full catalogs. P.O. Box 218, Amenia, NY 12501.

AUSTRIAN MUSIC FESTIVAL TOUR, July 18-August 8, Vienna, Salzburg, Bregenz. Color brochure. Koenig International Tours, P.O. Box 8098, Springfield, MO 65801.

GUITARS/FREE DISCOUNT CATALOG. Mandolins, banjos, accessories. Mandolin Brothers, 629-AM Forest, Staten Island, NY 10310. (212) 981-3226.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

ANY OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK LOCATED. No obligation. Spinelli, 32 Elmwood, Pittsburgh, PA 15205.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053. (714) 492-2976.

PUBLICATIONS

PRACTICAL GUIDE TO PROFITABLE FEATURE WRITING by experienced freelancer. Satisfaction guaranteed. \$4.00. Write-On, Box 3717, Oak Park, IL 60302.

WORD-HUNGRY?

Announcing a new monthly publication for both seasoned and fledgling wordsmiths:

FOR WORDSMITHS (WOULD-BE OR EXPERT)

Satisfy your appetite for words usable and rare. Can blood be frank? Is fathom rooted in embracing? Continue the challenge monthly. \$14.00 yearly. For a sample copy, send \$1.00 to: **FOR WORDSMITHS (WOULD-BE OR EXPERT)**, 8718 Elm Dale Place, Tampa, FL 33617.

REAL ESTATE

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA. New 54-home community three blocks from restoration. Colonial designs in Scottish "close" setting. From \$138,000. Murphy & McCord Realty, 811 Richmond Road, Williamsburg, VA 23185.

VERMONT LAND. 17 acres with 1,400' lake frontage. \$89,500. Tom Whittaker, Realtor, 1A Franklin Street, Brandon, VT 05733. Phone: (802) 247-6633.

CANADIAN COUNTRY PROPERTIES. Our 68th year. Terms available. Money back guarantee. Catalog air mailed. \$1.00. Dignam Corporation, Ltd., Suite 472, 85 Bloor Street, East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4W 1B5.

RECIPES

SPANISH DELIGHTS. Four original recipes. From Castille to Andalusia. \$3.00. SASE. 9501 S.W. 27 Drive, Miami, FL 33165.

RECIPES

DOWN EAST OYSTER STEW. Quick, simple, yet unique, impressive. \$2.00. SASE. SR50596, Fairbanks, AK 99701.

IRISH CREAM, a smooth, deep liqueur. Send \$2.00 + SASE to: C. Collins, 10 Manhattan Square, #14Q, Rochester, NY 14607.

BAKER'S DOZEN. 13 delicious, healthful, simple, tested bread recipes. \$2.00. SASE. A. MacLord, P.O. Box 6491, Ithaca, NY 14851.

NEED A CHALLENGE? Croissant recipes plain and filled. \$2.00. SASE. D. Shidell, 4909 Girard Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55409.

HAWAII'S OLDIES. Century of collections from island Kanaka. Various foreign/American cuisine. \$2.00. Andrade, Box 2623, Richmond, CA 94802.

SIX DELICIOUS RECIPES FOR MUSSELS. A great appetizer. \$2.00 with SASE. Anthony Scelfo, 1850 Union Street, #64, San Francisco, CA 94123.

THREE SIMPLE AND DELICIOUS authentic "Tex-Mex" taco recipes. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. Send \$2.00 to: Mar-Y-Sol Enterprises, 1536 Hawthorne, #3, Houston, TX 77006.

CHOCOLATE CHIP-ORANGE CAKE. spectacular flavor combination. \$1.00. SASE. K.A. Platzman, 5015 Post Road Trail, Stone Mountain, GA 30088.

REFRIGERATOR ICE CREAM. Four, easy, old-fashioned family recipes. Delicious! \$2.00. SASE. Emily's, Department 51-A, Box 6371, Wyomissing, PA 19610.

SIX OZARK FAVORITIES. Try these mouth-watering desserts. Easy, delicious. \$3.00. Recipe Offer 383, 1103 Hamilton Street, Springfield, MO 65802.

SIX MOUTH-WATERING ITALIAN RECIPES. Deliciously different and tasty. Send \$2.00. SASE. C. Stackhouse, State Route D, Box 9900, Palmer, AK 99645.

RECORDS & TAPES

RECORDS, TAPES! Discounts to 73%. All labels. No purchase obligations. Newsletter. Discount dividend certificates. 100% guarantees. Free details. Discount Music Club, 650 Main Street, P.O. Box 2000, Dept. 37-0383, New Rochelle, NY 10801.

VIDEO MOVIES. All ratings. Sold, exchanged. All formats: VHS-Beta-Disc. Large informative catalog: mail \$5.00. Tower, Dunkirk, MD 20754-0213.

FREE CHAMBER MUSIC RECORD CATALOG! Free record offer. Brass, woodwinds, string, percussion. Exciting, unique repertoire. Crystal Records, Sedro Woolley, WA 98284.

RAVI SHANKAR MUSIC CIRCLE, for the finest Indian classical records and tapes. Free catalog. P.O. Box 46026, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

COLLEGE PLANS? Students, parents. Choose the best colleges for success and personal needs. Certified, professional, individual guidance. Send for details. American Advisory, Box 273303, Boca Raton, FL 33427.

SERVICES

INFORMATION AVAILABLE ON ANY SUBJECT. Statistics, biographical-geographical data, formulas, recipes, etc. Details free. Dazee, POB 1310A, Clinton, NC 28328.

NECKTIES NARROWED TO 3" (or specify). Send three ties and \$12.50 to: Slim Ties Company, Department I, 44 Monterey, San Francisco, CA 94131. (415) 585-6100.

TRAVEL

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER at \$50.00 daily! First-class accommodations. TravLips Association, Box 188A2, Flushing, NY 11358. (212) 939-2400.

REALISTICALLY learn French. French cooking and wines in comfortable French home in rural Burgundy. Small numbers. Adults only. For information: "Yetabo," Pailly 89140 Pont sur Yonne, France.

NEW YORK CITY HOTEL BARGAIN. This ad, plus \$21.00 per person double occupancy, entitles you to real value in New York. Next time try Century-Paramount Hotel, 235 West 46th Street, New York City, 10036. Convenient theatres, everything. 650 rooms, bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles: \$38.00. Reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense. (212) 246-5500.

WHY TRAVEL ALONE? We help singles, couples find compatible partners, new friends nationwide, sharing trips, visiting. Travel Companion Exchange, P.O. Box 73-AM, Amityville, NY 11701.

TRAVEL

HOUSEBOAT RENTALS - FLORIDA. St. Johns River near Orlando. Sunshine Line, P.O. Box 3558, Department A, DeLand, FL 32720. Telephone: (904) 736-9422.

AN ISLAND REMOTE. Guanaja, western Caribbean. Jungle cottages above beach. Dive, sail, fish, hike, relax. The Bayman Bay Club, 3236 Bahia Mar, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316. (305) 525-8413.

SOUTHWEST SAFARIS. Natural history expeditions explore New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona. Bushflying, jeeping, rafting. Geology, archaeology, botany. Brochure: POB 945(A), Santa Fe, NM 87501.

WILDLIFE AND CULTURAL EXPEDITIONS WORLDWIDE including Alaska, Australia, East Africa, Galapagos and Himalayas. Small groups. Expert leadership. Free brochure. Write: Nature Expeditions International, Department AMC, 599 College Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

200-YEAR-OLD SPANISH RANCH. Unexcelled riding, great birding, delightful dining, sunshine, quiet. Open year-round. Rancho de la Osa, Box 1, Sasabe, AZ 85633.

VIRGIN ISLANDS. PRIVATE YACHT CHARTERS! Offering 250 crewed sail and power yachts cruising the U.S. and British Virgin Islands. Seven days, gourmet meals, open bar, scuba diving, waterskiing and watersurfing. \$650-\$900 per person/week. Learn to sail, scuba or windsurf, or just relax for the ultimate get-away-from-it-all vacation. Toll-free: (800) 524-2005. Virgin Islands Scuba/Sail Charters, Box 10966, St. Thomas, USVI 00801.

CRUISE LOVELY ENGLISH CANALS with historian/chef. England Afloat, Box 2083, Springfield, MA 01101. Telephone: (413) 736-5937.

WYOMING RANCH IN HIGH, REMOTE VALLEY. Horseback riding, pack trips, fly fishing. Winter horseback safaris in Kenya. Bitterroot Ranch, Dubois, WY 82513. (307) 455-2778.

VACATION RENTALS

ST. THOMAS. WATER ISLAND, private home. Car provided. One week: \$770. (201) 329-6309. Island Vacations, RD 4, Princeton, NJ 08540.

ADIRONDACK LODGES ON UPPER SARANAC LAKE. Available for two weeks or a month, July through September. Everything provided for comfortable living in the quiet woods. \$740-\$1,950 for two weeks. Please write: Bartlett Carry Club, RD, Tupper Lake, NY 12986.

WOLF LAUREL RESORT Mountain Top Inn or homes/cabins available by day, week, month. Wolf Laurel Resort, Department ATL, Mars Hills, NC 28754.

FRANCE. RENTALS. Rustic cottages, ancient farmhouses, comfortable apartments, luxurious villas, chateaux. Free brochure. Pictorial catalogue: \$5.00. Chez Vous, 220 Redwood Highway, Suite 129-D, Mill Valley, CA 94941. (415) 331-2535.

ACAPULCO, "VILLA FRANCINE." Four air-conditioned bedrooms, large filtered pool, excellent bayview location, good staff, sleeps 10 maximum. May 15-December 14, 20% discount, regular rate: \$30.00 daily per person for one to seven people, others free. Also, "Pelicans' Nest." Two and three-bedroom duplex, 3 1/4 miles out, pool, garden, magnificent ocean-view. Sleeping six: \$96.00 daily, four: \$75.00 daily. Off-season rates: \$90.00 and \$57.00 daily. References. (212) 879-8130.

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. We're a country inn 3,600 feet closer to heaven than the sea. Spectacular mountain scenery. Private 18-hole golf course. 8 tennis courts. (Special golf/tennis packages available.) Skeet and trap. Stocked lake (bass and trout). Swimming, boating, archery, stables, hiking and jogging trails. Children's activities. Write or phone: (704) 743-2411. High Hampton Inn, 124 Hampton Road, Cashiers, NC 28717.

ITALY, TUSCANY. Large farmhouse. Also, 3-room apartment. Both completely furnished. Convenient Florence, Sienna, Perugia, Tansley CP4, Cortona AR/52044 Italy. Telephone: 0575/62512.

EXCHANGE OUR AIR CONDITIONED four-bedroom Miami home and cars for your RV motorhome. Minimum 22' 4-6 weeks starting early June. (305) 271-2137.

KIAWAH ISLAND SOUTH CAROLINA

Exceptional vacation opportunity near historic Charleston. Breathtaking 10-mile beach, oceanfront golf, outstanding tennis, plus jeep safaris, sailing and more. Private 1 to 4 bedroom homes and villas available starting from \$595.00/week. Call toll free 1-800-845-2471 (In S.C. 1-800-922-2400). P.O. Box 12910, Charleston, SC 29412.

"A masterpiece"

"When 'Least Heat Moon' (the translation of the tribal name in his mixed blood) lost his job in a college in Missouri, he got a half-ton Ford van, packed a few necessities including *Leaves of Grass* and Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks*, and set out to follow the track of various ancestors and write a book about America. The book is called BLUE HIGHWAYS, and it is a masterpiece....Least Heat Moon has a genius for finding people who have not even found themselves, exploring their lives, capturing their language, and recreating little (or big) lost worlds, or moments. In short, he makes America seem new, in a very special way, and its people new. BLUE HIGHWAYS is a magnificent and unique tour"

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

"A joy to read!" —ANNIE DILLARD

"An overwhelming book!" —JIM HARRISON

"An inner look at the still-beating heart of forgotten America!" —FARLEY MOWAT



Blue Highways

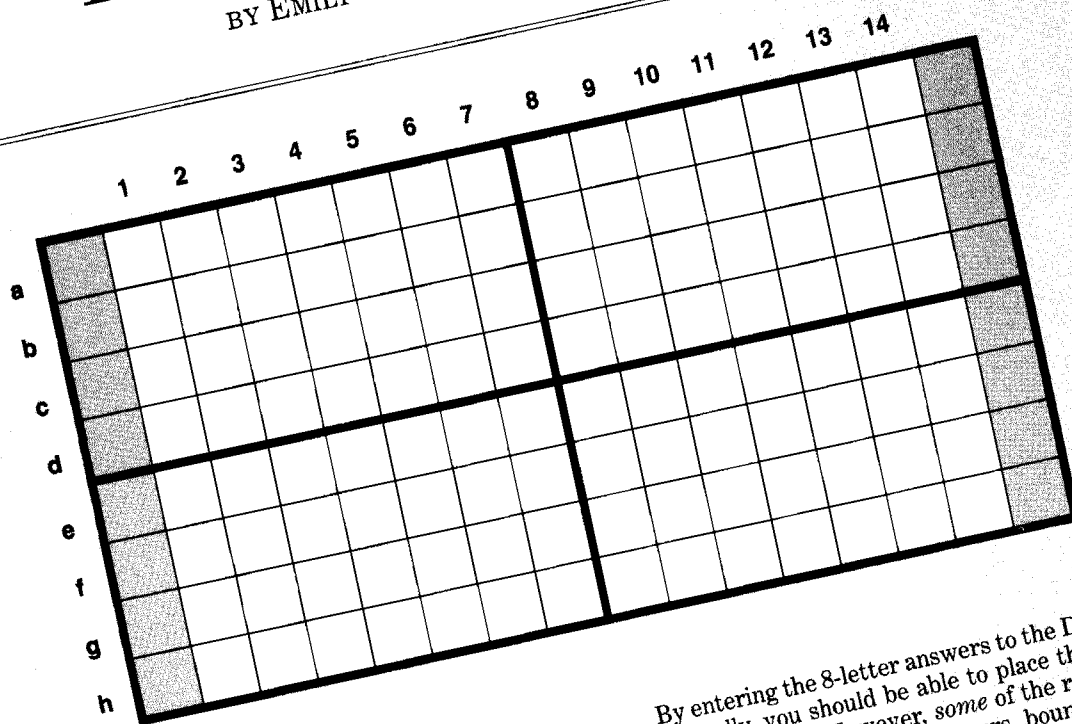
A JOURNEY INTO AMERICA
WILLIAM LEAST HEAT MOON

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

Cover Story in The Atlantic

THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON



CRYPTIC PING-PONG

The diagram for this puzzle represents a ping-pong table. Answers to Across clues may begin on either side and will bounce back and forth, letter by letter, across the net (the heavy bar dividing left from right), with each word staying in its correspondingly lettered row (a-h). In any given row, each side of the table has no repeated letters.

By entering the 8-letter answers to the Down clues (1-14) normally, you should be able to place the ping-ponging Across letters. However, *some* of the rows contain more than 14 letters. When this occurs, bounce the extra letter into the shaded column (in proper alternating order). When every answer has been placed, the letters in the shaded columns will indicate the outcome of the game. Answers include one proper noun.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 105.

ACROSS

- Player finally put in service ace to get resounding defeat
- Shove around in back, to discipline
A medieval soldier takes in meager pay
- Pretty hack English
Flat fish in beam of light
Competed with 100 amid table tennis noise and leaping about
- Crown princess made crackers
Loudly voice disapproval of pie topping? This will come back to you
- Country house stocks an ice cream flavor
Public transportation's smack
Salami roll sandwiches—surrealist

- Authentic coin of Spain
Fuss with a coiffure
Left to kindle coal
- Huge sum made by American playwright with charged matter about Theodore Roosevelt (*two words*)
Herb's a wise guy
- Manufacture pole in purplish color
Around the first of November, fetch fellow
Express bewilderment for at least 48 hours

DOWN

- Introduce hotel with a roundish shape
- Misplaced cigar and sweater

- Added a couple of pages and quit
- Leroy has worked with a rasp
- Plot outline: arsenic poisoned organization's head
- Trim phone in upraised model
- Trade for purple kind of cherry
- Old Gila monster eating a flower
- Characteristic's first found in a wise old Greek's forebear
- Words for a nag: glue, potentially
- Martinet has Stravinsky held in dismal stir
- Hard, in a way, to call time out
- Senator Kennedy goes around city wearing Indian headdress
- Ship carrying the man on French sea looks like a mirage

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



OBVIOUS LUXURY...SURPRISING PERFORMANCE

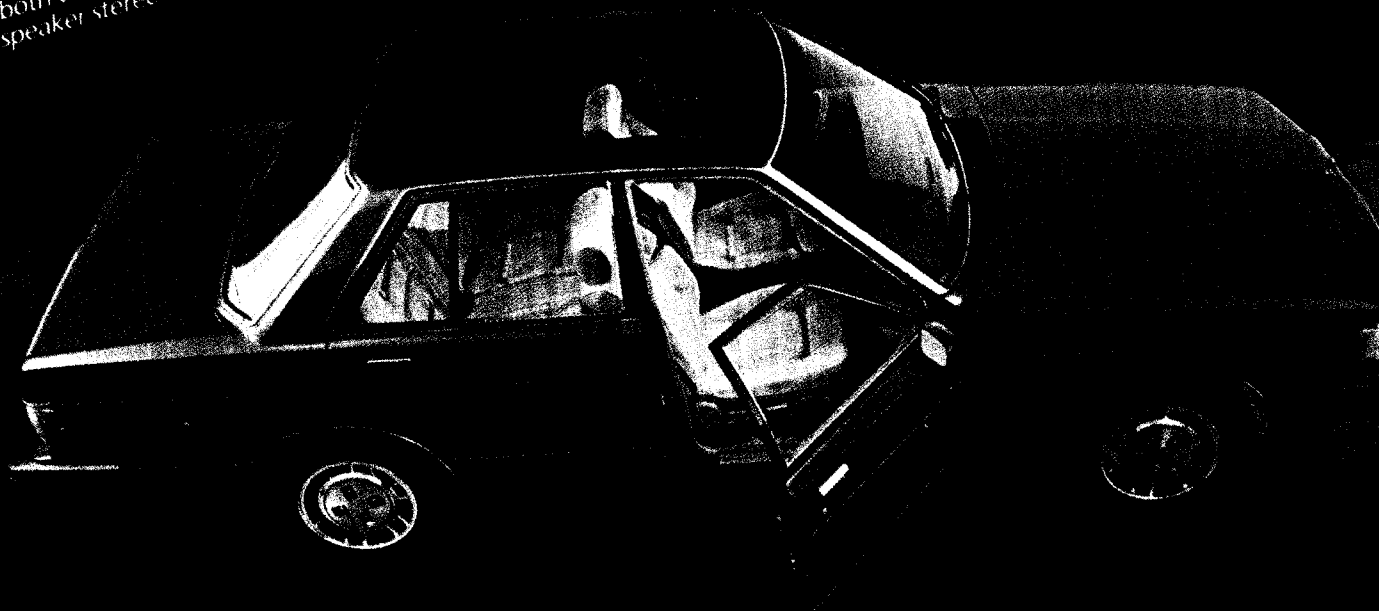
Introducing the luxury sedan that was born to perform. The magnificent Datsun Maxima boasts a fuel injected 2.4 liter six cylinder engine that merges surprising power with unsurpassed elegance.

Inside, virtually every conceivable creature comfort: cruise control on both the 5 speed and automatic, eight speaker stereo including cassette

deck with Dolby, air conditioning, power windows, mirrors and door locks. A voice will tell you when your "Right door is open" - one of six vocal reminders. All this is standard. The optional sunroof is power driven. The optional leather package includes a new digital control panel that monitors the engine's functions electronically. The Datsun Maxima is available in

four door sedan or wagon, gas or diesel. Compare it feature by feature with any other car in its luxury class. Compare the performance. Then compare the price. Most importantly of all, remember it's built by the Nissan Motor Company, Ltd. - whose name stands for quality world wide.

NISSAN
WE ARE DRIVEN
DATSUN



© 1983 NISSAN MOTOR CORPORATION IN U.S.A.

How dare The Glenlivet be so expensive?

How dare we place such a premium on our 12-year-old Scotch? The same reason vintage wines and fine cognacs are so expensive. Superior taste. Just one sip and you'll know that The Glenlivet has a taste that's decidedly superior.

The Glenlivet is Scotland's first and finest single malt Scotch. Nothing but 100% Highland malt whisky, distilled from natural spring water and fine malt barley, aged in oaken casks, just as it always has been.

Only our time-honored methods can truly achieve The Glenlivet's unequalled taste. A taste that sets it apart. Its smoothness, body and bouquet are qualities found only in this unique Scotch.

Of course, you may elect to purchase a good Scotch that's less expensive. But for a truly superior taste, you have to pay the greater price.

The Glenlivet
12-year-old unblended Scotch.
About \$20 the bottle.

